This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 07480661 7

KNICKERBOCKER'S

HISTORY OF NEW YORK,

ETC. ETC.

De waarheid die in duister lag,
Die komt met klaarheid aan den dag.

W. SEARS, Printer, 45, Gutter Lane, Cheapside.

A HISTORY OF NEW YORK,

from the

BEGINNING OF THE WORLD.

BY

DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.

Author of the Sketch Book, Tales of a Traveller, &c

LONDON.

WILLIAM CHARLTON WRIGHT,

65, Pater Noster Row.

1825.

LENOX LIBRARY
NEW YORK

CONTENTS.

Page
ACCOUNT of the Author xiii
Preface xxv

BOOK FIRST.

Containing divers ingenious Theories and philosophic Speculations concerning the Creation and Population of the World, as connected with the History of New York.

CHAP. I. Description of the World 1

CHAP. II. Cosmogony, or Creation of the World; with a multitude of excellent Theories, by which the Creation of a World is shown to be no such difficult matter as common folks would imagine 6

CHAP. III. How far that famous Navigator, Noah, was shamefully nicknamed; and how he committed an unpardonable Oversight in not having Four Sons: with the great Trouble of Philosophers caused thereby, and the Discovery of America 13

CHAP. IV. Showing the great Difficulty Philosophers have had in peopling America; and how the Aborigines came to be begotten by Accident, to the great Relief and Satisfaction of the Author 18

Page

CHAP. V. In which the Author puts a mighty Question to the Rout by the Assistance of the Man in the Moon; which not only delivers Thousands of People from great Embarrassment, but likewise concludes this Introductory Book 32

BOOK SECOND.

Treating of the first Settlement of the Province of Nieuw Nederlandts.

CHAP. I. In which are contained divers Reasons why a Man should not write in a hurry. Also of Master Hendrick Hudson, his Discovery of a strange Country; and how he was magnificently rewarded by the Munificence of their High Mightinesses 36

CHAP. II. Containing an Account of a mighty Ark which floated under the Protection of St. Nicholas from Holland to Gibbet Island; the Descent of the strange Animals therefrom; a great Victory, and a description of the ancient Village of Communipaw... 44

CHAP. III. In which is set forth the true Art of making a Bargain; together with the miraculous Escape of a great Metropolis in a Fog; and the Biography of certain Heroes of Communipaw 49

CHAP. IV. How the Heroes of Communipaw voyaged to Hell Gate, and how they were received there 54

CHAP. V. How the Heroes of Communipaw returned somewhat wiser than they went; and how the sage Oloffe dreamed a Dream; and the Dream that he dreamed 62

CHAP. VI. Containing an attempt at Etymology; and of the Founding of the great City of New Amsterdam 66

CHAP. VII. How the City of New Amsterdam waxed great under the Protection of Oloffe the Dreamer.. 71

Page

BOOK THIRD.

which is recorded the Golden Reign of Wouter Van Twiller.

AP. I. Of the renowned Wouter Van Twiller, his nparalleled Virtues; as likewise his unutterable Visdom in the Law Case of Wandle Schoonhoven nd Barent Bleecker; and the great Admiration of ie Public thereat..... 76

AP. II. Containing some Account of the grand Council of New-Amsterdam, as also divers especial ood philosophical reasons why an Alderman should e fat; with other particulars touching the State of ie Province..... 82

AP. III. How the Town of New Amsterdam arose ut of Mud, and came to be marvellously polished nd polite; together with a Picture of our great reat Grandfathers..... 89

AP. IV. Containing further Particulars of the Golden Age, and what constituted a fine Lady and Gentleman in the Days of Walter the Doubter..... 96

AP. V. In which the Reader is beguiled into a electable Walk, which ends very differently from hat it commenced..... 101

AP VI. Faithfully describing the ingenious People f Connecticut and thereabouts: showing, moreover, he true Meaning of Liberty of Conscience, and a urious Device among these sturdy Barbarians to eep up a Harmony of Intercourse, and promote Population..... 105

AP. VII. How these simple Barbarians turned out o be notorious Squatters. How they built Air Castles, and attempted to initiate the Nederlanders n the *Mystery of Bundling*..... 110

Page

CHAP. VIII. How the Fort Goed Hoop was fearfully beleagued; how the renowned Wouter to fell in a profound Doubt, and how he finally evaporated..... 114

BOOK FOURTH.

Containing the Chronicles of the Reign of William the Testy.

CHAP. I. Showing the Nature of History in general; containing furthermore the universal Acquirements of William the Testy, and how a Man may learn so much as to render himself good for Nothing..... 120

CHAP. II. In which are recorded the sage Projects of a Ruler of universal Genius. The Art of Fighting by Proclamation, and how that the valiant Jacobus Van Curlet came to be foully dishonoured at Fort Goed Hoop..... 127

CHAP. III. Containing the fearful Wrath of William the Testy, and the great Dolor of the New Amsterdammers, because of the Affair of Fort Goed Hoop. And moreover how William the Testy did strongly fortify the City. Together with the Exploits of Stoffel Brinkerhoff..... 132

CHAP. IV. Philosophical Reflections on the Folly of being happy in Times of Prosperity. Sundry Troubles on the Southern Frontiers. How William the Testy had well nigh ruined the Province through a cabalistic Word. As also the secret Expedition of Jan Jansen Alpendam, and his astonishing Reward 138

CHAP. V. How William the Testy enriched the Province by a Multitude of Laws, and came to be the Patron of Lawyers and Bumbailiffs. And how the People became exceedingly enlightened and unhappy under his Instructions..... 145

CHAP. VI. Of the great Pipe Plot; and of the dolorous Perplexities into which William the Testy was thrown, by reason of his having enlightened the *Multitude*..... 151

Page

. VII. Containing divers fearful Accounts of der Wars, and the flagrant Outrages of the ss Troopers of Connecticut; and the Rise of the at Amphyctionic Council of the East, and the cline of William the Testy..... 156

BOOK FIFTH.

taining the first Part of the Reign of Peter Stuyvesant, and his Troubles with the Amphyctionic Council.

IAP. I. In which the Death of a great Man is shown to be no very inconsolable Matter of Sorrow; and how Peter Stuyvesant acquired a great Name from the uncommon Strength of his Head..... 164

HAP. II. Showing how Peter the Headstrong bestirred himself among the Rats and Cobwebs on entering into Office; and the perilous Mistake he was guilty of in his Dealings with the Amphyctions 169

CHAP. III. Containing various Speculations on War and Negociations; showing that a Treaty of Peace is a great national Evil..... 174

CHAP. IV. How Peter Stuyvesant was greatly belied by his Adversaries the Moss-Troopers; and his Conduct thereupon..... 178

CHAP. V. How the New-Amsterdammers became great in Arms, and of the direful Catastrophe of a mighty Army; together with Peter Stuyvesant's Measures to fortify the City; and how he was the original Founder of the Battery..... 185

CHAP. VI. How the People of the East Country were suddenly afflicted with a diabolical Evil—and their judicious Measures for the Extirpation thereof..... 190

CHAP. VII. Which records the Rise and Renown of a valiant Commander; showing that a Man, like a Bladder, may be puffed up to Greatness and Importance by mere Wind..... 19?

Page

BOOK SIXTH.

Containing the second Part of the Reign of Peter the Headstrong, and his gallant Achievements on the Delaware.

CHAP. I. In which is exhibited a warlike Portrait of the great Peter---and how General Von Poffenburgh distinguished himself at Fort Casimir..... 202

CHAP. II. Showing how profound Secrets are often brought to light: with the Proceedings of Peter the Headstrong, when he heard of the Misfortunes of General Von Poffenburgh..... 210

CHAP. III. Containing Peter Stuyvesant's Voyage up the Hudson, and the Wonders and Delights of that renowned River..... 216

CHAP. IV. Describing the powerful Army that assembled at the City of New-Amsterdam---together with the Interview between Peter the Headstrong and General Von Poffenburgh; and Peter's Sentiments touching unfortunate great Men..... 222

CHAP. V. In which the Author discourses very ingeniously of himself.---After which is to be found much interesting History about Peter the Headstrong and his Followers..... 227

CHAP. VI. Showing the great Advantage that the Author has over his Reader in time of Battle---together with divers portentous Movements; which betoken that Something terrible is about to happen..... 234

CHAP. VII. Containing the most horrible Battle ever recorded in Poetry or Prose; with the admirable Exploits of Peter the Headstrong..... 239

Page

CHAP. VIII. In which the Author and the Reader, while reposing after the Battle, fall into a very grave Discourse—after which is recorded the Conduct of Peter Stuyvesant after his Victory..... 249

BOOK SIXTH.

Containing the third Part of the Reign of Peter the Headstrong—His Troubles with the British Nation; and the Decline and Fall of the Dutch Dynasty.

CHAP. I. How Peter Stuyvesant relieved the Sovereign People from the Burden of taking care of the Nation—with sundry Particulars of his Conduct in Time of Peace..... 257

CHAP. II. How Peter Stuyvesant was much molested by the Moss-Troopers of the East, and the Giants of Merryland; and how a dark and horrid Conspiracy was carried on in the British Cabinet against the Prosperity of the Manhattoes..... 265

CHAP. III. Of Peter Stuyvesant's Expedition into the East Country; showing that, though an old Bird, he did not understand Trap..... 270

CHAP. IV. How the People of New-Amsterdam were thrown into a great Panic, by the News of a threatened Invasion; and the Manner in which they fortified themselves..... 278

CHAP. V. Showing how the Grand Council of the New Netherlands came to be miraculously gifted with long Tongues—Together with a great Triumph of Economy..... 281

CHAP. VI. In which the Troubles of New-Amsterdam appear to thicken—Showing the Bravery, in Time of Peril, of a People who defend themselves by Resolutions..... 285

Page

CHAP. VII. Containing a doleful Disaster of Anthony the Trumpeter; and how Peter Stuyvesant, like a second Cromwell, suddenly dissolved a Rump Parliament..... 292

CHAP. VIII. How Peter Stuyvesant defended the City of New-Amsterdam for several Days, by Dint of the Strength of his Head..... 297

CHAP. IX. Containing the dignified Retirement and mortal Surrender of Peter the Headstrong..... 303

CHAP. X. The Author's Reflections upon what has been said..... 308

ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR.

It was some time, if I recollect right, in the early part of the fall of 1808, that a stranger applied for lodgings at the Independent Columbian Hotel in Mulberry Street, of which I am Landlord. He was a small, brisk-looking old gentleman, dressed in a rusty black coat, a pair of olive velvet breeches, and a small cocked hat. He had a few grey hairs plaited and clubbed behind, and his beard seemed to be of some eight-and-forty hours' growth. The only piece of finery which he bore about him was a bright pair of square silver shoe-buckles: and all his baggage was contained in a pair of saddle-bags, which he carried under his arm. His whole appearance was something out of the common run; and my wife, who is a very shrewd body, at once set him down for some eminent country schoolmaster.

As the Independent Columbian Hotel is a very small house, I was a little puzzled at first where to put him; but my wife, who seemed taken with his looks, would needs put him in her best chamber, which is genteelly set off with the profiles of the whole family, done in black, by those two great painters, Jarvis and Wood; and com-

mands a very pleasant view of the new grounds o Collect, together with the rear of the Poor-Hous Bridewell, and the full front of the Hospital; so the the cheerfullest room in the whole house.

During the whole time that he staid with us, we him a very worthy good sort of an old gentleman, t a little queer in his ways. He would keep in his roc days together, and if any of the children cried or a noise about his door, he would bounce out in a passion, with his hands full of papers, and say som about "deranging his ideas;" which made my wife t sometimes that he was not altogether *compos*. I there was more than one reason to make her think : his room was always covered with scraps of paper a mouldy books, lying about at sixes and sevens, wh never would let any body touch; for he said he ha them all away in their proper places, so that he know where to find them; though, for that mat was half his time worrying about the house in se some book or writing which he had carefully put out way. I shall never forget what a pother he once because my wife cleaned out his room when his ba turned, and put every thing to rights; for he sw would never be able to get his papers in order aga twelvemonth. Upon this my wife ventured to as what he did with so many books and papers? and l her, that he was "seeking for immortality;" which her think more than ever, that the poor old gentl head was a little cracked.

He was a very inquisitive body, and when not room was continually poking about town, hearing t

news, and prying into every thing that was going on: this was particularly the case about election time, when he did nothing but bustle about from poll to poll, attending all ward meetings and committee rooms; though I could never find that he took part with either side of the question. On the contrary, he would come home and rail at both parties with great wrath; and plainly proved one day to the satisfaction of my wife and three old ladies who were drinking tea with her, that the two parties were like two rogues, each tugging at a skirt of the nation; and that in the end they would tear the very coat off its back, and expose its nakedness. Indeed he was an oracle among the neighbours, who would collect around him to hear him talk of an afternoon, as he smoked his pipe on the bench before the door; and I really believe he would have brought over the whole neighbourhood to his own side of the question, if they could ever have found out what it was.

He was very much given to argue, or, as he called it *philosophize*, about the most trifling matter, and to do him justice, I never knew any body that was a match for him, except it was a grave looking gentleman who called now and then to see him, and often posed him in an argument. But this is nothing surprising, as I have since found out this stranger is the city librarian, and, of course, must be a man of great learning: and I have my doubts, if he had not some hand in the following history.

As our lodger had been a long time with us, and we had never received any pay, my wife began to be somewhat uneasy, and curious to find out who and what he was. She accordingly made bold to put the question to his friend,

the librarian, who replied, in his dry way, that he was one of the *Literati;* which she supposed to mean some new party in politics. I scorn to push a lodger for his pay, so I let day after day pass on without dunning the old gentleman for a farthing: but my wife, who always takes these matters on herself, and is, as I said, a shrewd kind of a woman, at last got out of patience, and hinted, that she thought it high time "some people should have a sight of some people's money." To which the old gentleman replied in a mighty touchy manner, that she need not make herself uneasy, for that he had a treasure there (pointing to his saddle-bags) worth her whole house put together. This was the only answer we could ever get from him; and as my wife, by some of those odd ways in which women find out every thing, learnt that he was of very great connexions, being related to the Knickerbockers of Scaghtikoke, and cousin-german to the Congress-man of that name, she did not like to treat him uncivilly. What is more, she even offered, merely by way of making things easy, to let him live scot-free, if he would teach the children their letters; and to try her best and get the neighbours to send their children also: but the old gentleman took it in such dudgeon, and seemed so affronted at being taken for a schoolmaster, that she never dared speak on the subject again.

About two months ago, he went out of a morning, with a bundle in his hand—and has never been heard of since. All kinds of inquiries were made after him, but in vain. I wrote to his relations at Scaghtikoke, but they sent for answer, that he had not been there since the year before last, when he had a great dispute with the Congress-man

about politics, and left the place in a huff, and they had neither heard nor seen any thing of him from that time to this. I must own I felt very much worried about the poor old gentleman; for I thought something bad must have happened to him, that he should be missing so long, and never return to pay his bill. I therefore advertised him in the newspapers, and though my melancholy advertisement was published by several humane printers, yet I have never been able to learn any thing satisfactory about him.

My wife now said it was high time to take care of ourselves, and see if he had left any thing behind in his room, that would pay us for his board and lodging. We found nothing, however, but some old books and musty writings, and his pair of saddle-bags; which being opened in presence of the librarian, contained only a few articles of worn-out clothes, and a large bundle of blotted paper. On looking over this, the librarian told us, he had no doubt it was the treasure which the old gentleman had spoke about; as it proved to be a most excellent and faithful HISTORY OF NEW YORK, which he advised us by all means to publish: assuring us that it would be so eagerly bought up by a discerning public, that he had no doubt it would be enough to pay our arrears ten times over. Upon this we got a very learned schoolmaster, who teaches our children, to prepare it for the press, which he accordingly has done; and has, moreover, added to it a number of notes of his own; and an engraving of the city, as it was at the time Mr. Knickerbocker writes about.

This, therefore, is a true statement of my reasons for having this work printed, without waiting for the consent

of the author: and I here declare, that if he ever ret (though I much fear some unhappy accident has bef him), I stand ready to account with him like a true honest man. Which is all at present—

From the public's humble servant,

SETH HANDASID

Independent Columbian Hotel,
New York.

THE foregoing account of the author was prefixe the first edition of this work. Shortly after its pub tion, a letter was received from him, by Mr. Handa dated at a small Dutch village on the banks of the Hud whither he had travelled for the purpose of inspec certain ancient records. As this was one of those few happy villages, into which newspapers never find t way, it is not a matter of surprise, that Mr. Knic bocker should never have seen the numerous adver ments that were made concerning him; and that he sh learn of the publication of his history by mere acciden

He expressed much concern at its premature app ance, as thereby he was prevented from making sev important corrections and alterations: as well as f profiting by many curious hints which he had colle during his travels along the shores of the Tappan Sea, his sojourn at Haverstraw and Esopus.

Finding that there was no longer any immediate ne sity for his return to New York, he extended his jour

up to the residence of his relations at Scaghtikoke. On his way thither he stopped for some days at Albany, for which city he is known to have entertained a great partiality. He found it, however, considerably altered, and was much concerned at the inroads and improvements which the Yankees were making, and the consequent decline of the good old Dutch manners. Indeed he was informed that these intruders were making sad innovations in all parts of the state; where they had given great trouble and vexation to the regular Dutch settlers, by the introduction of turnpike gates and country school-houses. It is said also, that Mr. Knickerbocker shook his head sorrowfully at noticing the gradual decay of the great Vander Heyden palace; but was highly indignant at finding that the ancient Dutch church, which stood in the middle of the street, had been pulled down since his last visit.

The fame of Mr. Knickerbocker's History having reached even to Albany, he received much flattering attention from its worthy burghers; some of whom, however, pointed out two or three very great errors he had fallen into, particularly that of suspending a lump of sugar over the Albany tea tables, which, they assured him, had been discountenanced for some years past. Several families, moreover, were somewhat piqued that their ancestors had not been mentioned in his work, and showed great jealousy of their neighbours who had thus been distinguished; while the latter, it must be confessed, plumed themselves vastly thereupon; considering these recordings in the light of letters patent of nobility, establishing their claims to ancestry---which, in this republican country, is a matter of no little solicitude and vain-glory.

it is also said, that he enjoyed high favour and countenance from the governor, who once asked him to dinner, and was seen two or three times to shake hands with him when they met in the street; which certainly was going great lengths, considering that they differed in politics. Indeed, certain of the governor's confidential friends, to whom he could venture to speak his mind freely on such matters, have assured us that he privately entertained a considerable good will for our author—nay, he even once went so far as to declare, and that openly too, and at his own table, just after dinner, that "Knickerbocker was a very well meaning sort of an old gentleman, and no fool." From all which many have been led to suppose that, had our author been of different politics, and written for the newspapers instead of wasting his talents on histories, he might have risen to some post of honour and profit: peradventure to be a notary public, or even a justice in the ten pound court.

Besides the honours and civilities already mentioned, he was much caressed by the literati of Albany; particularly Mr. John Cook, who entertained him very hospitably at his circulating library and reading room, where they used to drink Spa water, and talk about the ancients. He found Mr. Cook a man after his own heart—of great literary research, and a curious collector of books. At parting, the latter, in testimony of friendship, made him a present of the two oldest works of his collection; which were, the earliest edition of the Hiedelburgh Catechism and Adrian Vander Donck's famous account of the

New Netherlands; by the last of which Mr. Knickerbocker profited greatly in this his second edition.

Having passed some time very agreeably at Albany, our author proceeded to Scaghtikoke; where, it is but justice to say he was received with open arms, and treated with wonderful loving kindness. He was much looked up to by the family, being the first historian of the name; and was considered almost as great a man as his cousin the Congressman—with whom by the by, he became perfectly reconciled and contracted a strong friendship.

In spite, however, of the kindness of his relations, and their great attention to his comforts, the old gentleman soon became restless and discontented. His history being published, he had no longer any business to occupy his thoughts, or any scheme to excite his hopes or anticipations. This to a busy mind like his was a truly deplorable situation; and, had he not been a man of inflexible morals and regular habits, there would have been great danger of his taking to politics or drinking—both which pernicious vices we daily see men driven to by mere spleen and idleness.

It is true, he sometimes employed himself in preparing a second edition of his history, wherein he endeavoured to correct and improve many passages with which he was dissatisfied, and to rectify some mistakes that had crept into it; for he was particularly anxious that his work should be noted for its authenticity; which, indeed, is the very life and soul of history. But the glow of composition had departed—he had to leave many places untouched, which he would fain have altered; and even where he did

make alterations, he seemed always in doubt whether they were for the better or the worse.

After a residence of some time at Scaghtikoke, he began to feel a strong desire to return to New York, which he ever regarded with the warmest affection; not merely because it was his native city, but because he really considered it the very best city in the whole world. On his return he entered into the full enjoyment of the advantages of a literary reputation. He was continually importuned to write advertisements, petitions, hand bills, and productions of similar import; and, although he never meddled with the public papers, yet had he the credit of writing innumerable essays, and smart things, that appeared on all subjects, and all sides of the question; in all which he was clearly detected "by his style."

He contracted, moreover, a considerable debt at the post-office, in consequence of the numerous letters he received from authors and printers soliciting his subscription—he was applied to by every charitable society for yearly donations, which he gave very cheerfully, considering these applications as so many compliments. He was once invited to a great corporation dinner; and was even twice summoned to attend as a juryman at the court of quarter sessions. Indeed, so renowned did he become, that he could no longer pry about, as formerly, in all holes and corners of the city, according to the bent of his humour, unnoticed and uninterrupted; but several times when he has been sauntering the streets, on his usual rambles of observation, equipped with his cane and cocked hat, the little boys at play have been known to cry, "there

goes Diedrich !"—at which the old gentleman seemed not a little pleased, looking upon these salutations in the light of the praises of posterity.

In a word, if we take into consideration all these various honours and distinctions, together with an exuberant eulogium passed on him in the Port-Folio—(with which, we are told, the old gentleman was so much overpowered that he was sick for two or three days)—it must be confessed that few authors have ever lived to receive such illustrious rewards, or have so completely enjoyed in advance their own immortality.

After his return from Scaghtikoke, Mr. Knickerbocker took up his residence at a little rural retreat, which the Stuyvesants had granted him on the family domain, in gratitude for their honourable mention of their ancestor. It was pleasantly situated on the borders of one of the salt marshes beyond Corlear's Hook: subject, indeed, to be occasionally overflowed, and much infested, in the summer time, with musquitoes; but otherwise very agreeable, producing abundant crops of salt-grass and bulrushes.

Here, we are sorry to say, the good old gentleman fell dangerously ill of a fever, occasioned by the neighbouring marshes. When he found his end approaching, he disposed of his worldly affairs, leaving the bulk of his fortune to the New-York Historical Society: his Hiedelburg Catechism, and Vander Donck's work, to the City Library; and his saddle-bags to Mr. Handaside. He forgave all his enemies; that is to say, all that bore any enmity towards him; for as to himself, he declared he died in good will to all the world. And, after dedicating several kind messages to his relations at Scaghtikoke, as well as to certain of our most substantial

Dutch citizens, he expired in the arms of his friend the librarian.

His remains were interred, according to his own request, in St. Mark's Churchyard, close by the bones of his favourite hero, Peter Stuyvesant; and it is rumoured, that the Historical Society have it in mind to erect a wooden monument to his memory in the Bowling-green.

TO THE PUBLIC.

"To rescue from oblivion the memory of former incidents, and to render a just tribute of renown to the many great and wonderful transactions of our Dutch progenitors, Diedrich Knickerbocker, native of the city of New-York, produces this historical essay."* Like the great Father of History whose words I have just quoted, I treat of times long past, over which the twilight of uncertainty had already thrown its shadows, and the night of forgetfulness was about to descend for ever. With great solicitude did I long behold the early history of this venerable and ancient city gradually slipping from our grasp, trembling on the lips of narrative old age, and day by day dropping piecemeal into the tomb. In a little while, thought I, and those reverend Dutch burghers, who serve as the tottering monuments of good old times, will be gathered to their fathers; their children, engrossed by the empty pleasures or insignificant transactions of the present age, will neglect to treasure up the recollections of the past, and posterity shall search in vain for memorials of the days of the Patriarchs. The origin of our city will be buried in eternal oblivion, and even the names and achievements of Wouter Van Twiller, William Kieft, and Peter Stuyvesant, be enveloped in doubt and fiction, like those of Romulus and Remus, of Charlemagne, King Arthur, Rinaldo, and Godfrey of Bologne. . . .

Determined, therefore, to avert if possible this threatened misfortune, I industriously set myself to work, to gather

* Beloe's Herodotus.

together all the fragments of our ancient history which still existed, and like my revered prototype, Herodotus, where no written records could be found, have endeavoured to continue the chain of history by well authenticated traditions.

In this arduous undertaking, which has been the sole business of a long and solitary life, it is incredible the number of learned authors I have consulted; and all to but little purpose. Strange as it may seem, though such multitudes of excellent works have been written about this country, there are none extant which give any full and satisfactory account of the early history of New-York, or of its three first Dutch governors. I have, however, gained much valuable and curious matter from an elaborate manuscript written in exceding pure and classic low Dutch, excepting a few errors in orthography, which was found in the archives of the Stuyvesant family. Many legends, letters, and other documents, have I likewise gleaned in my researches among the family chests and lumber garrets of our respectable Dutch citizens: and I have gathered a host of well authenticated traditions from divers excellent old ladies of my acquaintance, who requested that their names might not be mentioned. Nor must I neglect to acknowledge how greatly I have been assisted by that admirable and praiseworthy institution, the NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, to which I here publicly return my sincere acknowledgments.

In the conduct of this inestimable work I have adopted no individual model, but on the contrary have simply contented myself with combining and concentrating the excellencies of the most approved ancient historians. Like

Xenophon, I have maintained the utmost impartiality, and the strictest adherence to truth throughout my history. I have enriched it, after the manner of Sallust, with various characters of ancient worthies, drawn at full length and faithfully coloured. I have seasoned it with profound political speculations like Thucydides, sweetened it with the graces of sentiment like Tacitus, and infused into the whole the dignity, the grandeur, and magnificence of Livy.

I am aware that I shall incur the censure of numerous very learned and judicious critics, for indulging too frequently in the bold excursive manner of my favourite Herodotus. And to be candid, I have found it impossible always to resist the allurements of those pleasing episodes which, like flowery banks and fragrant bowers, beset the dusty road of the historian, and entice him to turn aside and refresh himself from his wayfaring. But I trust it will be found that I have always resumed my staff, and addressed myself to my weary journey with renovated spirits, so that both my readers and myself have been benefited by the relaxation.

Indeed, though it has been my constant wish and uniform endeavour to rival Polybius himself, in observing the requisite unity of History, yet the loose and unconnected manner in which many of the facts herein recorded have come to hand, rendered such an attempt extremely difficult. This difficulty was likewise increased by one of the grand objects contemplated in my work, which was to trace the rise of sundry customs and institutions in this best of cities, and to compare them when in the germ of infancy with what they are in the present old age of knowledge and improvement.

the moment that those matters herein recorded were about entering into the wide-spread insatiable maw of oblivion—if I had not dragged them out, as it were, by the very locks, just as the monster's adamantine fangs were closing upon them for ever! And here have I, as before observed, carefully collected, collated, and arranged them, scrip and scrap, "*punt en punt, gat en gat*," and commenced in this little work, a history to serve as a foundation, on which other historians may hereafter raise a noble superstructure, swelling in process of time, until *Knickerbocker's New-York*, may be equally voluminous with *Gibbon's Rome*, or *Hume and Smollett's England!*

And now indulge me for a moment: while I lay down my pen, skip to some eminence at the distance of two or three hundred years a-head; and, casting a bird's eye glance over the waste of years that is to roll between, discover myself—little I!—at this moment the progenitor, prototype, and percursor of them all, posted at the head of this host of literary worthies, with my book under my arm, and New-York on my back, pressing forward like a gallant commander to honour and immortality!

Such are the vain-glorious imaginings that will now and then enter into the brain of the author—that irradiate, as with celestial light, his solitary chamber, cheering his weary spirits, and animating him to preseverе in his labours. And I have freely given utterance to these rhapsodies whenever they have occurred; not, I trust, from an unusual spirit of egotism, but merely that the reader may for once have an idea how an author thinks and feels while he is writing—a kind of knowledge very and curious, and much to be desired.

THE

STORY OF NEW-YORK.

BOOK FIRST.

NING DIVERS INGENIOUS THEORIES AND PHI-IC SPECULATIONS CONCERNING THE CREATION OPULATION OF THE WORLD, AS CONNECTED WITH THE HISTORY OF NEW YORK.

CHAP I.

Description of the World.

ORDING to the best authorities, the world in which :ll is a huge, opaque, reflecting, inanimate mass, ; in the vast ethereal ocean of infinite space. It form of an orange, being an oblate spheroid, cari-attened at opposite parts, for the insertion of two ary poles, which are supposed to penetrate and t the centre; thus forming an axis, on which the orange turns with a regular diurnal revolution. transitions of light and darkness, whence proceed ernations of day and night, are produced by this revolution successively presenting the different, f the earth to the rays of the sun. The latter is ing to the best, that is to say, the latest accounts, ous or fiery body, of a prodigious magnitude, from this world is driven by a centrifugal or repelling, and to which it is drawn by a centripetal or ive force; otherwise called the attraction of gravi-; the combination, *or rather the* counteraction of

these two opposing impulses producing a circular and annual revolution. Hence result the different seasons of the year, viz. spring, summer, autumn, and winter.

This I believe to be the most approved modern theory on the subject—though there be many philosophers who have entertained very different opinions; some too of them entitled to much deference from their great antiquity and illustrious characters. Thus it was advanced by some of the ancient sages, that the earth was an extended plain, supported by vast pillars; and by others, that it rested on the head of a snake, or the back of a huge tortoise—but as they did not provide a resting place for either the pillars or the tortoise, the whole theory fell to the ground, for want of proper foundation.

The Brahmins assert, that the heavens rest upon the earth, and the sun and moon swim therein like fishes in the water, moving from east to west by day, and gliding along the edge of the horizon to their original stations during the night;* while, according to the Pauranicas of India, it is a vast plain, encircled by seven oceans of milk, nectar, and other delicious liquids; that it is studded with seven mountains, and ornamented in the centre by a mountainous rock of burnished gold; and that a great dragon occasionally swallows up the moon, which accounts for the phenomena of lunar eclipses.†

Besides these, and many other equally sage opinions, have the profound conjectures of ABOUL-HASSANA son of Al Khan, son of Aly, son of Abderrahman, son Abdallah, son of Masoud-el-Hadheli, who is commonly called MASOUDI, and surnamed Cothbeddin, but takes the humble title of Lahebar-rasoul, which means the companion of the ambassador of God. He has written a universal history, entitled "Mouroudge-ed-dhe or, The Golden Meadows, and the Mines of pre Stones."‡ In this valuable work he has related the tory of the world, from the creation down to the time of writing; which was under the Khaliphant of Billah, in the month Dgioumadi-el-soual of the year of the Hegira or flight of the Prophet. He tells us that the earth is a huge bird, Mecca and Me

* Faria y Souza. Mick. Lus. note, b. 7.
† Sir W. Jones, Dis. Antiq. Ind. Zod. ‡ MSS. Bibl

stitute the head, Persia and India the right wing, the land of Gog the left wing, and Africa the tail. He informs us, moreover, that an earth has existed before the present (which he considers as a mere chicken of 7000 years) that it has undergone divers deluges, and that, according to the opinion of some well-informed Brahmins of his acquaintance, it will be renovated every seventy thousandth hazarouam; each hazarouam consisting of 12,000 years.

These are a few of the many contradictory opinions of philosophers concerning the earth, and we find that the learned have had equal perplexity as to the nature of the sun. Some of the ancient philosophers have affirmed that it is a vast wheel of brilliant fire;* others, that it is merely a mirror or sphere of transparent crystal;† and a third class, at the head of whom stands Anaxagoras, maintained that it was nothing but a huge ignited mass of iron or stone—indeed, he declared the heavens to be merely a vault of stone, and that the stars were stones whirled upwards from the earth, and set on fire by the velocity of its revolutions.‡ But I give little attention to the doctrines of this philosopher, the people of Athens having fully refuted them, by banishing him from their city; a concise mode of answering unwelcome doctrines, much resorted to in former days. Another sect of philosophers do declare, that certain fiery particles exhale constantly from the earth, which, concentrating in a single point in the firmament by day, constitute the sun, but being scattered and rambling about in the dark at night, collect in various points, and form stars. These are regularly burnt out and extinguished, not unlike to the lamps in our streets, and require a fresh supply of exhalations for the next occasion.§

It is even recorded, that at certain remote and obscure periods, in consequence of a great scarcity of fuel, the sun has been completely burnt out, and sometimes not rekindled for a month at a time. A most melancholy circumstance, the very idea of which gave vast concern to

* Plut. de Plac. Philos. lib. ii. chap. 20.
† Achill. Tat. Isag. chap. 19. Ap. Petav. t. iii, p. 81. Stob. Eclog. Phys. lib. i. p. 56. Plut. de Plac. Philos.
‡ Diogenes Laertius in Anaxag. l. ii. sec. 8. Plat. Apol. t. i. p. 26. Plut. de Plac. Philos. Xenoph. Mem. l. iv. p. 815.
§ Aristot. Meteor. l. ii. c. 2. Idem, Probl. sec. 15. Stob. Ecl. Phys. l. i. p. 55. Bruck. Hist. Phil. t. i. p. 1154, &c.

Heraclitus, that worthy weeping philosopher of antiquit
In addition to these various speculations, it was the op
nion of Herschel, that the sun is a magnificent, habitab
abode; the light it furnishes arising from certain empyre
luminous or phosphoric clouds, swimming in its transp
rent atmosphere.*

But we will not enter further at present into the natu
of the sun, that being an inquiry not immediately necessa
to the developement of this history; neither will we en
broil ourselves in any more of the endless disputes of ph
losophers touching the form of this globe, but conte
ourselves with the theory advanced in the beginning
this chapter, and will proceed to illustrate, by experimen
the complexity of motion therein ascribed to this our rot
tory planet.

Professor Von Poddingcoft (or Puddinghead, as t
name may be rendered into English) was long celebrate
in the university of Leyden, for most profound gravity
deportment, and his talent at going to sleep in the mid
of examinations; to the infinite relief of his hopeful st
dents, who thereby worked their way through colle
with great ease and little study. In the course of one
his lectures, the learned professor, seizing a bucket
water, swung it round his head at arm's length; the i
pulse with which he threw the vessel from him being
centrifugal force, the retention of his arm operating as
centripetal power, and the bucket, which was a substitu
for the earth, describing a circular orbit round about t
globular head and ruby visage of Professor Von Poddin
coft, which formed no bad representation of the sun. A
of these particulars were duly explained to the class
gaping students around him. He apprised them mor
over, that the same principle of gravitation which retain
the water in the bucket restrains the ocean from flyi
from the earth in its rapid revolutions; and he furth
informed them, that should the motion of the earth
suddenly checked, it would incontinently fall into the su
through the centripetal force of gravitation; a most rui
ous event to this planet, and one which would also o
scure, though it most probably would not extinguish, t

* Philos. Trans. 1795, p. 72. Idem, 1801, p. 265. Nich. Phil
Journ. i. p. 13.

lar luminary. An unlucky stripling, one of those va-ant geniuses who seem sent into the world merely to noy worthy men of the puddinghead order, desirous of certaining the correctness of the experiment, suddenly rested the arm of the professor just at the moment that e bucket was in its zenith, which immediately descended ith astonishing precision on the philosophic head of the structor of youth. A hollow sound, and a red-hot hiss, tended the contact, but the theory was in the amplest anner illustrated, for the unfortunate bucket perished in e conflict: but the blazing countenance of Professor m Poddingcoft, emerged from amidst the waters, glow-g fiercer than ever with unutterable indignation—where-r the students were marvellously edified, and departed nsiderably wiser than before.

It is a mortifying circumstance, which greatly perplexes any a pains-taking philosopher, that nature often refuses) second his most profound and elaborate efforts; so that hen, after having invented one of the most ingenious and atural theories imaginable, she will have the perverseness) act directly in the teeth of his system, and flatly con-adict his most favourite positions. This is a manifest nd unmerited grievance, since it throws the censure of ne vulgar and unlearned entirely upon the philosopher; whereas the fruit is not to be ascribed to his theory, which) unquestionably correct, but to the waywardness of dame ature, who with the proverbial fickleness of her sex, is ontinually indulging in coquetries and caprices, and seems eally to take pleasure in violating all philosophic rules, nd jilting the most learned and indefatigable of her dorers. Thus it happened with respect to the foregoing atisfactory explanation of the motion of our planet; it ppears that the centrifugal force has long since ceased to perate, while its antagonist remains in undiminished po-ency: the world therefore, according to the theory as it riginally stood, ought, in strict propriety, to tumble into he sun—philosophers were convinced that it would do so, nd awaited, in anxious impatience, the fulfilment of their prognostics. But the untoward planet pertinaciously con-inued her course, notwithstanding that she had reason, philosophy, and a whole university of learned professors opposed to her conduct. The philosophers took this in very ill part, and it is thought they would never have par-

doned the slight and affront which they conceived put upon them by the world, had not a good-natured professor kindly officiated as a mediator between the parties, and effected a reconciliation.

Finding the world would not accommodate itself to the theory, he wisely determined to accommodate the theory to the world: he therefore informed his brother philosophers, that the circular motion of the earth round the sun was no sooner engendered, by the conflicting impulses above described, than it became a regular revolution, independent of the causes which gave it origin. His learned brethren readily joined in the opinion, being heartily glad of any explanation that would decently extricate them from embarrassment—and ever since that memorable era the world has been left to take her own course, and to revolve around the sun in such orbit as she thinks proper.

CHAP. II.

Cosmogony, or Creation of the World; with a multitude of excellent Theories, by which the Creation of a World is shewn to be no such difficult matter as common Folk would imagine.

HAVING thus briefly introduced my reader to the worl and given him some idea of its form and situation, he w naturally be curious to know from whence it came, a how it was created. And indeed the clearing up of th points is absolutely essential to my history, inasmuch a this world had not been formed, it is more than probs that this renowned island, on which is situated the cit New York, would never have had an existence. regular course of my history, therefore, requires th should proceed to notice the cosmogony or formati this our globe.

And now I give my readers fair warning, that I about to plunge, for a chapter or two, into as comp labyrinth as ever historian was perplexed withal; fore, I advise them to take fast hold of my skirts, an close at my heels, venturing neither to the right ha to the left, lest they get bemired in a slough of unin

ble learning, or have their brains knocked out by some of those hard Greek names which will be flying about in all directions. But should any of them be too indolent or chicken-hearted to accompany me in this perilous undertaking, they had better take a short cut round, and wait for me at the beginning of some smoother chapter.

Of the creation of the world we have a thousand contradictory accounts; and though a very satisfactory one is furnished by divine revelation, yet every philosopher feels himself in honour bound to furnish us with a better. As an impartial historian, I consider it my duty to notice their several theories, by which mankind have been so exceedingly edified and instructed.

Thus it was the opinion of certain ancient sages, that the earth and the whole system of the universe was the deity himself;* a doctrine most strenuously maintained by Zenophanes and the whole tribe of Eleatics, as also by Strato and the sect of peripatetic philosophers. Pythagoras likewise inculcated the famous numerical system of the monad, dyad, and tryad; and by means of his sacred quaternary elucidated the formation of the world, the arcana of nature, and the principles both of music and morals.† Other sages adhered to the mathematical system of squares and triangles; the cube, the pyramid, and the sphere; the tetrahedron, the octahedron, the icosahedron, and the dodecahedron.‡ While others advocated the great elementary theory, which refers the construction of our globe, and all that it contains, to the combinations of four material elements, air, earth, fire, and water; with the assistance of a fifth, an immaterial and vivyfying principle.

Nor must I omit to mention the great atomic system taught by old Moschus before the siege of Troy; revived by Democritus of laughing memory; improved by Epicurus, that king of good fellows; and modernised by the fanciful Descartes. But I decline inquiring, whether the atoms, of which the earth is said to be composed, are eternal or recent; whether they are animate or inanimate;

* Aristot. ap. Cic. lib. i. cap. 3.

† Aristot. Metaph. lib. i. c. 5. Idem. de Cœlo, l. iii. c. 1. Rousseau, Mem. sur. Musique Ancien. p. 39. Plutarch de Plac. Philos. lib. i. cap. 3.

‡ Tim. Locr. ap. Plato. t. iii. p. 90.

whether, agreeably to the opinion of Atheists, they were fortuitously aggregated; or, as the Theists maintain, were arranged by a supreme intelligence.* Whether, in fact, the earth be an insensate clod, or whether it be animated by a soul;† which opinion was strenuously maintained by a host of philosophers, at the head of whom stands the great Plato, that temperate sage, who threw the cold water of philosophy on the form of sexual intercourse, and inculcated the doctrine of Platonic love—an exquisitely refined intercourse, but much better adapted to the ideal inhabitants of his imaginary island of Atlantis, than to the sturdy race, composed of rebellious flesh and blood, which populates the little matter of fact island we inhabit.

Besides these systems, we have, moreover, the poetical theogony of old Hesiod, who generated the whole universe in the regular mode of procreation; and the plausible opinion of others, that the earth was hatched from the great egg of night, which floated in chaos, and was cracked by the horns of the celestial bull. To illustrate this last doctrine, Burnet, in his theory of the earth,‡ has favoured us with an accurate drawing and description, both of the form and texture of this mundane egg; which is found to bear a near resemblance to that of a goose. Such of my readers as take a proper interest in the origin of this our planet will be pleased to learn, that the most profound sages of antiquity, among the Egyptians, Chaldeans, Persians, Greeks, and Latins, have alternately assisted at the hatching of this strange bird; and that their cacklings have been caught, and continued in different tones and inflections, from philosopher to philosopher, unto the present day.

But while briefly noticing long celebrated systems of ancient sages, let me not pass over, with neglect, those of other philosophers; which, though less universal than renowned, have equal claims to attention, and equal chance for correctness. Thus it is recorded by the Brahmins, in the pages of their inspired Shastah, that the angel Bistnoo transformed himself into a great boar, plunged into

* Aristot. Nat. Auscult. l. ii. cap. 6. Aristoph. Metaph. lib. i. cap. 3. Cic. de Nat. Deor. lib. i. cap. 10. Justin Mart. Orat. ad Gent. p. 20.

† Mosheim in Cudw. lib. i. cap. 4. Tim. de Anim. Mund. ap. Plat. lib. iii. Mem. de l'Acad. des Belles Lettres, t. xxxii. p. 19. *et al.*

‡ Book i. ch. 5.

y abyss, and brought up the earth on his tusks.
ued from him a mighty tortoise, and a mighty
nd Bistnoo placed the snake erect upon the back
rtoise, and he placed the earth upon the head of
.*

egro philosophers of Congo affirm, that the world
e by the hands of angels, excepting their own
which the Supreme Being constructed himself,
ight be supremely excellent. And he took great
h the inhabitants, and made them very black and
; and when he had finished the first man, he was
ued with him, and smoothed him over the face,
e his nose, and the nose of all his descendants,
lat.

Mohawk philosophers tell us, that a pregnant
ell down from heaven, and that a tortoise took her
back, because every place was covered with
and that the woman, sitting upon the tortoise,
with her hands in the water, and raked up the
hence it finally happened that the earth became
an the water.†

forbear to quote a number more of these ancient
ndish philosophers, whose deplorable ingorance,
e of all their erudition, compelled them to write
ages which but few of my readers can understand;
ill proceed briefly to notice a few more intelligible
ionable theories of their modern successors.

rst I shall mention the great Buffon, who conject-
at this globe was originally a globe of liquid fire,
ed from the body of the sun, by the percussion of
as a spark is generated by the collision of flint
. That at first it was surrounded by gross va-
which cooling and condensing in process of time,
ed, according to their densities, earth, water, and
ch gradually arranged themselves, according to
pective gravities, round the burning or vitrified
t formed their centre.

a, on the contrary, supposes that the waters at
e universally paramount; and he terrifies himself
idea that the earth must be eventually washed

* Bell. Gent. Philosophy.
† Jonas Megapolensis, jun. Account of Marquaas or Mohawk Indians, 1644.

away by the force of rain, rivers, and mountain t
until it is confounded with the ocean, or in other
absolutely dissolves into itself.—Sublime idea! f
passing that of the tender-hearted damsel of an
who wept herself into a fountain; or the good d
Narbonne in France, who, for a volubility of tong
usual in her sex, was doomed to peel five hundre
sand and thirty-nine ropes of onions, and actua
out at her eyes before half the hideous task was
plished.

Whiston, the same ingenious philosopher who
Ditton in his researches after the longitude (for wh
mischief-loving Swift discharged on their heads
savoury stanza), has distinguished himself by a v
mirable theory respecting the earth. He conjectu
it was originally a *chaotic comet*, which, being sele
the abode of man, was removed from its eccentri
and whirled round the sun in its present regular
by which change of direction, order succeeded to
sion in the arrangement of its component parts. T
losopher adds, that the deluge was produced by
courteous salute from the watery tail of another
doubtless through sheer envy of its improved cor
thus furnishing a melancholy proof that jealousy m
vail even among the heavenly bodies, and discor
rupt that celestial harmony of the spheres, so melo
sung by the poets.

But I pass over a variety of excellent theories,
which are those of Burnet, and Woodward, and
hurst; regretting extremely that my time will no
me to give them the notice they deserve—and shi
clude with that of the renowned Dr. Darwin.
learned Theban, who is as much distinguished fo
as reason, and for good-natured credulity as seri
search; and who has recommended himself won
to the good graces of the ladies, by letting them
the gallantries, amours, debaucheries, and other t
scandal of the court of Flora, has fallen upon a
worthy of his combustible imagination. Accordin
opinion, the huge mass of chaos took a sudden c
to explode, like a barrel of gunpowder, and, in tl
exploded the sun—which, in its flight, by a simil
vulsion, exploded the earth—which in like guise e

the moon—and thus, by a concatenation of explosions, the whole solar system was produced, and set most systematically in motion.*

By the great variety of theories here alluded to, every one of which, if thoroughly examined, will be found surprisingly consistent in all its parts, my unlearned readers will perhaps be led to conclude, that the creation of a world is not so difficult a task as they at first imagined. I have shown at least a score of ingenious methods in which a world could be constructed; and, I have no doubt, that had any of the philosophers above quoted the use of a good manageable comet, and the philosophical warehouse, *chaos*, at his command, he would engage to manufacture a planet as good, or, if you would take his word for it, better than this we inhabit.

And here I cannot help noticing the kindness of Providence, in creating comets for the great relief of bewildered philosophers. By their assistance more sudden evolutions and transitions are effected in the system of nature, than are wrought in a pantomimic exhibition, by the wonder-working sword of harlequin. Should one of our modern sages, in his theoretical flights among the stars, ever find himself lost in the clouds, and in danger of tumbling into the abyss of nonsense and absurdity, he has but to seize a comet by the beard, mount astride of its tail, and away he gallops in triumph, like an enchanter on his hippogriff, or a Connecticut witch on her broomstick, "to sweep the cobwebs out of the sky."

It is an old and vulgar saying, about a "beggar on horseback," which I would not for the world have applied to these reverend philosophers: but I must confess, that some of them, when they are mounted on one of those fiery steeds, are as wild in their curvettings as was Phaëton of yore, when he aspired to manage the chariot of Phœbus. One drives his comet at full speed against the sun, and knocks the world out of him with the mighty concussion; another, more moderate, makes his comet a kind of beast of burthen, carrying the sun a regular supply of food and fagots; a third, of more combustible disposition, threatens to throw his comet, like a bombshell, into the world, and blow it up like a powder magazine; while

* Darw. Bot. Garden. Part I. Cant. i. l. 105.

a fourth, with no great delicacy to this planet and its inhabitants, insinuates that some day or other his comet—my modest pen blushes while I write it—shall absolutely turn tail upon our world and deluge it with water!—Surely, as I have already observed, comets were bountifully provided by Providence for the benefit of philosophers, to assist them in manufacturing theories.

And now, having adduced several of the most prominent theories that occur to my recollection, I leave my judicious readers at full liberty to choose among them. They are all serious speculations of learned men—all differ essentially from each other—and all have the same title to belief. It has ever been the task of one race of philosophers to demolish the works of their predecessors, and elevate more splendid fantasies in their stead, which, in their turn, are demolished and replaced by the air-castles of a succeeding generation. Thus it would seem that knowledge and genius, of which we make such great parade, consist but in detecting the errors and absurdities of those who had gone before, and devising new errors and absurdities, to be detected by those who are to come after us. Theories are the mighty soap-bubbles with which the grown-up children of science amuse themselves; while the honest vulgar stand gazing in stupid admiration, and dignify these learned vagaries with the name of wisdom! —Surely Socrates was right in his opinion, that philosophers are but a soberer sort of madmen, busying themselves in things totally incomprehensible, or which, if they could be comprehended, would be found not worthy the trouble of discovery.

For my own part, until the learned have come to an agreement among themselves, I shall content myself with the account handed down to us by Moses; in which I do but follow the example of our ingenious neighbours of Connecticut; who at their first settlement proclaimed, that the colony should be governed by the laws of God—until they had time to make better.

One thing however appears certain—from the unanimous authority of the before quoted philosophers, supported by the evidence of our own senses (which, though very apt to deceive us, may be cautiously admitted as additional testimony), it appears, I say, and I make the assertion deliberately, without fear of contradiction, that this

ally *was created*, and that it is composed of *land ter*. It further appears that it is curiously divided celled out into continents and islands, among which declare the renowned ISLAND OF NEW YORK found by any one who seeks for it in its proper

CHAP. III.

r that famous Navigator, Noah, was shamefully ed; and how he committed an unpardonable over- not having Four Sons: with the great trouble losophers caused thereby, and the Discovery of America.

, who is the first seafaring man we read of, begat ns, Shem, Ham, and Japhet. Authors, it is true, wanting, who affirm that the patriarch had a num- other children. Thus Berosus makes him father gigantic Titans, Methodius gives him a son called s, or Jonicus (who was the first inventor of Johnny- and others have mentioned a son named Thuiscon, hom descended the Teutons or Teutonic, or in ords the Dutch nation.

ret exceedingly that the nature of my plan will not me to gratify the laudable curiosity of my readers, estigating minutely the history of the great Noah. such an undertaking would be attended with more than many people would imagine; for the good triarch seems to have been a great traveller in his nd to have passed under a different name in every y that he visited. The Chaldeans for instance give story, merely altering his name into Xisuthrus— al alteration, which, to an historian skilled in ety- es, will appear wholly unimportant. It appears e, that he had exchanged his tarpawling and qua- among the Chaldeans, for the gorgeous insignia of , and appears as a monarch in their annals. The ans celebrate him under the name of Osiris; the s as Menu; the Greek and Roman writers con- him with Ogyges, and the Theban with Deucalion

and Saturn. But the Chinese, who deservedly rank among the most extensive and authentic historians, inasmuch as they have known the world much longer than any one else, declare that Noah was no other than Fohi; and what gives this assertion some air of credibility is, that it is a fact, admitted by the most enlightened literati, that Noah travelled into China, at the time of the building of the tower of Babel (probably to improve himself in the study of languages), and the learned Dr. Shuckford gives us the additional information, that the ark rested on a mountain on the frontiers of China.

From this mass of rational conjectures and sage hypotheses, many satisfactory deductions might be drawn; but I shall content myself with the simple fact stated in the Bible, viz. that Noah begat three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japhet. It is astonishing on what remote and obscure contingencies the great affairs of this world depend, and how events the most distant, and to the common observer, unconnected, are inevitably consequent the one to the other. It remains to the philosopher to discover these mysterious affinities, and is the proudest triumph of his skill to detect and drag forth some latent chain of causation, which at first sight appears a paradox to the inexperienced observer. Thus many of my readers will doubtless wonder, what connection the family of Noah can possibly have with this history---and many will stare when informed that the whole history of this quarter of the world has taken its character and course, from the simple circumstance of the patriarch's having but three sons.--but to explain.

Noah, we are told by sundry very credible historians, becoming sole surviving heir and proprietor of the earth, in fee simple, after the deluge, like a good father, portioned out his estate among his children. To Shem he gave Asia, to Ham Africa, and to Japhet Europe. Now it is a thousand times to be lamented that he had but three sons, for had there been a fourth, he would doubtless have inherited America; which of course would have been dragged forth from its obscurity on the occasion; and thus many a hard-working historian and philosopher would have been spared a prodigious mass of weary conjecture, respecting the first discovery and population of this country. Noah, however, having provided for his three sons,

in all probability, upon our country as mere wild,
d land, and said nothing about it, and to this un-
able taciturnity of the patriarch may we ascribe the
une, that America did not come into the world as
the other quarters of the globe.

true, some writers have vindicated him from this
duct towards posterity, and asserted that he really
cover America. Thus it was the opinion of Mark
hot, a French writer, possessed of that ponderosity
ght, and profoundness of reflection, so peculiar to
ion, that the immediate descendants of Noah peo-
is quarter of the globe, and that the old patriarch
, who still retained a passion for the seafaring life,
ttended the transmigration. The pious and enlight-
ather Charlevoix, a French Jesuit, remarkable for
rsion to the marvellous, common to all great travel-
conclusively of the same opinion; nay, he goes still
, and decides upon the manner in which the disco-
as effected, which was by sea, and under the im-
e direction of the great Noah. "I have already
d," exclaims the good father in a tone of becoming
ation, "that it is an arbitrary supposition that the
hildren of Noah were not able to penetrate into the
rld, or that they never thought of it. In effect, I
e no reason that can justify such a notion. Who
riously believe that Noah and his immediate de-
nts knew less than we do, and that the builder and
f the greatest ship that ever was, a ship which was
to traverse an unbounded ocean, and had so many
and quicksands to guard against, should be igno-
, or should not have communicated to his descen-
the art of sailing on the ocean? Therefore they did
the ocean—therefore they sailed to America—
re America was discovered by Noah!

all this exquisite chain of reasoning, which is so
gly characteristic of the good father, being addressed
faith, rather than to the understanding, is flatly
d by Hans de Laet, who declares it a real and most
ous paradox, to suppose that Noah ever entertained
ought of discovering America; and as Hans is a
writer, I am inclined to believe he must have been
etter acquainted with the worthy crew of the ark,
is competitors, and of course possessed of more

CHAP. IV.

Showing the great difficulty Philosophers have had in peopling America—and how the Aborigines came to be begotten by accident, to the great relief and satisfaction of the Author.

THE next inquiry at which we arrive in the regular course of our history, is to ascertain, if possible, how this country was originally peopled; a point fruitful of incredible embarrassments: for unless we prove that the aborigines did absolutely come from somewhere, it will be immediately asserted in this age of scepticism, that they did not come at all; and if they did not come at all, then was this country never populated—a conclusion perfectly agreeable to the rules of logic, but wholly irreconcileable to every feeling of humanity, inasmuch as it must syllogistically prove fatal to the innumerable aborigines of this populous region.

To avert so dire a sophism, and to rescue from logical annihilation so many millions of fellow-creatures, how many wings of geese have been plundered! what oceans of ink have been benevolently drained! and how many capacious heads of learned historians have been addled and for ever confounded! I pause with reverential awe, when I contemplate the ponderous tomes in different languages, with which they have endeavoured to solve this question, so important to the happiness of society, but so involved in clouds of impenetrable obscurity. Historian after historian has engaged in the endless circle of hypothetical argument, and after leading us a weary chase through octavos, quartos, and folios, has let us out at the end of his work, just as wise as we were at the beginning. It was, doubtless, some philosophical wild-goose chase of the kind, that made the old poet Macrobius rail in such a passion at curiosity, which he anathematizes most heartily as "an irksome, agonizing care, a superstitious industry about unprofitable things, an itching humour to see what is not to be seen, and to be doing what signifies nothing when it is done." But to proceed:

Of the claims of the children of Noah to the original population of this country I shall say nothing, as they

ave already been touched upon in my last chapter. The
laimants next in celebrity are the descendants of Abraham.
hus Christoval Colon (vulgarly called Columbus), when
e first discovered the gold mines of Hispaniola,—imme-
iately concluded, with a shrewdness that would have done
onour to a philosopher, that he had found the ancient
phir, from whence Solomon procured the gold for
ebellishing the temple at Jerusalem: nay, Colon even
agined that he saw the remains of furnaces of veritable
ebraic construction, employed in refining the precious ore.

So golden a conjecture, tinctured with such fascinating
travagance, was too tempting not to be immediately
apped at by the gudgeons of learning; and accordingly,
here were divers profound writers ready to swear to its
orrectness, and to bring in their usual load of authorities
nd wise surmises, wherewithal to prop it up. Vatablus
nd Robertus Stephens declared nothing could be more
lear: Arias Montanus, without the least hesitation, as-
erts that Mexico was the true Ophir, and the Jews the
arly settlers of the country; while Possevin, Becan, and
everal other sagacious writers, lug in a *supposed* pro-
hecy of the fourth book of Esdras, which being inserted
n the mighty hypothesis, like the key-stone of an arch,
ives it, in their opinion, perpetual durability.

Scarce, however, have they completed their goodly
superstructure, than in trudges a phalanx of opposite
writers, with Hans de Laet, the great Dutchman, at their
head; and at one blow tumbles the whole fabric about
their ears. Hans, in fact, contradicts outright all the
Israelitish claims to the first settlements of this country,
attributing all those equivocal symptoms, and traces of
Christianity and Judaism, which have been said to be
found in divers provinces of the New World, to the *Devil*,
who has always affected to counterfeit the worship of the
true Deity. "A remark," says the knowing old Padre
d'Acosta, "made by all good authors who have spoken
of the religion of nations newly discovered, and founded
besides on the authority of the *fathers of the church*."

Some writers again, among whom it is with great regret
am compelled to mention Lopez de Gomara and Juan
e Leri, insinuate that the Canaanites being driven from
he land of promise by the Jews, were seized with such a
anic, that they fled, without looking behind them, until,

stopping to take breath, they found themselves safe in America. As they brought neither their national language, manners, nor features with them, it is supposed they left them behind in the hurry of their flight. I cannot give my faith to this opinion.

I pass over the supposition of the learned Grotius, who being both an ambassador and a Dutchman to boot, is entitled to great respect; that North America was peopled by a strolling company of Norwegians, and that Peru was founded by a colony from China—Manco, or Mungo Capac, the first Incas, being himself a Chinese. Nor shall I more than barely mention, that father Kircher ascribes the settlement of America to the Egyptians, Budbeck to the Scandinavians, Charron to the Gauls, Juffredues Pteri to a skaiting party from Friseland, Milius to the Celta, Marinocus the Sicilian to the Romans, Le Comte to the Phœnicians, Postel to the Moors, Martin d'Agleria to the Abyssinians, together with the sage surmise of De Laet, that England, Ireland, and the Orcades, may contend for that honour.

Nor will I bestow any more attention or credit to the idea that America is the fairy region of Zipangri, described by that dreaming traveller Marco Polo the Venetian; or that it comprises the visionary island of Atlantis, described by Plato. Neither will I stop to investigate the heathenish assertion of Paracelsus, that each hemisphere of the globe was originally furnished with an Adam and Eve; or the more flattering opinion of Dr. Romayne, supported by many nameless authorities, that Adam was of the Indian race; or the startling conjecture of Buffon, Helvetius, and Darwin, so highly honourable to mankind, that the whole human species is accidentally descended from a remarkable family of the monkeys!

This last conjecture, I must own, came upon me very suddenly and very ungraciously. I have often beheld the clown in a pantomime, while gazing in stupid wonder at the extravagant gambols of a harlequin, all at once electrified by a sudden stroke of the wooden sword across his shoulders. Little did I think at such times that it would ever fall to my lot to be treated with equal discourtesy, and that while I was quietly beholding these grave philosophers emulating the eccentric transformations of the hero of pantomime, they would on a sudden turn upon me

ad my readers, and with one hypothetical flourish meta-
orphise us into beasts! I determined from that moment
ot to burn my fingers with any more of their theories,
ut content myself with detailing the different methods by
hich they transported the descendants of these ancient
nd respectable monkeys to this great field of theoretical
arfare.

This was done either by migrations by land or trans-
migrations by water. Thus Padre Joseph d'Acosta enu-
serates three passages by land, first by the north of Eu-
ope, secondly by the north of Asia, and thirdly by
egions southward of the straits of Magellan. The learned
Grotius marches his Norwegians by a pleasant route across
frozen rivers and arms of the sea, through Iceland, Green-
land, Estotiland, and Naremberga. And various writers,
among whom are Angleria, De Hornn, and Buffon, anxious
for the accommodation of these travellers, have fastened the
two continents together by a strong chain of deductions—
by which means they should pass over dryshod. But
should even this fail, Pinkerton, that industrious old
gentleman, who compiles books and manufactures Geo-
graphies, has constructed a natural bridge of ice, from
continent to continent, at the distance of four or five miles
from Behring's straits—for which he is entitled to the
grateful thanks of all the wandering aborigines who ever
did or ever will pass over it.

It is an evil much to be lamented, that none of the
worthy writers above quoted, could ever commence his
work, without immediately declaring hostilities against
every writer who had treated of the same subject. In this
particular, authors may be compared to a certain sagacious
bird, which in building its nest is sure to pull to pieces the
nests of all the birds in its neighbourhood. This unhappy
propensity tends grievously to impede the progress of
sound knowledge. Theories are at best but brittle pro-
ductions, and when once committed to the stream, they
should take care that like its notable pots which were
fellow-voyagers, they do not crack each other.

For my part, when I beheld the sages I have quoted
gravely accounting for unaccountable things, and discours-
ing thus wisely about matters for ever hidden from their
eyes, like a blind man describing the glories of light, and

the beauty and harmony of colours, I fell back in a ment at the amazing extent of human ingenuity.

If, cried I to myself, these learned men can weav systems out of nothing, what would be their prod were they furnished with substantial materials—if t argue and dispute thus ingeniously about subjects their knowledge, what would be the profundity observations, did they but know what they were about! Should old Rhadamanthus, when he co decide upon their conduct while on earth, have th idea of the uselessness of their labours, he will undo class them with those notorious wise men of Gotha milked a bull, twisted a rope of sand, and wove a purse from a sow's ear.

My chief surprise is, that among the many wr have noticed, no one has attempted to prove th country was peopled from the moon—or that th inhabitants floated hither on islands of ice, as whit cruise about the northern oceans—or that the conveyed hither by balloons, as modern aëronau from Dover to Calais—or by witchcraft, as Simon posted among the stars—or after the manner renowned Scythian Abaris, who, like the New E witches on full-blooded broomsticks made most unh journeys on the back of a golden arrow, given him Hyperborean Apollo.

But there is still one mode left by which this could have been peopled, which I have reserved last, because I consider it worth all the rest; it *accident!* Speaking of the islands of Solomon, Guinea, and New-Holland, the profound father Cha obse ves, "in fine, all these countries are peopled, *is possible*, some have been so *by accident*. Now could have happened in that manner, why might have been at the *same time*, and by the *same mea the other* parts of the globe?" This ingenious m deducing certain conclusions from possible premises improvement in syllogistic skill, and proves the father superior even to Archimedes, for he can t world without any thing to rest his lever upon. It surpassed by the dexterity with which the stur Jesuit, in another place, cuts the gordian knot—"No

ys he, "is more easy. The inhabitants of both hemi-
heres are certainly the descendants of the same father.
e common father of mankind received an express order
m Heaven to people the world, and *accordingly it has*
m peopled. To bring this about, it was necessary to
ercome all difficulties in the way, *and they have also*
m overcome!" Pious logician! How does he put all
e herd of laborious theorists to the blush, by explaining
five words, what it has cost them volumes to prove they
iew nothing about!

They have long been picking at the lock, and fretting
: the latch, but the honest father at once unlocks the door
y bursting it open, and when he has it once a-jar, he is at
ll liberty to pour in as many nations as he pleases.
his proves to a demonstration that a little piety is better
an a cart-load of philosophy, and is a practical illustra-
ion of that scriptural promise—"By faith ye shall move
ountains."

From all the authorities here quoted, and a variety of
thers which I have consulted, but which are omitted
hrough fear of fatiguing the unlearned reader—I can
nly draw the following conclusions, which, luckily how-
ver, are sufficient for my purpose—First, That this part
f the world has actually *been peopled* (Q. E. D.): to
upport which we have living proofs in the numerous
ribes of Indians that inhabit it. Secondly, That it has
een peopled in five hundred different ways, as proved by
i cloud of authors, who from the positiveness of their
ssertions, seem to have been eye-witnesses to the fact.—
Thirdly, That the people of this country had *a variety of*
others, which, as it may not be thought much to their
redit by the common run of readers, the less we say
n the subject the better. The question therefore, I trust,
i for ever at rest.

CHAP. V.

n which the Author puts a mighty Question to the rout,
y the assistance of the Man in the Moon—which not
nly delivers thousands of people from great embarrass-
ent, but likewise concludes this Introductory Book.

THE writer of a history may, in some respects, be likened
nto an adventurous knight, who having undertaken a

perilous enterprise by way of establishing his fame, feels bound in honour and chivalry, to turn back for no difficulty nor hardship, and never to shrink or quail, whatever enemy he may encounter. Under this impression, I resolutely draw my pen, and fall to with might and main, at those doughty questions and subtle paradoxes, which, like fiery dragons and bloody giants, beset the entrance to my history, and would fain repulse me from the very threshold. And at this moment a gigantic question has started up, which I must needs take by the beard and utterly subdue, before I can advance another step in my historic undertaking—but I trust this will be the last adversary I shall have to contend with, and that in the next book I shall be enabled to conduct my readers in triumph into the body of my work.

The question which has thus suddenly arisen, is, What right had the first discoverers of America to land and take possession of a country, without first gaining the consent of its inhabitants, or yielding them an adequate compensation for their territory?—a question which has withstood many fierce assaults, and has given much distress of mind to multitudes of kind-hearted folks. And indeed, until it be totally vanquished, and put to rest, the worthy people of America can by no means enjoy the soil they inhabit, with clear right and title, and quiet unsullied consciences.

The first source of right, by which property is acquired in a country, is DISCOVERY. For as all mankind have an equal right to any thing which has never before been appropriated; so any nation that discovers an uninhabited country, and takes possession thereof, is considered as enjoying full property, and absolute unquestionable empire therein.*

This proposition being admitted, it follows clearly, that the Europeans who first visited America, were the real discoverers of the same; nothing being necessary to the establishment of this fact, but simply to prove that it was totally uninhabited by man. This would at first appear to be a point of some difficulty, for it is well known, that this quarter of the world abounded with certain animals, that walked erect on two feet; had something of the human

* Grotius. Puffendorf, b. v. c. 4. Vattel, b. i. c. 18, &c.

ance; uttered certain unintelligible sounds, very like language; in short, had a marvellous re- ice to human beings. But the zealous and med fathers, who accompanied the discoverers, for rpose of promoting the kingdom of heaven, by hing fat monasteries and bishoprics on earth, soon up this point, greatly to the satisfaction of his the pope, and of all Christian voyagers and rers.

plainly proved, and as there were no Indian arose on the other side, the fact was considered as lmitted and established, that the two-legged race of before mentioned were mere cannibals, detestable rs, and many of them giants; which last description rants have, since the times of Gog, Magog, and , been considered as outlaws, and have received no in either history, chivalry, or song. Indeed, even losophic Bacon declared the Americans to be people bed by the laws of nature, inasmuch as they had a us custom of sacrificing men, and feeding upon lesh.

are these all the proofs of their utter barbarism; many other writers of discernment, Ulloa tells us, imbecility is so visible that one can hardly form an them different from what one has of the brutes. g disturbs the tranquillity of their souls, equally le to disasters and to prosperity. Though half they are as contented as a monarch in his most d array. Fear makes no impression on them, and as little."—All this is furthermore supported by the ty of M. Bouguer. "It is not easy," says he, scribe the degree of their indifference for wealth l its advantages. One does not well know what s to propose to them, when one would persuade any service. It is vain to offer them money, they that they are not hungry." And Vanegas confirms hole, assuring us, "ambition they have none, e more desirous of being thought strong than . The objects of ambition with us, honour, fame, tion, riches, posts, and distinctions, are unknown them. So that this powerful spring of action, the of so much *seeming* good and *real* evil in the world, power over them. In a word, these unhappy

mortals may be compared to children, developement of reason is not completed."

Now all these pecularities, although in th states of Greece they would have entitled t to immortal honour, as having reduced to rigid and abstemious maxims, the mere which acquired certain old Greeks the repu and philosophers;—yet were they clearly present instance, to betoken a most abjec nature, totally beneath the human chara benevolent fathers, who had undertaken unhappy savages into dumb beasts by dir advanced still stronger proofs; for as certai sixteenth century, and among the rest Lu Americans go naked, and have no beards nothing," says Lullus, "of the reasonable the mask."—And even that mask was al them but little, for it was soon found that hideous copper complexion—and being of plexion, it was all the same as if they wer negroes are black, "and black," said the devoutly crossing themselves, "is the colou Therefore, so far from being able to own had no right even to personal freedom, fo radiant a deity to inhabit such gloomy which circumstances plainly convinced followers of Cortes and Pizarro, that these no title to the soil that they infested—th perverse, illiterate, dumb, beardless, *black-s* beasts of the forests, and like them sh subdued or exterminated.

From the foregoing argument, therefore, others equally conclusive, which I forbear t was clearly evident that this fair quarter when first visited by Europeans, was a how inhabited by nothing but wild beasts; transatlantic visitors acquired an incontrov therein, *by the right of discovery*.

This right being fully established, we n next, which is the right acquired by *cult* cultivation of the soil," we are told, "is imposed by nature on mankind. The appointed for the nourishment of its inha

ould be incapable of doing it, was it uncultivated. Every ation is then obliged by the law of nature to cultivate e ground that has fallen to its share. Those people, like e ancient Germans and modern Tartars, who, having rtile countries, disdain to cultivate the earth, and choose live by rapine, are wanting to themselves, and *deserve be exterminated as savage and pernicious beasts.**

Now it is notorious, that the savages knew nothing of riculture, when first discovered by the Europeans, but ed a most vagabond, disorderly, unrighteous life,—ambling from place to place, prodigally rioting upon e spontaneous luxuries of nature, without tasking her nerosity to yield them any thing more; whereas it has en most unquestionably shown, that Heaven intended e earth should be ploughed, and sown, and manured, and id out into cities and towns, and farms, and country nts, and pleasure grounds, and public gardens, all which e Indians knew nothing about—therefore they did not nprove the talents Providence had bestowed on them—erefore they were careless stewards—therefore they had right to the soil—therefore they deserved to be exter-inated.

It is true the savages might plead that they drew all e benefits from the land which their simple wants required -they found plenty of game to hunt, which, together ith the roots and uncultivated fruits of the earth, rnished a sufficient variety for their frugal repasts;—id that as Heaven merely designed the earth to form the node, and satisfy the wants of man; so long as those rposes were answered, the will of Heaven was accom-lished.—But this only proves how undeserving they were the blessings around them—they were so much the more vages for not having more wants; for knowledge is in me degree an increase of desires, and it is this superiority th in the number and magnitude of his desires, that stinguishes the man from the beast. Therefore the dians, in not having more wants, were very unreasonable imals; and it was but just that they should make way for e Europeans, who had a thousand wants to their one, and erefore would turn the earth to more account, and by tivating it more truly fulfil the will of Heaven. Besides -Grotius, and Lauterbach, and Puffendorf, and Titius, and

* Vattel, b. i. c. 17. See likewise Grotius, Puffendorf, &c.

many wise men beside, who have considered the matter properly, have determined, that the property of a country cannot be acquired by hunting, cutting wood, or drawing water in it---nothing but precise demarcation of limits, and the intention of cultivation, can establish the possession. Now as the savages (probably from never having read the authors above quoted) had never complied with any of these necessary forms, it plainly followed that they had no right to the soil, but that it was completely at the disposal of the first comers, who had more knowledge, more wants, and more elegant, that is to say, artificial desires, than themselves.

In entering upon a newly discovered uncultivated country, therefore, the new comers were but taking possession of what, according to the aforesaid doctrine, was their own property—therefore in opposing them, the savages were invading their just rights, infringing the immutable laws of nature, and counteracting the will of Heaven---therefore they were guilty of impiety, burglary, and trespass on the case---therefore they were hardened offenders against God and man---therefore they ought to be exterminated.

But a more irresistible right than either that I have mentioned, and the one which will be the most readily admitted by my reader, provided he be blessed with bowels of charity and philanthropy, is the right acquired by civilization. All the world knows the lamentable state in which these poor savages were found. Not only deficient in the comforts of life, but what is still worse, most piteously and unfortunately blind to the miseries of their situation. But no sooner did the benevolent inhabitants of Europe behold their sad condition, than they immediately went to work to ameliorate and improve it. They introduced among them rum, gin, brandy, and the other comforts of life---and it is astonishing to read how soon the poor savages learnt to estimate these blessings; they likewise made known to them a thousand remedies, by which the most inveterate diseases are alleviated and healed; and that they might comprehend the benefits and enjoy the comforts of these medicines, they previously introduced among them the diseases which they were calculated to cure. By these and a variety of other methods was the condition of these poor savages wonder-

fully improved; they acquired a thousand wants of which they had before been ignorant, and as he has most sources of happiness who has most wants to be gratified, they were doubtlessly rendered a much happier race of beings.

But the most important branch of civilization, and which has most strenuously been extolled by the zealous and pious fathers of the Romish Church, is the introduction of the Christian faith. It was truly a sight that might well inspire horror, to behold these savages, stumbling among the dark mountains of paganism, and guilty of the most horrible ignorance of religion. It is true, they neither stole nor defrauded; they were sober, frugal, continent, and faithful to their word; but though they acted right habitually, it was all in vain, unless they acted so from precept. The new comers therefore used every method, to induce them to embrace and practise the true religion—except indeed that of setting them the example.

But notwithstanding all these complicated labours for their good, such was the unparalleled obstinacy of these stubborn wretches, that they ungratefully refused to acknowledge the strangers as their benefactors, and persisted in disbelieving the doctrines they endeavoured to inculcate; most insolently alleging, that from their conduct, the advocates of Christianity did not seem to believe in it themselves. Was not this too much for human patience? —would not one suppose that the benign visitants from Europe, provoked at their incredulity, and discouraged by their stiff-necked obstinacy, would for ever have abandoned their shores, and consigned them to their original ignorance and misery?—But no—so zealous were they to effect the temporal comfort and eternal salvation of these pagan infidels, that they even proceeded from the milder means of persuasion to the more painful and troublesome one of persecution—let loose among them whole troops of fiery monks and furious bloodhounds—purified them by fire and sword, by stake and fagot; in consequence of which indefatigable measures, the cause of Christian love and charity was so rapidly advanced that, in a very few years, not one-fifth of the number of unbelievers existed in South America, that were found there at the time of its discovery.

What stronger *right need the* European settlers advance

to the country than this? Have not whole nations of uninformed savages been made acquainted with a thousand imperious wants and indispensable comforts, of which they were before wholly ignorant?—Have they not been literally hunted and smoked out of the dens and lurking places of ignorance and infidelity, and absolutely scourged into the right path?—Have not the temporal things, the vain baubles and filthy lucre of this world, which were too apt to engage their worldly and selfish thoughts, been benevolently taken from them? and have they not, instead thereof, been taught to set their affections on things above?—And finally, to use the words of a reverend Spanish father, in a letter to his superior in Spain—"Can any one have the presumption to say, that these savage pagans have yielded any thing more than an inconsiderable recompense to their benefactors, in surrendering to them a little pitiful tract of this dirty sublunary planet, in exchange for a glorious inheritance in the kingdom of Heaven?"

Here then are three complete and undeniable sources of right established, any one of which was more than ample to establish a property in the newly discovered regions of America. Now, so it has happened in certain parts of this delightful quarter of the globe, that the right of discovery has been so strenuously asserted, the influence of cultivation so industriously extended, and the progress of salvation and civilization so zealously prosecuted; that, what with their attendant wars, persecutions, oppressions, diseases, and other partial evils that often hang on the skirts of great benefits, the savage aborigines have, some how or another, been utterly annihilated; and this all a once brings me to a fourth right, which is worth all th others put together; for the original claimants to the so being all dead and buried, and no other remaining to inher or dispute the soil, the Spaniards, as the next immedia occupants, entered upon the possession as clearly as t hangman succeeds to the clothes of the malefactor—a as they have Blackstone,* and all the learned expound of the law, on their side, they may set all actions of ej ment at defiance—and this last right may be entitled RIGHT BY EXTERMINATION, or in other words RIGHT BY GUNPOWDER.

* Bl. Com. b. ii. c. 1.

at lest any scruples of conscience should remain on
head, and to settle the question of right for ever, his
ess Pope Alexander VI. issued a mighty bull, by
h he generously granted the newly discovered quarter
e globe to the Spaniards and Portuguese; who, thus
ng law and gospel on their side, and being inflamed
great spiritual zeal, showed the pagan savages neither
ir nor affection, but prosecuted the work of discovery,
ization, civilization, and extermination, with ten times
fury than ever.

us were the European worthies who first discovered
ica clearly entitled to the soil; and not only entitled
e soil, but likewise to the eternal thanks of these
l savages, for having come so far, endured so many
by sea and land, and taken such unwearied pains,
other purpose but to improve their forlorn, uncivi-
and heathenish condition—for having made them
inted with the comforts of life—for having introduced
g them the light of religion; and, finally, for having
d them out of the world, to enjoy its reward!

t as argument is never so well understood by us
mortals, as when it comes home to ourselves, and as
particularly anxious that this question should be put
t for ever, I will suppose a parallel case, by way of
ing the candid attention of my readers.

: us suppose then, that the inhabitants of the moon,
tonishing advancement in science, and by a profound
t into that ineffable lunar philosophy, the mere flick-
of which have of late years dazzled the feeble optics,
ddled the shallow brains, of the good people of our
—let us suppose, I say, that the inhabitants of the
, by these means, had arrived at such a command of
energies, such an enviable state of *perfectibility*, as
trol the elements, and navigate the boundless regions
ce. Let us suppose a roving crew of these soaring
ophers, in the course of an aërial voyage of disco-
among the stars, should chance to alight upon this
dish planet.

d here I beg my readers will not have the uncharita-
s to smile, as is too frequently the fault of volatile
rs, when perusing the grave speculations of philoso-
. I am far from indulging in any sportive vein at
nt; nor is the supposition I have been making, so

wild as many may deem it. It has long been a very serious and anxious question with me, and many a time and oft, in the course of my overwhelming cares and contrivances for the welfare and protection of this my native planet, have I lain awake whole nights, debating in my mind, whether it were most probable we should first discover and civilize the moon, or the moon discover and civilize our globe. Neither would the prodigy of sailing in the air and cruising among the stars be a whit more astonishing and incomprehensible to us, than was the European mystery of navigating floating castles through the world of waters to the simple savages. We have already discovered the art of coasting along the aërial shores of our planet, by means of balloons, as the savages had, of venturing along their sea coasts in canoes; and the disparity between the former, and the aërial vehicles of the philosophers from the moon, might not be greater than that between the bark canoes of the savages and the mighty ships of their discoverers. I might here pursue an endless chain of similar speculations; but as they would be unimportant to my subject, I abandon them to my reader, particularly if he be a philosopher, as matters well worthy his attentive consideration.

To return then to my supposition---let us suppose that the aërial visitants I have mentioned, possessed of vastly superior knowledge to ourselves; that is to say, possessed of superior knowledge in the art of extermination---riding on hippogriffs---defended with impenetrable armour---armed with concentrated sun-beams, and provided with vast engines to hurl enormous moon-stones; in short, let us suppose them, if our vanity will permit the supposition, as superior to us in knowledge, and consequently in power, as the Europeans were to the Indians when they first discovered them. All this is very possible, it is only our self-sufficiency that makes us think otherwise; and I warrant the poor savages, before they had any knowledge of the white men, armed in all the terrors of glittering steel and tremendous gunpowder, were as perfectly convinced that they themselves were the wisest, the most virtuous, powerful, and perfect of created beings, as are, at this present moment, the lordly inhabitants of Old England, the volatile populace of France, or even the self-satisfied citizens of this most enlightened republic.

Let us suppose, moreover, that the aërial voyagers, ding this planet to be nothing but a howling wilderness, abited by us poor savages and wild beasts, shall take nal possession of it, in the name of his most gracious philosophic excellency, the man in the moon. Find-, however, that their numbers are incompetent to hold a complete subjection, on account of the ferocious barity of its inhabitants; they shall take our worthy sident, the King of England, the Emperor of Hayti, the ghty Buonaparte, and the great King of Bantam, and rning to their native planet, shall carry them to court, were the Indian chiefs led about as spectacles in the rts of Europe.

Then making such obeisance as the etiquette of the rt requires, they shall address the puissant man in the on, in, as near as I can conjecture, the following terms: ' Most serene and mighty Potentate, whose dominions end as far as eye can reach, who rideth on the Great ar, useth the sun as a looking-glass, and maintaineth rivalled control over tides, madmen, and sea-crabs. e, thy liege subjects, have just returned from a voyage discovery, in the course of which we have landed and en possession of that obscure little dirty planet, which u beholdest rolling at a distance. The five uncouth nsters, which we have brought into this august pre-ce, were once very important chiefs among their fellow ages, who are a race of beings totally destitute of the mmon attributes of humanity; and differing in every ng from the inhabitants of the moon, inasmuch as they ry their heads upon their shoulders, instead of under ir arms---have two eyes instead of one---are utterly titute of tails, and of a variety of unseemly complexions, rticularly of a horrible whiteness, instead of pea-green.

" We have moreover found these miserable savages nk into a state of the utmost ignorance and depravity, ery man shamelessly living with his own wife, and rear-g his own children, instead of indulging in that commu-ty of wives enjoined by the law of nature, as expounded the philosophers of the moon. In a word, they have arcely a gleam of true philosophy among them, but are, fact, utter heretics, ignoramuses, and barbarians. Taking mpassion, therefore, on the sad conditions of these iblunary wretches, we have endeavoured, while we

remained on their planet, to introduce among them the light of reason—and the comforts of the moon. We have treated them to mouthfuls of moonshine, and draughts of nitrous oxyde, which they swallowed with incredible voracity, particularly the females; and we have likewise endeavoured to instil into them the precepts of lunar philosophy. We have insisted upon their renouncing the contemptible shackles of religion and common sense, and adoring the profound, omnipotent, and all perfect energy, and the ecstatic, immutable, immovable perfection. But such was the unparalleled obstinacy of these wretched savages, that they persisted in cleaving to their wives and adhering to their religion, and absolutely set at nought the sublime doctrines of the moon—nay, among other abominable heresies, they even went so far as blasphemously to declare, that this ineffable planet was made of nothing more nor less than green cheese!"

At these words, the great man in the moon (being a very profound philosopher) shall fall into a terrible passion, and possessing equal authority over things that do not belong to him, as did whilome his holiness the pope, shall forthwith issue a formidable bull—specifying, "That whereas a certain crew of lunatics have lately discovered and taken possession of a newly discovered planet, called *the earth*; and that whereas it is inhabited by none but a race of two-legged animals that carry their heads on their shoulders instead of under their arms—cannot talk the lunatic language—have two eyes instead of one—are destitute of tails, and of a horrible whiteness, instead of pea-green; therefore, and for a variety of other excellent reasons, they are considered incapable of possessing any property in the planet they infest, and the right and title to it are confirmed to its original discoverers. And furthermore, the colonists who are now about to depart to the aforesaid planet, are authorized and commanded to use every means to convert these infidel savages from the darkness of Christianity, and make them thorough and absolute lunatics."

In consequence of this benevolent bull, our philosophic benefactors go to work with hearty zeal. They seize upon our fertile territories, scourge us from our rightful possessions, relieve us from our wives; and when we are *unreasonable* enough to complain, they will turn upon us

say, Miserable barbarians! ungrateful wretches!—
e we not come thousands of miles to improve your
thless planet?—have we not fed you with moonshine?
ave we not intoxicated you with nitrous oxyde?—does
our moon give you light every night?—and have you
baseness to murmur, when we claim a pitiful return
all these benefits? But finding that we not only per-
in absolute contempt of their reasoning, and disbelief
their philosophy, but even go so far as daringly to
nd our property, their patience shall be exhausted, and
y shall resort to their superior powers of argument—
it us with hippogriffs, transfix us with concentrated
-beams, demolish our cities with moon-stones; until
ing, by main force, converted us to the true faith, they
ll graciously permit us to exist in the torrid deserts of
bia, or the frozen regions of Lapland, there to enjoy
blessings of civilization and the charms of lunar philo-
hy—in much the same manner as the reformed and
ightened savages of this country are kindly suffered to
abit the inhospitable forests of the North, or the impe-
rable wildernesses of South America.

Thus, I hope, I have clearly proved, and strikingly
strated, the right of the early colonists to the posses-
a of this country; and thus is this gigantic question
npletely vanquished: so having manfully surmounted
obstacles, and subdued all opposition, what remains
that I should forthwith conduct my readers into the
, which we have been so long in a manner besieging?
t hold—before I proceed another step, I must pause to
e breath and recover from the excessive fatigue I have
dergone, in preparing to begin this most accurate of
tories. And in this I do but imitate the example of a
owned Dutch tumbler of antiquity, who took a start
three miles for the purpose of jumping over a hill; but
ring run himself out of breath by the time he reached
foot, sat himself quietly down for a few moments to
w, and then walked over it at his leisure.

END OF BOOK FIRST.

BOOK SECOND.

TREATING OF THE SETTLEMENT OF THE PROVINCE OF NIEUW NEDERLANDTS.

CHAP. I.

In which are contained divers reasons why a man should not write in a hurry. Also Master Hendrick Hudson, his discovery of a strange country; and how he was magnificently rewarded by the munificence of their High Mightinesses.

MY great grandfather by the mother's side, Hermanus Van Clattercop, when employed to build the large stone church at Rotterdam, which stands about three hundred yards to your left, after you turn off from the Boomkeys; and which is so conveniently constructed that all the zealous Christians of Rotterdam prefer sleeping through a sermon there, to any other church in the city:—my great grandfather, I say, when employed to build that famous church, did in the first place send to Delft for a box of long pipes; then having purchased a new spitting-box and a hundred-weight of the best Virginia, he sat himself down and did nothing for the space of three months but smoke most laboriously. Then did he spend full three months more on trudging on foot, and voyaging in the trekschuit, from Rotterdam to Amsterdam—to Delft—to Haerlem—to Leyden—to the Hague—knocking his head and breaking his pipe against every church in his road. Then did he advance gradually nearer and nearer to Rotterdam, until he came in full sight of the identical spot, whereon the church was to be built. Then did he spend three months longer in walking round it and round it; contemplating it, first from one point of view, and then from another:—now would he be paddled by it on the canal—now would he peep at it through a telescope, from the other side of the Meuse; and now would he take a bird's-eye glance at it, from the top of one of those gigantic

s, which protect the gates of the city. The good
the place were on the tiptoe of expectation and
ce—notwithstanding all the turmoil of my great
ıer, not a symptom of the church was yet to be
ey even began to fear it would never be brought
world, but that its great projector would lie down
in labour of the mighty plan he had conceived.
, having occupied twelve good months in puffing
lling, and talking and walking—having travelled
Holland, and even taken a peep into France and
—having smoked five hundred and ninety-nine
nd three hundred-weight of the best Virginia
-my great grandfather gathered together all that
and industrious class of citizens, who prefer
to any body's business sooner than their own,
ng pulled off his coat and five pair of breeches,
ced sturdily up, and laid the corner-stone of the
in the presence of the whole multitude—just at
nencement of the thirteenth month.
milar manner, and with the example of my worthy
full before my eyes, have I proceeded in writing
t authentic history. The honest Rotterdammers
thought my great grandfather was doing nothing
the purpose, while he was making such a world of
bustle, about the building of his church; and
the ingenious inhabitants of this fair city will
onably suppose that all the preliminary chapters,
discovery, population, and final settlement of
, were totally irrelevant and superfluous; and
main business, the history of New York, is not
re advanced than if I had never taken up my pen.
ere wise people more mistaken in their conjec-
.n consequence of going to work slowly and deli-
the church came out of my grandfather's hands,
ıe most sumptuous, goodly, and glorious edifices
own world—excepting that, like our magnificent
t Washington, it was begun on so grand a scale
good folks could not afford to finish more than
of it. So likewise, I trust, if ever I am enabled to
work on the plan I have commenced (of which,
truth, I sometimes have my doubts), it will be
ıat I have pursued the latest rules of my art, as
ed in the writings of all the great American
s, *and wrought a very large* history out of a small

subject—which, now-a-days, is considered one of the great triumphs of historic skill.—To proceed then with the thread of my story.

In the ever-memorable year of our Lord, 1609, on a Saturday morning, the five and twentieth day of March, old style, did that "worthy and irrecoverable discoverer (as he has justly been called), Master Henry Hudson," set sail from Holland in a stout vessel called the Half Moon, being employed by the Dutch East India Company, to seek a north-west passage to China.

Henry (or, as the Dutch historians call him, Hendrick) Hudson was a seafaring man of renown, who had learned to smoke tobacco under Sir Walter Raleigh, and is said to have been the first to introduce it into Holland, which gained him much popularity in that country, and caused him to find great favour in the eyes of their High Mightinesses, the lords states-general, and also of the honourable West India Company. He was a short, square, brawny old gentleman, with a double chin, a mastiff mouth, and a broad copper nose, which was supposed in those days to have acquired its fiery hue from the constant neighbourhood of his tobacco pipe.

He wore a true Andrea Ferrara tucked in a leathern belt, and a commodore's cocked hat on one side of his head. He was remarkable for always jerking up his breeches when he gave out his orders, and his voice sounded not unlike the brattling of a tin trumpet, owing to the number of hard north-westers which he had swallowed in the course of his seafaring.

Such was Hendrick Hudson, of whom we have heard so much and know so little; and I have been thus particular in his description, for the benefit of modern painters and statuaries, that they may represent him as he was; and not, according to their common custom, with modern heroes, make him look like Cæsar, or Marcus Aurelius, or the Apollo of Belvidere.

As chief mate and favourite companion, the commodore chose Master Robert Juet, of Limehouse, in England. By some his name has been spelled *Chewit*, and ascribed to the circumstance of his having been the first man that ever chewed tobacco; but this I believe to be a mere flippancy; more especially as certain of his progeny are living at this day, who write their names Juet. He was an old comrade and early school-mate of the great Hudson

whom he had often played truant and sailed chip
in a neighbouring pond, when they were little boys;
whence it is said the commodore first derived his
wards a seafaring life. Certain it is, that the old
: about Limehouse declared Robert Juet to be an
ry urchin, prone to mischief, that would one day or
come to the gallows.

grew up as boys of that kind often grow up, a
ng heedless varlet, tossed about in all quarters of the
—meeting with more perils and wonders than did
l the sailor, without growing a whit more wise,
nt, or ill natured. Under every misfortune he com-
himself with a quid of tobacco, and the truly philo-
maxim, that "it will be all the same thing a hun-
rears hence." He was skilled in the art of carving
s and true lovers' knots on the bulk-heads and
r-railings, and was considered a great wit on board
n consequence of his playing pranks on every body
l, and now and then even making a wry face at old
ick, when his back was turned.

this universal genius are we indebted for many
ulars concerning this voyage, of which he wrote a
y at the request of the commodore, who had an
querable aversion to writing himself, from having
ed so many floggings about it when at school. To
y the deficiencies of Master Juet's journal, which is
k with true log book brevity, I have availed myself
ers family traditions, handed down from my great
grandfather, who accompanied the expedition in the
lity of cabin boy.

m all that I can learn, few incidents worthy of
k happened in the voyage; and it mortifies me
lingly, that I have to admit so noted an expedition
ay work without making any more of it.—Oh! that
the advantages of that most authentic writer of yore,
onius Rhodius, who, in his account of the famous
nautic expedition, has the whole mythology at his
al, and elevates Jason and his compeers into heroes
demigods; although all the world knows them to
been a mere gang of sheep stealers on a marauding
ition; or that I had the privileges of Dan Homer
an Virgil, to enliven my narrative with giants and
gonians; to entertain our honest mariners with an

occasional concert of sirens and mermaids, and now and then with the raree-show of honest old Neptune and his fleet of frolicsome cruisers. But, alas! the good old times have long gone by, when your waggish deities would descend upon this terraqueous globe, in their own proper persons, and play their pranks upon its wondering inhabitants.

Suffice it then to say, the voyage was prosperous and tranquil—the crew being a patient people, much given to slumber and vacuity, and but little troubled with the disease of thinking—a malady of the mind, which is the sure breeder of discontent. Hudson had laid in abundance of gin and sour crout, and every man was allowed to sleep quietly at his post unless the wind blew. True it is, some slight dissatisfaction was shown on two or three occasions, at certain unreasonable conduct of Commodore Hudson. Thus, for instance, he forbore to shorten sail when the wind was light, and the weather serene, which was considered among the most experienced Dutch seamen, as certain *weather breeders*, or prognostics, that the weather would change for the worse. He acted, moreover, in direct contradiction to that ancient and sage rule of the Dutch navigators, who always took in sail at night; put the helm aport, and turned in; by which precaution they had a good night's rest, were sure of knowing where they were the next morning, and stood but little chance of running down a continent in the dark. He likewise prohibited the seamen from wearing more than five jackets, and six pair of breeches, under pretence of rendering them more alert; and no man was permitted to go aloft, and hand in sails with a pipe in his mouth, as is the invariable Dutch custom at the present day.—All these grievances, though they might ruffle for a moment the constitutional tranquillity of the honest Dutch tars, made but transient impressions; they eat hugely, drank profusely, and slept immeasurably; and being under the especial guidance of Providence, the ship was safely conducted to the coast of America; where, after sundry unimportant touchings and standings off and on, she at length, on the fourth day of September, entered that majestic bay, which at this day expands its ample bosom before the city of New York, and which had never before been visited by any European[*].

[*] True it is—and I am not ignorant of the fact, that in a certain apocryphal book of voyages, compiled by one Hacluyt, is to be found a *letter* written to Francis the First by one Giovanne, or John

s been traditionary in our family, that when the avigator was first blessed with a view of this ing island, he was observed, for the first and only his life, to exhibit strong symptoms of astonish- nd admiration. He is said to have turned to Juet, and uttered these remarkable words, while he towards this paradise of the new world—"See! —and thereupon, as was always his way when he ommonly pleased, he did puff out such clouds of bacco smoke, that in one minute the vessel was ght of land, and Master Juet was fain to wait until h dispersed this impenetrable fog.

s indeed—as my great great grandfather used to ugh in truth I never heard him, for he died, as e expected, before I was born—"It was indeed n which the eye might have revelled for ever, in w and never ending beauties." The island of nts spread wide before them, like some sweet f fancy, or some fair creation of industrious magic. of smiling green swelled gently one above another, with lofty trees of luxuriant growth; some their tapering foliage towards the clouds, which riously transparent; and others loaded with a burden of clambering vines, bowing their branches

, on which some writers are inclined to found a belief, that ntiful bay had been visited nearly a century previous to the f the enterprising Hudson. Now this (albeit it has met countenance of certain very judicious and learned men) I itter disbelief, and that for various good and substantial -First, Because, on strict examination, it will be found that iption given by this Verazzani applies about as well to the w York as it does to my night cap.—Secondly, Because John Verazzani, for whom I already begin to feel a most nity, is a native of Florence; and every body knows the e of these losel Florentines, by which they filched away the om the brows of the immortal Colon (vulgarly called), and bestowed them on their officious towsman, Amerigo —and I make no doubt they are equally ready to rob the Hudson of the credit of discovering this beauteous Island, y the city of New-York, and placing it beside their usurped of South America.—And thirdly, I award my decision in the pretensions of Hendrick Hudson, inasmuch as his expe- led from Holland, being truly and absolutely no Dutch- ; and though all the proofs in the world were introduced ner side, I would set them at nought, as undeserving my

If these three reasons be not sufficient to satisfy every f this ancient city, all I can say is, they are degenerate s from their venerable Dutch ancestors, and totally the trouble *of convincing*. Thus, therefore, the title of *Hudson to his renowned discovery* is fully vindicated.

to the earth, that was covered with flowers. On the gentle declivities of the hills were scattered in gay profusion, the dog-wood, the sumach, and the wild brier, whose scarlet berries and white blossoms glowed brightly among the deep green of the surrounding foliage; and here and there a curling column of smoke rising from the little glens that opened along the shore, seemed to promise the weary voyagers a welcome at the hands of their fellow-creatures. As they stood gazing with entranced attention on the scene before them, a red man, crowned with feathers, issued from one of these glens, and after contemplating in silent wonder the gallant ship, as she sat like a stately swan swimming on a silver lake, sounded the war-whoop, and bounded into the woods like a wild deer, to the utter astonishment of the phlegmatic Dutchmen, who had never heard such a noise, or witnessed such a caper in their whole lives.

Of the transactions of our adventurers with the savages, and how the latter smoked copper pipes and ate dried currants; how they brought great store of tobacco and oysters; how they shot one of the ship's crew, and how he was buried, I shall say nothing; being that I consider them unimportant to my history. After tarrying a few days in the bay, in order to refresh themselves after their seafaring, our voyagers weighed anchor, to explore a mighty river which emptied into the bay. This river, it is said, was known among the savages by the name of the *Shatemuck;* though we are assured in an excellent little history published in 1674, by John Josselyn, Gent., that it was called the *Mahegan**, and Master Richard Bloome, who wrote some time afterwards, asserts the same—so that I very much incline in favour of the opinion of these two honest gentlemen. Be this as it may, up this river did the adventurous Hendrick proceed, little doubting but it would turn out to be the much looked-for passage to China!

The journal goes on to make mention of divers interviews between the crew and the natives in the voyage up the river; but as they would be impertinent to my history, I shall pass over them in silence, except the following dry joke, played off by the old commodore and his schoolfellow Robert Juet; which does such vast credit to their

* This river is likewise laid down in Ogilvy's map, as Manhattan, *Noordt*, Montaignac, and Mauritius river.

ntal philosophy, that I cannot refrain from insert-
' Our master and his mate determined to try some
hiefe men of the countrey, whether they had any
e in them. So they tooke them downe into the
nd gave them so much wine and acqua vitæ that
e all merrie; and one of them and his wife with
ich sate so modestly, as any of our countrey-
would do in a strange place. In the end, one of
s drunke, which had been aboard our ship all the
we had been there, and that was strange to them,
could not tell how to take it *.

g satisfied himself by this ingenious experiment,
natives were an honest, social race of jolly roysters,
no object on to a drinking bout, and were very
their cups, the old commodore chuckled hugely
lf, and thrusting a double quid of tobacco in his
irected Master Juet to have it carefully recorded,
satisfaction of all the natural philosophers of the
y of Leyden—which done, he proceeded on his
with great self-complacency. After sailing,
, above a hundred miles up the river, he found
very world around him began to grow more
and confined, the current more rapid, and per-
ish—phenomena not uncommon in the ascent of
ut which puzzled the honest Dutchmen prodigi-
A consultation was therefore called, and having
ted full six hours, they were brought to a deter-
n by the ship's running aground; whereupon they
nusly concluded, that there was but little chance
ng to China in that direction. A boat, however,
patched to explore higher up the river, which on
n confirmed the opinion: upon this the ship was
off and put about with great difficulty, being like
her sex, exceeding hard to govern; and the ad-
us Hudson, according to the account of my great
andfather, returned down the river—with a prodi-
a in his ear!

satisfied that there was little likelihood of getting
a, unless, like the blind man, he returned from
he set out, and took a fresh start, he forthwith
d the sea to Holland, where he was received with
elcome by the honourable East India Company,
re very much rejoiced to see him come back safe

* *Juet's Journ.* Purch. Pil.

—with their ship; and at a large and respectable meeting of the first merchants and burgomasters of Amsterdam, it was unanimously determined, that as a munificent reward for the eminent services he had performed, and the important discovery he had made, the great river Mohegan should be called after his name!—and it continues to be called Hudson river unto this very day.

CHAP. II

Containing an account of a mighty Ark which floated under the protection of St. Nicholas from Holland to Gibbet Island—the descent of the strange Animals therefrom—a great Victory, and a description of the ancient village of Communipaw.

THE delectable accounts given by the great Hudson and Master Juet, of the country they had discovered, excited not a little talk and speculation among the good people of Holland. Letters patent were granted by government to an association of merchants, called the West India Company, for the exclusive trade on Hudson river, on which they erected a trading house called Fort Aurania, or Orange, from whence did spring the great city of Albany. But I forbear to dwell on the various commercial and colonizing enterprises which took place; among which was that of Mynheer Adrian Block, who discovered and gave a name to Block Island, since famous for its cheese—and shall barely confine myself to that, which gave birth to this renowned city.

It was some three or four years after the return of the immortal Hendrick, that a crew of honest, low, Dutch colonists set sail from the city of Amsterdam for the shores of America. It is an irreparable loss to history, and a great proof of the darkness of the age, and the lamentable neglect of the noble art of book-making, since so industriously cultivated by knowing sea captains, and learned supercargoes, that an expedition so interesting and important in its results, should be passed over in utter silence. To my great great grandfather am I again indebted for the few facts I am enabled to give concerning *it;* he having once more embarked for this country, with a *full* determination, as he said, [illegible] his days here; and

of begetting a race of Knickerbockers that should rise to be great men in the land.

The ship in which these illustrious adventurers set sail was called the *Goede Vrouw*, or Good Woman, in compliment to the wife of the president of the West India Company, who was allowed by every body (except her husband) to be a sweet tempered lady, when not in liquor. It was in truth a most gallant vessel, of the most approved Dutch construction, and made by the ablest ship carpenters of Amsterdam, who, it is well known, always model their ships after the fair forms of their countrywomen. Accordingly it had one hundred feet in the beam, one hundred feet in the keel, and one hundred feet from the bottom of the stern post to the tafferell. Like the beauteous model, who was declared to be the greatest belle in Amsterdam, it was full in the bows, with a pair of enormous cat-heads, a copper bottom, and withal a most prodigious poop!

The architect, who was somewhat of a religious man, far from decorating the ship with pagan idols, such as Jupiter, Neptune, or Hercules (which heathenish abominations, I have no doubt, occasion the misfortunes and shipwreck of many a noble vessel), he, I say, on the contrary, did laudably erect for a head, a goodly image of St. Nicholas, equipped with a low broad-brimmed hat, a huge pair of Flemish trunk hose, and a pipe that reached to the end of the bowsprit. Thus gallantly furnished, the stanch ship floated sideways, like a majestic goose, out of the harbour of the great city of Amsterdam, and all the bells that were not otherwise engaged, rung a triple bob-major on the joyful occasion.

My great great grandfather remarks, that the voyage was uncommonly prosperous, for, being under the especial care of the ever-revered St. Nicholas, the *Goede Vrouw* seemed to be endowed with qualities unknown to common vessels. Thus she made as much lee-way as head-way, could get along very nearly as fast with the wind a-head as when it was a-poop, and was particularly great in a calm; in consequence of which singular advantages, she made out to accomplish her voyage in a very few months, and came to anchor at the mouth of the Hudson, a little to east of Gibbet island *.

* So called, because one *Joseph Andrews*, a pirate and murderer, was hanged *in chains on that island, the* 23d May, 1769.

Here lifting up their eyes they beheld, on what is at present called the Jersey shore, a small Indian village pleasantly embowered in a grove of spreading elms, and the natives all collected on the beach, gazing in stupid admiration at the *Goede Vrouw*. A boat was immediately despatched to enter into a treaty with them, and approaching the shore, hailed them through a trumpet in the most friendly terms; but so horribly confounded were these poor savages at the tremendous and uncouth sound of the low Dutch language, that they one and all took to their heels, scampered over the Bergen hills, nor did they stop, until they had buried themselves, head and ears, in the marshes on the other side, where they all miserably perished to a man, and their bones being collected, and decently covered by the Tammany Society of that day, formed that singular mound called *Rattlesnake-hill*, which rises out of the centre of the salt marshes, a little to the east of the Newark Causeway.

Animated by this unlooked-for victory, our valiant heroes sprang ashore in triumph, took possession of the soil as conquerors, in the names of their High Mightinesses the lords states-general, and marching fearlessly forward, carried the village of *Communipaw* by storm, notwithstanding that it was vigorously defended by some half a score of old squaws and poppooses. On looking about them they were so transported with the excellencies of the place, that they had very little doubt the blessed St. Nicholas had guided them thither, as the very spot whereon to settle their colony. The softness of the soil was wonderfully adapted to the driving of piles; the swamps and marshes around them afforded ample opportunities for the constructing of dykes and dams; the shallowness of the shore was peculiarly favourable to the building of docks—in a word, this spot abounded with all the requisites for the foundation of a great Dutch city. On making a faithful report, therefore, to the crew of the Goede Vrouw, they one and all determined that this was the destined end of their voyage. Accordingly they descended from the Goede Vrouw, men, women, and children, in goodly groups, as did the animals of yore from the ark, and formed themselves into a thriving settlement, which they called by the Indian name *Communipaw*.

As all the world is doubtless perfectly acquainted with

w, it may seem somewhat superfluous to treat present work; but my readers will please to at notwithstanding it is my chief desire to resent age, yet I write likewise for posterity, o consult the understanding and curiosity of score of centuries yet to come; by which time re it not for this invaluable history, the great w, like Babylon, Carthage, Nineveh, and cities, might be perfectly extinct—sunk and n its own mud—its inhabitants turned into and even its situation a fertile subject of troversy and hard-headed investigation among e historians. Let me then piously rescue from e humble reliques of a place, which was the egg e was hatched the mighty city of New York!

ipaw is at present but a small village, plea- ited among rural scenery, on that beauteous e Jersey shore which was known in ancient the name of Pavonia,† and commands a grand the superb bay of New York. It is within hour's sail of the latter place, provided you have l, and may be distinctly seen from the city. well-known fact, which I can testify from my ence, that on a clear still summer evening, you om the battery of New York, the obstreperous e broad-mouthed laughter of the Dutch negroes ipaw, who, like most other negroes, are famous aible powers. This is peculiarly the case on nings; when, it is remarked by an ingenious ant philospher, who has made great discoveries hbourhood of this city, that they always laugh hich he attributes to the circumstance of their r holiday clothes on.

groes in fact, like the monks in the dark ages, the knowledge of the place, and being infinitely turous and more knowing than their masters, l the foreign trade, making frequent voyages to noes loaded with oysters, buttermilk, and cab- y are great astrologers, predicting the different the weather almost as accurate as an almanac; oreover exquisite performers on the stringed

y inaction degenerate into oysters."—Kaimes.
, in the ancient maps, is given to a tract of country om *Hoboken to Amboy*.

fiddles:—in whistling, they almost boast the far-famed powers of Orpheus his lyre, for not a horse or an ox in the place, when at the plough or before the waggon, will budge a foot until he hears the well-known whistle of his black driver and companion:—and from their amazing skill in casting up accounts upon their fingers, they are regarded with as much veneration as were the disciples of Pythagoras of yore, when initiated into the sacred quarternary of numbers.

As to the honest burghers of Communipaw, like wise men and sound philosophers, they never look beyond their pipes, nor trouble their heads about any affairs out of their immediate neighbourhood; so that they live in profound and enviable ignorance of all the troubles, anxieties, and revolutions of this distracted planet. I am even told that many among them do verily believe that Holland, of which they have heard so much from tradition, is situated somewhere on Long Island—that *Spiking-devil* and *the Narrows*, are the two ends of the world—that the country is still under the dominion of their High Mightinesses; and that the city of New York still goes by the name Nieuw Amsterdam. They meet every Saturday afternoon, at the only tavern in the place, which bears as a sign, a square-headed likeness of the prince of Orange; where they smoke a silent pipe by way of promoting social conviviality, and invariably drink a mug of cider to the success of Admiral Von Tromp, who they imagine is still sweeping the British channel, with a broom at his mast-head.

Communipaw, in short, is one of the numerous little villages in the vicinity of this most beautiful of cities, which are so many strong holds and fastnesses, whither the primitive manners of our Dutch forefathers have retreated, and where they are cherished with devout and scrupulous strictness. The dress of the original settlers is handed down inviolate, from father to son—the identical broad-brimmed hat, broad-skirted coat, and broad-bottomed breeches, continue from generation to generation; and several gigantic knee-buckles of massy silver, are still in wear, that made such gallant display in the days of the patriarchs of Communipaw. The language likewise continues unadulterated by barbarous innovations; and so critically correct is the village schoolmaster in his dialect, that his reading of a low Dutch psalm has much the same *effect* on the nerves as the filing of a hand-saw.

CHAP. III.

In which is set forth the true Art of making a Bargain —together with the miraculous Escape of a great Metropolis in a Fog—and the Biography of certain Heroes of Communipaw.

HAVING, in the trifling digression which concluded the last chapter, discharged the filial duty which the city of New York owed to Communipaw as being the mother settlement; and having given a faithful picture of it as it stands at present, I return with a soothing sentiment of self-approbation, to dwell upon its early history. The crew of the Goede Vrouw being soon reinforced by fresh importations from Holland, the settlement went jollily on increasing in magnitude and prosperity. The neighbouring Indians in a short time became accustomed to the uncouth sound of the Dutch language, and an intercourse gradually took place between them and the new comers. The Indians were much given to long talks, and the Dutch to long silence—in this particular, therefore, they accommodated each other completely. The chiefs would make long speeches about the big bull, the wabash, and the great spirit, to which the others would listen very attentively, smoke their pipes, and grunt *yah myn-her*—whereat the poor savages were wonderously delighted. They instructed the new settlers in the best art of curing and smoking tobacco, while the latter, in return, made them drunk with true Hollands—and then learned them the art of making bargains.

A brisk trade for furs was soon opened; the Dutch traders were scrupulously honest in their dealings, and purchased by weight, establishing it as an invariable table of avoirdupoise, that the hand of a Dutchman weighed one pound, and his foot two pounds. It is true, the simple Indians were often puzzled by the great disproportion between bulk and weight, for let them place a bundle of furs never so large, in one scale, and a Dutchman put his hand or foot in the other, the bundle was sure to kick the beam: never was a package of furs known to weigh more than two pounds, in the market of Communipaw!

This is a singular fact—*but I* have it direct from my

great great grandfather, who had risen to considerable importance in the colony, being promoted to the office of weigh-master, on account of the uncommon heaviness of his foot.

The Dutch possessions in this part of the globe began now to assume a very thriving appearance, and were comprehended under the general title of Nieuw Nederlandts; on account, as the sage Vander Donck observes, of their great resemblance to the Dutch Netherlands—which indeed was truly remarkable, excepting that the former were rugged and mountainous, and the latter level and marshy. About this time the tranquillity of the Dutch colonists was doomed to suffer a temporary interruption. In 1614, Captain Sir Samuel Argal, sailing under a commission from Dale, governor of Virginia, visited the Dutch settlements on Hudson river, and demanded their submission to the English crown and Virginia dominion.—To this arrogant demand, as they were in no condition to resist it, they submitted for the time, like discreet and reasonable men.

It does not appear that the valiant Argal molested the settlement of Communipaw; on the contrary, I am told that when his vessel first hove in sight, the worthy burghers were seized with such a panic, that they fell to smoking their pipes with astonishing vehemence, insomuch that they quickly raised a cloud, which, combining with the surrounding woods and marshes, completely enveloped and concealed their beloved village; and overhung the fair regions of Pavonia:—so that the terrible Captain Argal passed on, totally unsuspicious that a sturdy little Dutch settlement lay snugly couched in the mud, under cover of all this pestilent vapour. In commemoration of this fortunate escape, the worthy inhabitants have continued to smoke almost without intermission unto this very day; which is said to be the cause of the remarkable fog that often hangs over Communipaw of a clear afternoon.

Upon the departure of the enemy, our magnanimous ancestors took full six months to recover their wind, having been exceedingly discomposed by the consternation and hurry of affairs. They then called a council of safety, to smoke over the state of the province. After six months more of mature deliberation, during which nearly five hundred words were spoken, and almost as much tobacco was smoked as would have served a certain modern

hrough a whole winter's campaign of hard drinking, termined to fit out an armament of canoes, and them on a voyage of discovery, to search if perad- ome more sure and formidable position might not , where the colony would be less subject to vex- sitations.

perilous enterprise was entrusted to the superin- of Mynheers Oloffe Van Kortlandt, Abraham roeck, Jacobus Van Zandt, and Wimant Ten -four indubitably great men; but of whose his- hough I have made diligent inquiry, I can learn : previous to their leaving Holland. Nor need sion much surprise, for adventurers, like prophets, hey make great noise abroad, have seldom much in their own countries; but this much is certain, overflowings and off-scourings of a country are y composed of the richest parts of the soil. And nnot help remarking how convenient it would be of our great men and great families of doubtful uld they have the privilege of the heroes of yore, enever their origin was involved in obscurity, announced themselves descendants from a god; never visited a foreign country, but what they e cock and bull stories about their being kings ces at home. This venial trespass on the truth, has occasionally been played off by some pseudo baronet, and other illustrious foreigners, in our ood-natured credulity, has been completely dis- nced in this sceptical, matter-of-fact age. And estion whether any tender virgin, who was acci- and unaccountably enriched with a bantling, re her character at parlour fire-sides and evening es, by ascribing the phenomenon to a swan, a f gold, or a river god.

eing denied the benefit of mythology and classic should have been completely at a loss as to the graphy of my heroes, had not a gleam of light wn upon their origin from their names.

his simple means have I been enabled to gather iculars concerning the adventurers in question. landt, for instance, was one of those peripatetic ers, who tax Providence for a livelihoood, and like enjoy a free and unincumbered estate in sun-

shine. He was usually arrayed in garments s
his fortune, being curiously fringed and fangle
hand of time; and was helmeted with an old fra
a hat which had acquired the shape of a sugar
so far did he carry his contempt for the adventi
tinction of dress, that it is said, the remnant
which covered his back, and dangled like a poc
kerchief out of a hole in his breeches, was neve
except by the bountiful showers of heaven. In
was he usually to be seen, sunning himself at
with a herd of philosophers of the same sect, on
of the great canal of Amsterdam. Like your
Europe, he took his name of *Kortlandt* (or *L*
from his landed estate, which lay somewhere
incognita.

Of the next of our worthies, might I have
benefit of mythological assistance, the want of
have just lamented, I should have made h
mention, as boasting equally illustrious pedigre
proudest hero of antiquity. His name was *Va*
which being freely translated, signifies *from*
meaning, beyond a doubt, that like Triptolemus,
the Cyclops and the Titans, he sprung from dam
the earth! This supposition is strongly corrobor
size, for it is well known that all the progeny
earth were of a gigantic stature; and Van Zan
told, was a tall raw-boned man, above six feet h
an astonishingly hard head. Nor is this orig
illustrious Van Zandt a whit more improbable or
to belief, than what is related and universally ad
certain of our greatest, or rather richest men; wh
told with the utmost gravity, did originally spri
dunghill!

Of the third hero, but a faint description has
this time, which mentions, that he was a sturdy,
burly, bustling little man; and from being usually
with an old pair of buckskins, was familiarl
Harden Broeck, or *Tough Breeches*.

Ten Broeck completed this junto of adventur
a singular but ludicrous fact, which, were I not s
in recording the whole truth, I should almost b
to pass over in silence, as incompatible with th
and dignity of history, that this worthy gentlem

ise have been nicknamed from the most whimsical
f his dress. In fact the small clothes seem to have
i very important garment in the eyes of our venerated
tors, owing in all probability to its really being the
t article of raiment among them. The name of
oeck or Tin Broeck, is indifferently translated into
Breeches and Tin Breeches—the high Dutch com-
tors incline to the former opinion; and ascribe it to
ing the first who introduced into the settlement the
it Dutch fashion of wearing ten pair of breeches.
he most elegant and ingenious writers on the subject
e in favour of Tin or rather *Thin* Breeches; from
e they infer, that he was a poor but merry rogue,
galligaskins were none of the soundest, and who
he identical author of that truly philosophical stanza:

"Then why should we quarrel for riches,
Or any such glittering toys?
A light heart and *thin pair of breeches*
Will go through the world, my brave boys."

h was the gallant junto chosen to conduct this
e into unknown realms, and the whole was put under
perintending care and direction of Oloffe Van Kort-
; who was held in great reverence among the sages of
unnipaw, for the variety and darkness of his know-
. Having, as I before observed, passed a great part
life in the open air, among the peripatetic philoso-
of Amsterdam, he had become amazingly well
inted with the aspect of the heavens, and could as
ately determine when a storm was brewing or a squall
, as a dutiful husband can foresee from the brow of
pouse, when a tempest is gathering about his ears.
as moreover a great seer of ghosts and goblins, and
a believer in omens; but what especially recommended
o public confidence, was his marvellous talent at
aing, for there never was any thing of consequence
med at Communipaw, but what he declared he had
ously dreamt it; being one of those infallible prophets
always predict a thing after it has come to pass.
is supernatural gift was as highly valued among the
ers of Pavonia, as it was among the enlightened
s of antiquity. The wise Ulysses was more indebted
s sleeping than his waking moments, for all his

subtle achievements, and seldom undertook any great exploit, without first sleeping soundly upon it; and the same may truly be said of the good Van Kortlandt, who was thence aptly denominated, Oloffe the dreamer.

This cautious commander, having chosen the crews that should accompany him in the proposed expedition, exhorted them to repair to their homes, take a good night's rest, settle all family affairs, and make their wills, before departing on this voyage into unknown realms. And indeed this last was a precaution always taken by our forefathers, even in aftertimes, when they became more adventurous, and voyaged to Haverstraw or Kaatskill, or Groodt Esopus, or any other far country that lay beyond the great waters of the Tappaan Zee.

CHAP. IV.

How the Heroes of Communipaw voyaged to Hell-Gate, and how they were received there.

AND now the rosy blush of morn began to mantle in the east, and soon the rising sun, emerging from amidst golden and purple clouds, shed his blithsome rays on the tin weathercocks of Communipaw. It was that delicious season of the year, when nature breaking from the chilling thraldom of old winter, like a blooming damsel from the tyranny of a sordid old father, threw herself blushing with ten thousand charms, into the arms of youthful spring. Every tufted copse and blooming grove resounded with the notes of hymeneal love. The very insects, as they sipped the dew that gemmed the grass of the meadow joined in the joyous epithalamium—the virgin timidly put forth its blushes, "the voice of the turtle was heard in the land," and the heart of man dissolved away in tenderness. Oh! sweet Theocritus! had I thine oaten reed, wherewith thou erst did charm the gay Sicilian plains—or Oh! gentle Bion! thy pastoral pipe, wherewith the happy swains of the Lesbian isle so much delighted, then might I attempt to sing in soft Bucolic or melodious Idyllium, the rural beauties of the scene—but I have nothing, save this jaded goose quill, wherewith to wing my flight, I must fain resign all poetic disportings of the

me my narrative in humble prose; comforting
ith the hope, that though it may not steal so
pon the imagination of my reader, yet it may
l itself, with virgin modesty, to his better judg-
othed in the chaste and simple garb of truth.
oner did the first rays of cheerful Phœbus dart
windows of Cummunipaw, than the little settle-
s all in motion. Forth issued from his castle the
Kortlandt, and seizing a conch shell, blew a far
ng blast, that soon summoned all his lusty fol-
Then did they trudge resolutely down to the water-
orted by a multitude of relatives and friends,
went down, as the common phrase expresses it,
hem off." And this shows the antiquity of those
ily processions, often seen in our city; composed
es, sizes, and sexes, laden with bundles and band-
scorting some bevy of country cousins, about to
om home in a market boat.
ood Oloffe bestowed his forces in a squadron of
noes, and hoisted his flag on board a little round
at, shaped not unlike a tub, which had formerly
jolly-boat of the Goede Vrouw. And now, all
barked, they bid farewell to the gazing throng
beach, who continued shouting after them, even
t of hearing, wishing them a happy voyage,
them to take good care of themselves, not to get
—with an abundance other of those sage and in-
cautions generally given by landsmen to such as
to the sea in ships, and adventure upon the deep
In the mean while the voyagers cheerily urged
rse across the crystal bosom of the bay, and soon
d them the green shores of ancient Pavonia.
rst they touched at two small islands which lie
posite Communipaw, and which are said to have
ught into existence about the time of the great
of the Hudson, when it broke through the High-
d made its way to the ocean*. For in this tre-

matter long since established by certain of our philosophers,
ay, having been often advanced, and never contradicted, it
to be pretty nigh equal to a settled fact, that the Hudson
ally a lake, dammed up by the mountains of the Highlands.
of time, however, becoming very mighty and obstru-

mendous uproar of the waters, we are told that many huge fragments of rock and land were rent from the mountains and swept down by this runaway river for sixty or seventy miles; where some of them ran aground on the shoals just opposite Communipaw, and formed the identical islands in question, while others drifted out to sea, and were never heard of more! A sufficient proof of the fact is, that the rock which forms the basis of these islands, is exactly similar to that of the Highlands, and moreover one of our philosophers, who has diligently compared the agreement of their respective surfaces, has even gone so far as to assure me, in confidence, that Gibbet island was originally nothing more nor less than a wart on Anthony's nose*.

Leaving these wonderful little isles, they next coasted by Governor's Island, since terrible for its frowning fortress and grinning batteries. They would by no means, however, land upon this island, since they doubted much it might be the abode of demons and spirits, which in these days did greatly abound throughout this savage and pagan country.

Just at this time a shoal of jolly porpoises came rolling and tumbling by, turning up their sleek sides to the sun, and spouting up the briny element in sparkling showers. No sooner did the sage Oloffe mark this than he was greatly rejoiced. "This," exclaimed he, "if I mistake not, augurs well—the porpoise is a fat, well conditioned fish—a burgomaster among fishes—his looks betoken ease, plenty and prosperity—I greatly admire this round fat fish, and doubt not but this is a happy omen of the success of our undertaking." So saying, he directed his squadron to steer in the tract of these aldermen fishes.

Turning, therefore, directly to the left, they swept up the strait, vulgarly called the East River. And here the rapid tide which courses through this strait, seizing on the gallant tub in which Commodore Van Kortlandt and embarked, hurried it forward with a velocity unparalleled in

perous, and the mountains waxing pursy, dropsical, and weak in the back, by reason of their extreme old age, it suddenly rose upon them, and after a violent struggle, effected its escape. This is said to have come to pass in very remote time, probably before that river had lost the art of running up hill. The foregoing is a theory for which I do not pretend to be skilled, notwithstanding that I do fully give it my belief.

† A promontory in the Highlands.

h boat navigated by Dutchmen; insomuch that the
mmodore, who had all his life long been accustomed
) the drowsy navigation of canals, was more than
onvinced that they were in the hands of some
atural power, and that the jolly porpoises were
them to some fair haven that was to fulfil all their
and expectations.

s borne away by the resistless current, they doubled
isterous point of land, since called Corlear's Hook,*
aving to the right the rich winding cove of the
out, where our infant navy is now-a-days put out to
they drifted into a magnificent expanse of water,
aded by pleasant shores, whose verdure was
ely refreshing to the eye. While the voyagers were
; around them, on what they conceived to be a serene
my lake, they beheld at a distance, a crew of
l savages, busily employed in fishing, who seemed
ke the genii of this romantic region—their slender
lightly balanced like a feather on the undulating
: of the bay.

ight of these, the hearts of the heroes of Communi-
re not a little troubled. But as good fortune would
, at the bow of the commodore's boat, was stationed
valiant man, named Hendrick Kip, (which being
eted, means, *chicken*, a name given him in token of
urage). No sooner did he behold these varlet
s than he trembled with excessive valour, and
ch a good half mile distance, he seized a musquetoon
y at hand, and turning away his head, fired it most
dly in the face of the blessed sun. The blundering
recoiled and gave the valiant Kip an ignominious
hat laid him prostrate with uplifted heels in the
of the boat. But such was the effect of this
dous fire, that the wild men of the woods, struck
nsternation, seized hastily upon their paddles, and
way into one of the deep inlets of the Long-Island

signal victory gave new spirits to the hardy voyagers,
honour of the achievement they gave the name
valiant Kip to the surrounding bay, and it has
ued to be called KIP'S BAY, from that time to the

* Properly spelt *hoeck*, i. e. a point of land.

present. The heart of the good Van Kortlandt having no land of his own, was a great admirer of people's—expanded at the sumptuous prospect unsettled country around him, and falling into a de reverie, he straightway began to riot in the posses vast meadows of salt marsh, and interminable pat cabbages. From this delectable vision he was all s awakened by the sudden turning of the tide, which soon have hurried him from this land of promise, h the discreet navigator given signal to steer for where they accordingly landed hard by the rocky l of Bellevue—that happy retreat, where our jolly al eat for the good of the city, and fatten the turtle t sacrificed on civic solemnities.

Here seated on the green sward, by the side of stream that ran sparkling among the grass, they re themselves after the toils of the seas, by feasting lu the ample stores which they had provided for this p voyage. Thus having well fortified their delib powers, they fell into an earnest consultation, wh further to be done. This was the first council dinn eaten at [Bellevue by Christian burghers; and h tradition relates, did originate the great famil between the Hardenbroecks and the Tenbroecks, afterwards had a singular influence on the building city. The sturdy Hardenbroeck, whose eyes ha wonderously delighted with the salt marshes, that their reeking bosoms along the coast, at the bo Kip's Bay, counselled by all means to return thith found the intended city. This was strenuously opp the unbending Tenbroeck, and many testy arg passed between them. The particulars of this scout have not reached us, which is ever to be lamente much is certain, that the sage Oloffe put an end dispute, by determining to explore still further in th which the mysterious porpoises had so clearly point whereupon the sturdy Tough Breeches abandon expedition, took possession of a neighbouring hill, s fit of great wrath peopled all that tract of country, has continued to be inhabited by the Hardenbroecl this very day.

By this time the jolly Phœbus, like some wanton *sporting* on the side of a green hill, began to roll dc

y of the heavens; and now, the tide having once
urned in their favour, the resolute Pavonians again
tted themselves to its discretion, and coasting along
stern shores, were borne towards the straits of
ell's Island.

here the capricious wanderings of the current,
sed not a little marvel and perplexity to these
ous mariners. Now would they be caught by the
eddies, and, sweeping round a jutting point,
wind deep into some romantic little cove, that
d the fair island of Manna-hatta; now they were
narrowly by the very bases of impending rocks,
d with the flaunting grape vine, and crowned with
that threw a broad shade on the waves beneath;
en they were borne away into the mid-channel, and
along with a rapidity that very much discomposed
ge Von Kortlandt, who, as he saw the land swiftly
g on either side, began exceedingly to doubt that
rma was giving them the slip.

never the voyagers turned their eyes, a new creation
to bloom around. No signs of human thrift
ed to check the delicious wildness of nature, who
velled in all her luxuriant variety. Those hills now
like the fretful porcupine, with rows of poplars,
upstart plants! minions of wealth and fashion!)
ben adorned with the vigorous natives of the soil.
rdly oak, the generous chesnut, the graceful elm—
ere and there the tulip-tree reared his majestic head,
nt of the forest—where now are seen the gay retreats
ury—villas half buried in twilight bowers, whence
porous flute oft breathes the sighings of some city
—there the fish-hawk built his solitary nest, on some
ee that overlooked his watery domain. The timid
d undisturbed along those shores now hallowed by
ver's moonlight walk, and printed by the slender
f beauty; and a savage solitude extended over
happy regions, where now are reared the stately
of the Joneses, the Schermerhornes, and the Rhine-
s.

s gliding in silent wonder through these new and
wn scenes, the gallant squadron of Pavonia swept
foot of a promontory, that strutted forth boldly into
ves, and seemed to frown upon them as they brawled

against its base. This is the bluff well known to modern mariners by the name of Gracie's point, from the fair castle, which like an elephant, it carries upon its back. And here broke upon their view a wild and varied prospect, where land and water were beauteously intermingled, as though they had combined to heighten and set off each other's charms. To their right lay the sedgy point of Blackwell's Island, dressed in the fresh garniture of living green: beyond it stretched the pleasant coast of Sundswick, and the small harbour well known by the name of Hallet's cove—a place infamous, in latter days, by reason of its being the haunt of pirates who infest these seas, robbing orchards and water-melon patches, and insulting gentlemen navigators, when voyaging in their pleasure boats. To the left lay a deep bay, or rather creek, gracefully receded between shores fringed with forests, and forming a kind of vista, through which were beheld the silver regions of Haerlem, Morrisania, and East Chester. Here the eye reposed with delight on a richly wooded country, diversified by tufted knolls, shadowy intervals, and waving lines of upland, swelling above each other; while over the whole, the purple mists of spring diffused a hue of soft voluptuousness.

Just before them the grand course of the stream making a sudden bend, wound among embowered promontories and shores of emerald verdure, that seemed to melt into the wave. A character of gentleness and mild fertility prevailed around. The sun had just descended, and the thin haze of twilight, like a transparent veil drawn over the bosom of virgin beauty, heightened the charms which it half concealed.

Ah! witching scenes of foul delusion! Ah! hapless voyagers, gazing with simple wonder on these Circean shores! Such, alas! are they, poor easy souls, who listen to the seductions of a wicked world—treacherous are its smiles, fatal its caresses. He who yields to its enticements launches upon a whelming tide, and trusts his feeble bark among the dimpling eddies of a whirlpool! And thus it fared with the worthies of Pavonia, who, little mistrusting the guileful scene before them, drifted quietly on, until they were aroused by an uncommon tossing and agitation of their vessels. For now the late dimpling current began to broil around them, and the waves to boil and foam with

horrific fury. Awakened as if from a dream, the astonished Oloffe bawled aloud to put about, but his words were lost amid the roaring of the waters. And now ensued a scene of direful consternation: at one time they were borne with dreadful velocity, among tumultuous breakers, at another hurried down boisterous rapids. Now they were nearly dashed upon the Hen and Chickens (infamous rocks! more voracious than Scylla and her whelps); and anon they seemed sinking into yawning gulfs that threatened to entomb them beneath the waves. All the elements combined to produce a hideous confusion. The waters raged—the winds howled—and as they were hurried along, several of the astonished mariners beheld the rocks and trees of the neighbouring shores, driving through the air!

At length the mighty tub of Commodore Van Kortlandt was drawn into the vortex of that tremendous whirlpool called the Pot, where it was whirled about in giddy mazes, until the senses of the good commander and his crew were overpowered by the horror of the scene, and the strangeness of the revolution.

How the gallant squadron of Pavonia was snatched from the jaws of this modern Charybdis, has never been truly made known; for so many survived to tell the tale, and what is still more wonderful, told it in so many different ways, that there has ever prevailed a great variety of opinions on the subject.

As to the commodore and his crew, when they came to their senses they found themselves stranded on the Long-Island shore. The worthy commodore, indeed, used to relate many and wonderful stories of his adventures in this time of peril, which, by his account, did far exceed those of the sage Ulysses, in the straits of Charybdis. For he saw spectres flying in the air, and heard the yelling of hobgoblins, and put his hand into the Pot when they were whirled around, and found the water scalding hot, and beheld several uncouth looking beings seated on rocks, and skimming it with huge ladles; but particularly he declared with great exultation, that he saw the losel porpoises, which had betrayed them into this peril, some broiling on the gridiron, and others hissing in the fryingpan.

These, however, were considered by many as mere phantasies of the commodore's imagination, while he lay in a trance; especially as *he* was known to be given to

dreaming; and the truth of them has never been ascertained. It is certain, however, that to the of Oloffe and his followers may be traced the traditions handed down of this marvellous strait, the devil has been seen there, sitting astride of back and playing on the fiddle—how he boils fi before a storm; and many other stories, in which be cautious of putting too much faith. In cons of all these terrific circumstances, the Pavonia mander gave this pass the name of *Helle-gat*, ow been interpreted, *Hell-gate*;* which it continues at the present day.

CHAP. V.

How the Heroes of Communipaw returned s wiser than they went—and how the sage Oloffe a Dream—and the Dream that he dreame

THE darkness of night had closed upon this d day, and doleful night was it to the shipwrecl vonians, whose ears were incessantly assailed raging of the elements, and the howling of the ho that infested this perfidious strait. But when th ing dawned, the horrors of the preceding even passed away; rapids, breakers, and whirlpools, appeared; the stream again ran smooth and d and having changed its tide, rolled gently back, the quarter where lay their much-regretted home.

The woe-begone heroes of Communipaw eyed ea

* This is a narrow strait in the Sound, at the distance of above New-York. It is dangerous to shipping, unless unde of skilful pilots, by reason of numerous rocks, shelves, and w These have received sundry appellations, such as the gridiro pan, hog's back, pot, &c.; and are very violent and turbulent times of tide. Certain wise men who instruct these modern softened the above characteristic name into Hurl-gate, whi nothing. I leave them to give their own etymology. Th given by our author is supported by the map in Vander Do tory, published in 1656, by Ogilvie's History of America, 16 by a journal still extant, written in the 16th century, and t in Hazard's State Paper. And an old MS. written i speaking of various alterations in names about this city, "De Hell-gat, trou d'Enfer, ils ont fait Hell-gate, porte d'I

seful countenances; their squadron had been totally
ed by the late disaster. Some were cast upon the
a shore, where, headed by one Ruleff Hopper, they
ossession of all the country lying about the six
tone; which is held by the Hoppers at this present

Waldrons were driven by stress of weather to a
coast, where, having with them a jug of genuine
ds, they were enabled to conciliate the savages,
up a kind of tavern; from whence, it is said, did
the fair town of Haerlem, in which their descend-
ive ever since continued to be reputable publicans.
the Suydams, they were thrown upon the Long-
coast, and may still be found in those parts. But
ost singular luck attended the great Tenbroeck,
alling overboard, was miraculously preserved from
by the multitude of his nether garments. Thus
up, he floated on the waves, like a merman, until
led safely on a rock, where he was found the next
g, busily drying his many breeches in the sunshine.
bear to treat of the long consultation of our adven-
—how they determined that it would not do to found
in this diabolical neighbourhood, and how at length
ar and trembling, they ventured once more upon
ry element, and steered their course back for Com-
w. Suffice it, in simple brevity, to say, that after
back through the scenes of their yesterday's voyage,
length opened the southern point of Manna-hata,
ined a distant view of their beloved Communipaw.
here they were opposed by an obstinate eddy, that
all the efforts of the exhausted mariners. Weary
spirited, they could no longer make head against
ver of the tide, or rather, as some will have it, of
eptune, who, anxious to guide them to a spot
n should be founded his strong hold in this western
sent half a score of potent billows, that rolled the
Commodore Van Kortlandt high and dry on the
of Manna-hata.
ng thus in a manner been guided by supernatural
to this delightsome island, their first care was to
fire at the foot of a large tree, that stood upon the
at present called the battery. Then gathering
r great store of oysters which abounded on the shore,

and emptying the contents of their wallets, they
and made a sumptuous council repast. The wo
Kortlandt was observed to be particularly zeal
devotions to the trencher; for having the car
expedition especially committed to his care, he d
incumbent on him to eat profoundly for the pub
In proportion as he filled himself to the very brim
dainty viands before him, did the heart of this
burgher seem to rise up towards his throat, until h
crammed and almost choked with good eating
nature. And at such times it is, when a man's h
his throat, that he may more truly be said to sp
it, and his speeches abound with kindness and
lowship. Thus the worthy Oloffe having swall
last possible morsel, and washed it down with
potation, felt his heart yearning, and his whole fr
manner dilating with unbounded benevolence.
thing around him seemed excellent and delight
laying his hands on each side of his capacious p
and rolling his half closed eyes around on the
diversity of land and water before him, he excl
a fat half smothered voice, "What a charmi
pect!" The words died away in his throat—he
ponder on the fair scene for a moment—his eyelid
closed over their orbs—his head drooped upon his
he slowly sunk upon the green turf, and a deep s
gradually upon him.

And the sage Oloffe dreamed a dream—an
good St. Nicholas came riding over the tops of
in that self-same waggon wherein he brings his y
sents to children; and he came and descended
where the heroes of Communipaw had made
repast. And the shrewd Van Kortlandt knew h
broad hat, his long pipe, and the resemblance
bore to the figure on the bow of the Goede Vrou
he lit his pipe by the fire, and he sat himself
smoked; and as he smoked, the smoke from
ascended into the air and spread like a cloud
And the sage Oloffe bethought him, and he hast
climbed up to the top of one of the tallest trees,
that the smoke spread over a great extent of
and as he considered it more attentively, he fa
the great volume of smoke assumed a variety o

lous forms, where in dim obscurity he saw shadowed out palaces and domes and lofty spires, all which lasted but a moment, and then faded away, until the whole rolled off, and nothing but the green woods were left. And when St. Nicholas had smoked his pipe, he twisted it in his hat-band, and laying his finger beside his nose, gave the astonished Van Kortlandt a very significant look; then mounting his waggon, he returned over the tree tops and disappeared.

And Van Kortlandt awoke from his sleep greatly instructed, and he aroused his companions and related to them his dream: and interpreted it, that it was the will of St. Nicholas that they should settle down and build the city here. And that the smoke of the pipe was a type how vast should be the extent of the city; inasmuch as the volumes of its smoke should spread over a vast extent of country. And they all with one voice assented to this interpretation, excepting Mynheer Tenbroeck, who declared the meaning to be, that it should be a city wherein a little fire should occasion a great smoke, or, in other words, a very vapouring little city—both which interpretations have strangely come to pass!

The great object of their perilous expedition, therefore, being thus happily accomplished, the voyagers returned merrily to Communipaw, where they were received with great rejoicings. And here calling a general meeting of all the wise men and the dignitaries of Pavonia, they related the whole history of their voyage and of the dream of Oloffe Van Kortlandt. And the people lifted up their voices, and blessed the good St. Nicholas, and from that time forth the sage Van Kortlandt was held in more honour than ever for his great talent at dreaming, and was pronounced a most useful citizen and a right good man—when he was asleep.

CHAP. VI.

Containing an attempt at Etymology—and of the foundi of the great City of New-Amsterdam.

THE original name of the island, wherein the squadron Communipaw was thus propitiously thrown, is a matt of some dispute, and has already undergone considerat vitiation—a melancholy proof of the instability of all su lunary things, and the vanity of all our hopes of lasti fame; for who can expect his name will live to posterit when even the names of mighty islands are thus soon lo in contradiction and uncertainty!

The name most current at the present day, and whi is likewise countenanced by the great historian Vand Donck, is *Manhattan;* which is said to have originat in a custom among the squaws, in the early settlement, wearing men's hats, as is still done among many tribe "Hence," as we are told by an old governor, who w somewhat of a wag, and flourished almost a century sinc and had paid a visit to the wits of Philadelphia—"Hen arose the appellation of man-hat-on, first given to t Indians, and afterwards to the island:" a stupid joke!- but well enough for a governor.

Among the more venerable sources of information o this subject, is that valuable history of the American po sessions, written by master Richard Blome, in 1687* wherein it is called Manhadaes and Manahannet; a must I forget the excellent little book, full of precio matter, of that authentic historian, John Josselyn, Gent. who expressly calls it Manhadaes.

Another etymology still more ancient, and sanctione by the countenance of our ever to be lamented Dutc ancestors, is that found in certain letters still extant; which passed between the early governors and their neig bouring powers, wherein it is called indifferently Me hattoes, Munhatos, and Manhattoes, which are evidentl unimportant variations of the same name; for our wi

* This history is to be found in the library of the New-York Hi torical Society.
† Idem.
‡ *Vide* Hazard's Col. Stat. Pap.

orefathers set little store by those niceties either in ortho-raphy or orthoepy, which form the sole study and mbition of many learned men and women of this hyper-ritical age. This last name is said to be derived from the reat Indian spirit Manetho; who was supposed to make is island his favourite abode on account of its uncommon elights. For the Indian traditions affirm, that the bay as once a translucid lake, filled with silver and golden sh, in the midst of which lay this beautiful island, covered ith every variety of fruits and flowers; but that the adden irruption of the Hudson laid waste these blissful enes, and Manetho took his flight beyond the great aters of Ontario.

These, however, are fabulous legends, to which very nitious credence must be given; and although I am wil-ng to admit the last quoted orthography of the name, as ry suitable for prose, yet is there another one founded a still more ancient and indisputable authority, which I articularly delight in, seeing that it is at once poetical, elodious, and significant; and this is recorded in the oforementioned voyage of the great Hudson, written by aster Juet: who clearly and correctly calls it MANNA-ATA; that is to say, the island of Manna, or, in other ords, "a land flowing with milk and honey!"

It having been solemnly resolved that the seat of empire ould be transferred from the green shores of Pavonia to is delectable island, a vast multitude embarked and grated across the mouth of the Hudson, under the idance of Oloffe the Dreamer, who was appointed pro-tor or patron to the new settlement.

And here let me bear testimony to the matchless honesty d magnanimity of our worthy forefathers, who purchased soil of the native Indians, before erecting a single roof; circumstance singular and almost incredible in the annals discovery and colonization.

The first settlement was made on the south-west point the island, on the very spot where the good St. Nicholas d appeared in the dream. Here they built a mighty d impregnable fort and trading house, called Fort sterdam, which stood on that eminence at present cupied by the custom-house, with the open space now led the bowling-green, in front.

Around this potent fortress was soon seen a numerous

progeny of little Dutch houses, with tiled roofs, all
seemed most lovingly to nestle under its walls, like
of half-fledged chickens sheltered under the wings
mother hen. The whole was surrounded by an en
of strong palisadoes, to guard against any sudden in
of the savages who wandered in hordes about the s
and forests, that extended over those tracts of cou
present called Broadway, Wall Street, William Stre
Pearl Street.

No sooner was the colony once planted, than
root and throve amazingly, for it would seem th
thrice favoured island is like a munificent dunghill
every foreign weed finds kindly nourishment, an
shoots up, and expands to greatness.

And now the infant settlement having advanced
and stature, it was thought high time it should rec
honest Christian name, and it was accordingly calle
Amsterdam. It is true there were some advocates
original Indian name, and many of the best writers
province did long continue to call it by the title o
Manhattoes," but this was discountenanced by the
rities, as being heathenish and savage. Besides,
considered an excellent and praiseworthy mea
name it after a great city of the old world; as
means it was induced to emulate the greatness
nown of its namesake—in the manner that little sn
urchins are called after great statesmen, saints, a
thies, and renowned generals of yore, upon which
industriously copy their examples, and come to b
mighty men in their day and generation.

The thriving state of the settlement and the
increase of houses gradually awakened the good
from a deep lethargy, into which he had fallen a
building of the fort. He now began to think it w
some plan should be devised, on which the inc
town should be built. Summoning, therefore, hi
sellors and coadjutors together, they took pipe in
and forthwith sunk into a very sound deliberation
subject.

At the very outset of the business an unexpec
ference of opinion arose, and I mention it with mu
rowing, as being the first altercation on record
councils of New Amsterdam. It was a breaking

he grudge and heartburning that had existed between hose two eminent burghers, Mynheers Tenbroeck and Hardenbroeck, ever since their unhappy altercation on he coast of Bellevue. The great Hardenbroeck had raxed very wealthy and powerful from his domains, hich embraced the whole chain of Apulean mountains hat stretch along the gulph of Kip's Bay, and from part f which his descendants have been expelled in latter ages y the powerful clans of the Joneses and the Shermerhornes.

An ingenious plan for the city was offered by Mynheer Tenbroeck, who proposed that it should be cut up and ntersected by canals, after the manner of the most dmired cities in Holland. To this Mynheer Hardenbroeck as diametrically opposed, suggesting in place thereof hat they should run out docks and wharfs, by means of iles, driven into the bottom of the river, on which the own should be built. "By these means," said he triumphantly, "shall we rescue a considerable space of erritory from these immense rivers, and build a city that hall rival Amsterdam, Venice, or any amphibious city n Europe." To this proposition Tenbroeck (or Ten Breeches) replied, with a look of as much scorn as he ould possibly assume. He cast the utmost censure pon the plan of his antagonist, as being preposterous nd against the very order of things, as he would leave to very true Hollander. "For what," said he, "is a town ithout canals?—It is like a body without veins and rteries, and must perish for want of a free circulation of he vital fluid." Tough Breeches, on the contrary, retorted ith a sarcasm upon his antagonist, who was somewhat of n arid, dry boned habit; he remarked, that as to the circulation of the blood being necessary to existence, Mynheer Ten Breeches was a living contradiction to his own assertion; for every body knew there had not a drop of blood circulated through his wind-dried carcass for good ten years, and yet there was not a greater busybody in the whole colony Personalities have seldom much effect in making converts in argument; nor have I ever seen a man convinced of error by being convicted of deformity. At least, such was not the case at present. Ten Breeches was very acrimonious in reply, and Tough Breeches, who was a sturdy little man, *and never* gave up the last word,

rejoined with increasing spirit—Ten Breeches advantage of the greatest volubility, but Tough had that invaluable coat of mail in argument call macy—Ten Breeches had, therefore, the most mo Tough Breeches the best bottom—so that thou Breeches made a dreadful clattering about his e battered and belaboured him with hard words a arguments; yet Tough Breeches hung on most s to the last. They parted, therefore, as is usua arguments where both parties are in the right, coming to any conclusion; but they hated each ot heartily for ever after, and a similar breach v between the houses of Capulet and Montague d between the families of Ten Breeches and Tough

I would not fatigue my readers with these dul of fact, but that my duty as a faithful historian that I should be particular; and, in truth, as I treating of the critical period, when our city, like twig, first received the twists and turns, that h contributed to give it the present picturesque irr for which it is celebrated, I cannot be too m detailing their first causes.

After the unhappy altercation I have just men do not find that any thing further was said on th worthy of being recorded. The council, consisti largest and oldest heads in the community, met once a week, to ponder on this momentous subj either they were deterred by the war of words witnessed, or they were naturally averse to the e the tongue, and the consequent exercise of the certain it is, the most profound silence was mai the question as usual lay on the table—the quietly smoked their pipes, making but few laws ever enforcing any, and in the mean time the affa settlement went on—as it pleased God.

As most of the council were but little skill mystery of combining pot-hooks and hangers, th mined most judiciously not to puzzle either them posterity with voluminous records. The secreta ever, kept the minutes of the council with toleral sion, in a large vellum folio, fastened with ma clasps; the journal of each meeting consisted b lines, stating, in Dutch, that "the council sat

d twelve pipes on the affairs of the colony."—
t appears that the first settlers did not regulate
by hours, but pipes, in the same manner as they
stances in Holland at this very time; an admi-
: measurement, as a pipe in the mouth of a true
lutman is never liable to those accidents and
es that are continually putting our clocks out of

manner did the profound council of NEW-
AM smoke, and doze, and ponder, from week to
th to month, and year to year, in what manner
l construct their infant settlement: meanwhile,
ook care of itself, and like a sturdy brat which
to run about wild, unshackled by clouts and
and other abominations, by which your notable
l sage old women cripple and disfigure the chil-
n, increased so rapidly in strength and magni-
before the honest burgomasters had determined
n, it was too late to put it in execution—where-
wisely abandoned the subject altogether.

CHAP. VII.

City of New-Amsterdam waxed great under the protection of Oloffe, the Dreamer.

is something exceedingly delusive in thus
ck through the long vista of departed years, and
a glimpse of the fairy realms of antiquity that
l. Like some goodly landscape melted into
hey receive a thousand charms from their very
and the fancy delights to fill up their outlines
es and excellencies of its own creation. Thus
ay imagination those happier days of our city,
st New-Amsterdam was a mere pastoral town,
in groves of sycamore and willows, and sur-
ay trackless forests and wide spreading waters,
d to shut out all the cares and vanities of a
rld.

days did this embryo city present the rare and
ectacle of a community governed without laws;
eing left to its own course, and the fostering

care of Providence, increased as rapidly as thou
been burdened with a dozen panniers full of
laws that are usually heaped on the backs of y
—in order to make them grow. And in this p
greatly admire the wisdom and sound knowledge
nature, displayed by the sage Oloffe the Dream
fellow legislators. For my part, I have not
opinion of mankind as many of my brother ph
I do not think poor human nature so sorry
workmanship as they would make it out to be;
as I have observed, I am fully satisfied that man
himself, would about as readily go right as w
is only this eternally sounding in his ears tha
duty to go right, that makes him go the ve
The noble independence of his nature revolts at
able tyranny of law, and the perpetual inter
officious morality, which is ever besetting his
finger-posts and directions "to keep to the rig
law directs;" and like a spirited urchin, he tur
contrary, and gallops through mud and mire, o
and ditches, merely to show that he is a lad of
out of his leading strings. And these opinions
substantiated by what I have above said of
ancestors; who never being be-preached and b
and guided and governed by statutes and la
laws, as are their more enlightened descendant
all demean themselves honestly and peaceably
of pure ignorance, or in other words—because
no better.

Nor must I omit to record one of the earlies
of this infant settlement, inasmuch as it shows
our forefathers, and that, like good Christians,
always ready to serve God, after they had
themselves. Thus, having quietly settled thems
and provided for their own comfort, they betho
selves of testifying their gratitude to the gre
St. Nicholas, for his protecting care, in guidi
this delectable abode. To this end they built
goodly chapel within the fort, which they con
his name; whereupon he immediately took t
New Amsterdam under his peculiar patronage,
ever since been, and I devoutly hope will e
tutelar saint of this excellent city.

I am moreover told that there is a little legendary book, somewhere extant, written in low Dutch, which says, that the image of this renowned saint, which whilome graced the bowsprit of the Goede Vrouw, was elevated in front of this chapel, in the very centre of what, in modern days, is called the Bowling Green. And the legend further treats of divers miracles wrought by the mighty pipe which the saint held in his mouth; a whiff of which was a sovereign cure for an indigestion—an invaluable relique in this colony of brave trenchermen. As, however, in spite of the most diligent search, I cannot lay my hands upon this little book, I must confess that I entertain considerable doubt on the subject.

Thus benignly fostered by the good St. Nicholas, the burghers of New Amsterdam beheld their settlement increase in magnitude and population, and soon become the metropolis of divers settlements, and an extensive territory. Already had the disastrous pride of colonies and dependencies, those banes of a sound-hearted empire, entered into their imaginations; and Fort Aurania on the Hudson, Fort Nassau on the Delaware, and Fort Goede Hoep on the Connecticut river, seemed to be the darling offspring of the venerable council.* Thus prosperously, to all appearance, did the province of New Netherlands advance in power; and the early history of its metropolis presents a fair page, unsullied by crime or calamity.

Hordes of painted savages still lurked about the tangled forests and rich bottoms of the unsettled part of the Island —the hunter pitched his rude bower of skins and bark beside the rills that ran through the cool and shady glens, while here and there might be seen, on some sunny knoll, a group of Indian wigwams, whose smoke arose above the neighbouring trees, and floated in the transparent atmo-

* The province, about this time, extended on the north to Fort Aurania or Orange (now the city of Albany) situated about 160 miles up the Hudson river. Indeed the province claimed quite to the river St. Lawrence: but this claim was not much insisted on at the time, as the country beyond Fort Aurania was a perfect wilderness. On the south the province reached to Fort Nassau, on the south river, since called the Delaware: and on the east it extended to the Varsche (or fresh) river, now the Connecticut. On this last frontier was likewise erected a fort and trading house, much about the spot where at present is situated the pleasant town of Hartford. This was called Fort Goede Hoep (or Good Hope), and was intended as well for the purpose of trade, as of defence.

sphere. By degrees a mutual goodwill had grown up between these wandering beings and the burghers of New Amsterdam. Our benevolent forefathers endeavoured as much as possible to ameliorate their situation, by giving them gin, rum, and glass beads, in exchange for their peltries, for it seems the kind-hearted Dutchmen had conceived a great friendship for their savage neighbours, on account of their being pleasant men to trade with, and little skilled in the art of making a bargain.

Now and then a crew of these half human sons of the forest would make their appearance in the streets of New Amsterdam, fantastically painted and decorated with beads and flaunting feathers, sauntering about with an air of listless indifference—sometimes in the market place, instructing the little Dutch boys in the use of the bow and arrow—at other times, inflamed with liquor, swaggering and whooping and yelling about the town like so many fiends, to the great dismay of all the good wives, who would hurry their children into the house, fasten the doors, and throw water upon the enemy from the garret windows. It is worthy of mention here, that our forefathers were very particular in holding up these wild men as excellent domestic examples; and for reasons that may be gathered from the history of Master Ogilvie, who tells us, that "for the least offence the bridegroom soundly beats his wife and turns her out of doors, and marries another, insomuch that some of them have every year a new wife." Whether this awful example had any influence or not, history does not mention; but it is certain that our grandmothers were miracles of fidelity and obedience.

True it is, that the good understanding between our ancestors and their savage neighbours was liable to occasional interruptions; and I have heard my grandmother, who was a very wise old woman, and well versed in the history of these parts, tell a long story, of a winter's evening, about a battle between the New Amsterdammers and the Indians, which was known by the name of the peach war; and which took place near a peach orchard in a dark glen, which for a long while went by the name of Murderer's Valley.

The legend of this silvan war was long current among the nurses, old wives, and other ancient chronicles of the

; but time and improvement have almost obliterated the tradition and the scene of battle; for what was the blood-stained valley is now in the centre of this ous city, and known by the name of *Dey Street*.

accumulating wealth and consequence of New rdam and its dependencies, at length awakened the solicitude of the mother country; who finding it a g and opulent colony, and that it promised to yield profit and no trouble, all at once became wonder- nxious about its safety, and began to load it with of regard, in the same manner that your knowing [illegible] sure to overwhelm rich relations with their [illegible] and loving kindness.

signal marks of protection shewn by mother coun- o wealthy colonies were forthwith manifested; the are always being to send rulers to the new settle- with orders to squeeze as much revenue from it as yield. Accordingly, in the year of our Lord, 1629, eer WOUTER VAN TWILLER, was appointed go- of the province of Nieuw Nederlandts, under the lusion and control of their High Mightinesses, the States General of the United Netherlands, and the ged West India Company.

s renowned old gentleman arrived at New Amster- a the merry month of June, the sweetest month in e year; when Dan Apollo seems to dance up the arent firmament—when the robin, the thrush, and nsand other wanton songsters, make the woods to nd with amorous ditties, and the luxurious little con revels among the clover blossoms of the meadows; nich happy coincidences persuaded the old dames of Amsterdam, who were skilled in the art of foretell- vents, that this was to be a happy and prosperous istration.

t as it would be derogatory to the consequence of rst Dutch governor of the great province of Nieuw rlandts, to be thus scurvily introduced at the end chapter, I will put an end to this second book of my y, that I may usher him in with more dignity in the ning of my next.

END OF BOOK SECOND.

BOOK THIRD.

IN WHICH IS RECORDED THE GOLDEN REIGN O WOUTER VAN TWILLER.

CHAP. I.

Of the renowned Wouter Van Twiller, his unparall virtues—as likewise his unutterable wisdom in the l Case of Wandle Schoonhoven and Barent Bleecker— the great admiration of the Public thereat.

GRIEVOUS and very much to be commiserated is the of the feeling historian, who writes the history of native land. If it fall to his lot to be the sad records calamity or crime, the mournful page is watered with tears: nor can he recal the most prosperous and blis era, without a melancholy sigh at the reflection, that it passed away for ever! I know not whether it be ow to an immoderate love for the simplicity of former tir or to that certain tenderness of heart incident to all se mental historians; but I candidly confess that I can look back on the happier days of our city, which I describe, without a sad dejection of the spirits. Wit faltering hand do I withdraw the curtain of oblivion, veils the modest merits of our venerable ancestors; an their figures rise to my mental vision, humble my before the mighty shades.

Such are my feelings when I revisit the family mans of the Knickerbockers, and spend a lonely hour in chamber where hang the portraits of my forefath shrouded in dust, like the forms they represent. W pious reverence do I gaze on the countenances of th renowned burghers, who have preceded me in the ste march of existence: whose sober and temperate bl now meanders through my veins, flowing slower slower in its feeble conduits, until its current shall s be stopped for ever!

These, say I to myself, are but frail memorials of mighty men who flourished in the days of the patriarc

but who, alas, have long since mouldered in that tomb, towards which my steps are insensibly and irresistibly hastening! As I pace the darkened chamber and lose myself in melancholy musings, the shadowy images around me almost seem to steal once more into existence: their countenances to assume the animation of life—their eyes to pursue me in every movement! Carried away by the delusion of fancy, I almost imagine myself surrounded by the shades of the departed, and holding sweet converse with the worthies of antiquity! Ah, hapless Diedrich! born in a degenerate age, abandoned to the buffetings of fortune—a stranger and a weary pilgrim in thy native land; blessed with no weeping wife, nor family of helpless children; but doomed to wander neglected through those crowded streets, and elbowed by foreign upstarts from those fair abodes where once thine ancestors held sovereign empire!

Let me not, however, lose the historian in the man, nor suffer the doting recollections of age to overcome me, while dwelling with fond garrulity on the virtuous days of the patriarchs—on those sweet days of simplicity and ease which never more will dawn on the lovely island of Manna-hata!

The renowned Wouter (or Walter) Van Twiller was descended from a long line of Dutch burgomasters, who had successively dozed away their lives, and grown fat upon the bench of magistracy in Rotterdam; and who had comported themselves with such singular wisdom and propriety that they were never either heard or talked of—which, next to being universally applauded, should be the object of ambition to all sage magistrates and rulers.

His surname of Twiller is said to be a corruption of the original *Twijfler*, which in English means *Doubter*; a name admirably descriptive of his deliberative habits. For though he was a man shut up within himself like an oyster, and of such a profoundly reflective turn that he scarcely ever spoke except in monosyllables; yet did he never make up his mind on any doubtful point. This was clearly accounted for by his adherents, who affirmed that he always conceived every subject on so comprehensive a scale that he had not room in his head to turn it over and examine both sides of it; so that he always remained

in doubt, merely in consequence of the astonishing magnitude of his ideas!

There are two opposite ways by which some men get into notice—one by talking a vast deal and thinking a little, and the other by holding their tongues and not thinking at all. By the first, many a vapouring superficial pretender acquires the reputation of a man of quick parts—by the other, many a vacant dunderpate, like the owl, the stupidest of birds, comes to be complimented, by a discerning world, with all the attributes of wisdom. This, by the way, is a mere casual remark, which I would not for the universe have it thought I apply to Governor Van Twiller. On the contrary, he was a very wise Dutchman, for he never said a foolish thing; and of such invincible gravity that he was never known to laugh, or even to smile through the course of a long and prosperous life. Certain, however, it is, there never was a matter proposed, however simple, and on which your common narrow-minded mortals would rashly determine at the first glance, but what the renowned Wouter put on a mighty mysterious, vacant kind of look, shook his capacious head, and having smoked for five minutes with redoubled earnestness, sagely observed, that "he had his doubts about the matter:"—which, in process of time, gained him the character of a man slow of belief, and not easily imposed on.

The person of this illustrious old gentleman was as regularly formed, and nobly proportioned, as though it had been moulded by the hands of some cunning Dutch statuary as a model of majesty and lordly grandeur. He was exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in circumference. His head was a perfect sphere, far excelling in magnitude that of the great Pericles (who was thence waggishly called *Schenocephalus*, or onion head)—indeed, of such stupendous dimensions was it, that dame Nature herself, with all her sex's ingenuity, would have been puzzled to construct a neck capable of supporting it; wherefore she wisely declined the attempt, and settled it firmly on the top of his back-bone, just between the shoulders; where it remained as snugly bedded as a ship of war in the mud of the Potamac. His body was of an oblong form, particularly capacious at bottom;

which was wisely ordered by Providence, seeing that he was a man of sedentary habits, and very averse to the idle labour of walking. His legs, though exceeding short, were sturdy in proportion to the weight they had to sustain; so that when erect he had not a little the appearance of a robustious beer barrel, standing on skids. His face, that infallible index of the mind, presented a vast expanse, perfectly unfurrowed or deformed by any of those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance with what is termed expression. Two small grey eyes twinkled feebly in the midst, like two stars of lesser magnitude, in a hazy firmament; and his full-fed cheeks, which seemed to have taken toll of every thing that went into his mouth, were curiously mottled and streaked with dusky red, like a Spitzenberg apple.

His habits were as regular as his person. He daily took his four stated meals, appropriating exactly an hour to each; he smoked and doubted eight hours, and he slept the remaining twelve of the four-and-twenty. Such was the renowned Wouter Van Twiller—a true philosopher, for his mind was either elevated above, or tranquilly settled below, the cares and perplexities of this world. He had lived in it for years, without feeling the least curiosity to know whether the sun revolved round it, or it round the sun; and he had even watched for at least half a century, the smoke curling from his pipe to the ceiling, without once troubling his head with any of those numerous theories, by which a philosopher would have perplexed his brain, in accounting for its rising above the surrounding atmosphere.

In his council he presided with great state and solemnity. He sat in a huge chair of solid oak hewn in the celebrated forest of the Hague, fabricated by an experienced Timmerman of Amsterdam, and curiously carved about the arms and feet, into exact imitations of gigantic eagles' claws. Instead of a sceptre, he swayed a long Turkish pipe, wrought with jasmin and amber, which had been presented to a stadtholder of Holland, at the conclusion of a treaty with one of the petty Barbary powers. In this stately chair would he sit, and this magnificent pipe would he smoke, shaking his right knee with a constant motion, and fixing his eyes for hours together upon a little print of Amsterdam, which hung in a black frame

against the opposite wall of the council chamber. Nay, it has even been said, that when any deliberation of extraordinary length and intricacy was on the carpet, the renowned Wouter would absolutely shut his eyes for full two hours at a time, that he might not be disturbed by external objects; and at such times the internal commotion of his mind was evinced by certain regular guttural sounds, which his admirers declared were merely the noise of conflict made by his contending doubts and opinions.

It is with infinite difficulty I have been enabled to collect these biographical anecdotes of the great man under consideration. The facts respecting him were so scattered and vague, and divers of them so questionable in point of authenticity, that I have had to give up the search after many, and decline the admission of still more, which would have tended to heighten the colouring of his portrait.

I have been the more anxious to delineate fully the person and habits of the renowned Van Twiller, from the consideration that he was not only the first, but also the best governor that ever presided over this ancient and respectable province; and so tranquil and benevolent was his reign, that I do not find, throughout the whole of it, a single instance of an offender being brought to punishment;—a most indubitable sign of a merciful governor, and a case unparalleled, excepting in the reign of the illustrious King Log, from whom, it is hinted, the renowned Van Twiller was a lineal descendant.

The very outset of the career of this excellent magistrate, like that of Solomon, or to speak more appropriately, like that of the illustrious governor of Barataria, was distinguished by an example of legal acumen, that gave flattering presage of a wise and equitable administration. The very morning after he had been solemnly installed in office, and at the moment that he was making his breakfast from a prodigious earthen dish, filled with milk and Indian pudding, he was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of one Wandle Schoonhoven, a very important old burgher of New Amsterdam, who complained bitterly of one Barent Bleecker, inasmuch as he fraudulently refused to come to a settlement of accounts, seeing that there was a heavy balance in favour of the said *Wandle*. Governor Van Twiller, as I have already obser

man of few words; he was likewise a mortal
to multiplying writings, or being disturbed at his
ast. Having listened attentively to the statement
adle Schoonhoven, giving an occasional grunt, as
velled a mighty spoonful of Indian pudding into
uth—either as a sign that he relished the dish, or
hended the story: he called unto him his consta-
d pulling out of his breeches pocket a huge jack-
despatched it after the defendant as a summons,
anied by his tobacco box as a warrant.

summary process was as effectual in those simple
s was the seal ring of the great Haroun Alraschid
the true believers. The two parties, being con-
before him, each produced a book of accounts,
in a language and character that would have
l any but a high Dutch commentator, or a learned
rer of Egyptian obelisks, to understand. The sage
r took them one after another, and having poised
in his hands, and attentively counted over the
r of leaves, fell straightway into a very great doubt,
oked for half an hour without saying a word; at
laying his finger beside his nose, and shutting his
r a moment, with the air of a man who has just
a subtle idea by the tail, he slowly took his pipe from
uth, puffed forth a column of tobacco smoke, and
arvellous gravity and solemnity pronounced—that
carefully counted over the leaves and weighed the
it was found, that one was just as thick and as
as the other—therefore it was the final opinion of
art, that the accounts were equally balanced—there-
Vandle should give Barent a receipt, and Barent
give Wandle a receipt—and the constable should
e costs.

decision, being straightway made known, diffused
l joy throughout New Amsterdam; for the people
iately perceived, that they had a very wise and
ole magistrate to rule over them. But its happiest
vas, that not another lawsuit took place throughout
ole of his administration; and the office of consta-
l into such decay, that there was not one of those
outs known in the province for many years. I am
re particular in dwelling on this transaction, not
cause I deem it one of the most sage and righte-

ous judgments on record, and well worthy the attention of modern magistrates, but because it was a miraculous event in the history of the renowned Wouter—being the only time he was ever known to come to a decision, in the whole course of his life.

CHAP. II.

Containing some account of the grand Council of New Amsterdam, as also divers especial good philosophical reasons why an Alderman should be fat — with other particulars touching the State of the Province.

In treating of the early governors of the province, I must caution my readers against confounding them, in point of dignity and power, with those worthy gentlemen who are whimsically denominated governors in this enlightened republic—a set of unhappy victims of popularity, who are in fact the most dependent, hen-pecked beings in the community—doomed to bear the secret goadings and corrections of their own party, and the sneers and revilings of the whole world beside—set up like geese at Christmas holidays, to be pelted and shot at by every whister and vagabond in the land. On the contrary, the Dutch governors enjoyed that uncontrolled authority vested in all commanders of distant colonies or territories. They were in a manner absolute despots in their little domains, lording it, if so disposed, over both law and gospel, and accountable to none but the mother country; which, it is well known, is astonishingly deaf to all complaints against its governors, provided they discharge the main duty of their station---squeezing out a good revenue. This hint will be of importance, to prevent my readers from being seized with doubt and incredulity, whenever, in the course of this authentic history, they encounter the uncommon circumstance, of a governor acting with independence, and in opposition to the opinions of the multitude.

To assist the doubtful Wouter in the arduous business of legislation, a board of magistrates was appointed, which presided immediately over the police. This potent body consisted of a schout or bailiff, with powers between those of the present mayor and sheriff; five burgermeesters, who

were equivalent to aldermen; and five schepens, who officiated as scrubs, sub-devils, or bottle-holders to the burgermeesters, in the same manner as do assistant aldermen to their principals at the present day---it being their duty to fill the pipes of the lordly burgermeesters, hunt the markets for delicacies for corporation dinners, and to discharge such other little offices of kindness, as were occasionally required. It was, moreover, tacitly understood, though not specifically enjoined, that they should consider themselves as butts for the blunt wits of the burgermeesters, and should laugh most heartily at all their jokes; but this last was a duty as rarely called in action in those days as it is at present, and was shortly remitted, in consequence of the tragical death of a fat little schepen, who actually died of suffocation in an unsuccessful effort to force a laugh at one of burgermeester Van Zandt's best jokes.

In return for these humble services, they were permitted to say *yes* and *no* at the council board, and to have that enviable privilege, the run of the public kitchen; being graciously permitted to eat, and drink, and smoke, at all those snug junketings and public gormandizings, for which the ancient magistrates were equally famous with their more modern successors. The post of schepen, therefore, like that of assistant alderman, was eagerly coveted by all your burghers of a certain description, who have a huge relish for good feeding, and an humble ambition to be great men, in a small way---who thirst after a little brief authority, that shall render them the terror of the almshouse and the bridewell---that shall enable them to lord it over obsequious poverty, vagrant vice, outcast prostitution, and hunger-driven dishonestly---that shall place in their hand the lesser, but galling scourge of the law, and give to their beck a hound-like pack of catchpoles and bum-bailiffs ---tenfold greater rogues than the culprits they hunt down! ---My readers will excuse this sudden warmth, which I confess is unbecoming of a grave historian; but I have a mortal antipathy to catchpoles, bum-bailiffs, and little great men.

The ancient magistrates of this city corresponded with those of the present time no less in form, magnitude, and intellect, than in prerogative and privilege. The burgomasters, like our aldermen, were generally chosen by weight; and not only the weight of the body, but likewise the *weight of the head. It is* a maxim practically observed

in all honest, plain thinking, regular cities, that an alderman should be fat---and the wisdom of this can be proved to a certainty. That the body is in some measure an image of the mind, or rather that the mind is moulded to the body, like melted lead to the clay in which it is cast, has been insisted on by many men of science, who have made human nature their peculiar study. For as a learned gentleman of our own city observes, "there is a constant relation between the moral character of all intelligent creatures, and their physical constitution---between their habits and the structure of their bodies." Thus we see, that a lean, spare, diminutive body is generally accompanied by a petulant, restless, meddling mind. Either the mind wears down the body by its continual motion; or else the body, not affording the mind sufficient house-room, keeps it continually in a state of fretfulness, tossing and worrying about, from the uneasiness of its situation. Whereas your round, sleek, fat, unwieldy periphery is ever attended by a mind like itself, tranquil, torpid, and at ease; and we may always observe, that your well fed, robustious burghers are in general very tenacious of their ease and comfort; being great enemies to noise, discord, and disturbance: and surely none are more likely to study the public tranquillity than those who are so careful of their own. Who ever hears of fat men heading a riot, or herding together in turbulent mobs?---No---no---it is your lean, hungry men, who are continually worrying society, and setting the whole community by the ears.

The divine Plato, whose doctrines are not sufficiently attended to by philosophers of the present age, allows to every man three souls: one immortal and rational, seated in the brain, that it may overlook and regulate the body ---a second consisting of the surly and irascible passions, which, like belligerent powers, lie encamped around the heart---a third mortal and sensual, destitute of reason, gross and brutal in its propensities, and enchained in the belly, that it may not disturb the divine soul, by its ravenous howlings. Now, according to this excellent theory, what can be more clear, than that your fat alderman is most likely to have the most regular and well conditioned mind. His head is like a huge, spherical chamber, containing a prodigious mass of soft brains, whereon the rational soul lies softly and snugly couched, as on a feather

d the eyes, which are the windows of the bed-
, are usually half closed, that its slumberings may
isturbed by external objects. A mind thus com-
lodged, and protected from disturbance, is mani-
ost likely to perform its functions with regularity
. By dint of good feeding, moreover, the mortal
lignant soul, which is confined in the belly, and
y its raging and roaring, puts the irritable soul in
hbourhood of the heart in an intolerable passion,
s renders men crusty and quarrelsome when
-is completely pacified, silenced, and put to rest :
on a host of honest good fellow qualities, and
rted affections, which had lain perdue, slily peep-
of the loopholes of the heart, finding this Cerberus
o pluck up their spirits, turn out one and all in their
uits, and gambol up and down the diaphragm—
g their professors to laughter, good humour, and
nd friendly offices towards his fellow mortals.
oard of magistrates, formed on this model, think
little, they are the less likely to differ and wrangle
avourite opinions; and as they generally transact
upon a hearty dinner, they are naturally disposed
nient and indulgent in the administration of their
Charlemagne was conscious of this, and therefore
l measure, for which I can never forgive him)
in his cartularies, that no judge should hold a
f justice, except in the morning, on an empty
.—A rule which, I warrant, bore hard upon all the
prits in his kingdom. The more enlightened and
generation of the present day have taken an
course, and have so managed that the aldermen
best fed men in the community; feasting lustily
fat things of the land, and gorging so heartily
nd turtles, that in process of time they acquire the
of the one, and the form, the waddle, and the
t of the other. The consequence is, as I have
l, these luxurious feastings do produce such a
equanimity and repose of the soul, rational and
l, that their transactions are proverbial for unvary-
otony; and the profound laws, which they enact
dozing moments, amid the labours of digestion,
tly suffered to remain as dead letters, and never
, when awake. In a word, your fair round bel-

lied burgomasters, like a full-fed mastiff, dozes quietly at the house door, always at home, and always at hand to watch over its safety: but as to electing a lean, meddling candidate to the office, as has now and then been done, I would as lief put a greyhound to watch the house, or a race horse to drag an ox-waggon.

The burgomasters then, as I have already mentioned, were wisely chosen by weight, and the schepens, or assistant aldermen, were appointed to attend upon them, and *help them to eat*; but the latter, in the course of time, when they had been fed and fattened into sufficient bulk of body and drowsiness of brain, became very eligible candidates for the burgomasters' chair; having fairly eaten themselves into office, as a mouse eats his way into a comfortable lodgment in a goodly blue nosed, skimmed milk, New England cheese.

Nothing could equal the profound deliberations that took place between the renowned Wouter and these his worthy compeers, unless it be the sage divans of some of our modern corporations. They would sit for hours smoking and dozing over public affairs, without speaking a word to interrupt that perfect stillness, so necessary to deep reflection. Under the sober sway of Wouter Van Twiller and these his worthy coadjutors, the infant settlement waxed vigorous apace, gradually emerging from the swamps and forests, and exhibiting that mingled appearance of town and country, customary in new cities, and which at this day may be witnessed in the city of Washington; that immense metropolis, which makes so glorious an appearance on paper.

It was a pleasing sight in those times, to behold the honest burgher, like a patriarch of yore, seated on the bench at the door of his whitewashed house, under the shade of some gigantic sycamore, or overhanging willow. Here would he smoke his pipe of a sultry afternoon, enjoying the soft southern breeze, and listening with silent gratulation to the clucking of his hens, the cackling of his geese, and the sonorous grunting of his swine; that combination of farm-yard melody, which may truly be said to have a silver sound, inasmuch as it conveys a certain assurance of profitable marketing.

The modern spectator, who wanders through the streets of this populous city, can scarcely form an idea of the dif-

ferent appearance they presented in the primitive days of the Doubter. The busy hum of multitudes, the shouts of revelry, the rumbling equipages of fashion, the rattling of accursed carts, and all the spirit-grieving sounds of brawling commerce, were unknown in the settlement of New Amsterdam. The grass grew quietly in the highways; the bleating sheep and frolicsome calves sported about the verdant ridge where now the Broadway loungers take their morning stroll; the cunning fox or ravenous wolf skulked in the woods where now are to be seen the dens of Gomez and his righteous fraternity of money brokers; and flocks of vociferous geese cackled about the fields where now the great Tammany wigwam and the patriotic tavern of Martling echo with the wranglings of the mob.

In these good times did a true and enviable equality of rank and property prevail, equally removed from the arrogance of wealth, and the servility and heartburnings of repining poverty; and what in my mind is still more conducive to tranquillity and harmony among friends, a happy equality of intellect was likewise to be seen. The minds of the good burghers of New Amsterdam seemed all to have been cast in one mould, and to be those honest, blunt sort of minds which, like certain manufactures, are made by the gross, and considered as exceedingly good for common use.

Thus it happens that your true dull minds are generally preferred for public employ, and especially promoted to city honours; your keen intellects, like razors, being considered too sharp for common service. I know that it is common to rail at the unequal distribution of riches as the great source of jealousies, broils, and heart-breakings; whereas for my part, I verily believe it is the sad inequality of intellect that prevails, that embroils communities more than any thing else; and I have remarked that your knowing people, who are so much wiser than any body else, are eternally keeping society in a ferment. Happily for New Amsterdam nothing of the kind was known within its walls—the very words of learning, education, taste, and talents, were unheard of—a bright genius was an animal unknown, a blue-stocking lady would have been regarded with as much wonder as a horned frog or a fiery dragon. No man in fact seemed to know more than his neighbour, nor any man to know much more than an honest man

ought to know, who has nobody's business to mind but his own; the parson and the council clerk were the only men that could read in the community, and the sage Van Twiller always signed his name with a cross.

Thrice happy and ever to be envied little Burgh! existing in all the security of harmless insignificance—unnoticed and unenvied by the world, without ambition, without vain-glory, without riches, without learning, and all their train of carking cares; and as of yore, in better days of man, the deities were wont to visit him on earth, and bless his rural habitations; so we are told, in the silvan days of New Amsterdam, the good St. Nicholas would often make his appearance, in his beloved city, of a holiday afternoon, riding jollily among the tree tops, or over the roofs of the houses, now and then drawing forth magnificent presents from his breeches pockets, and dropping them down the chimneys of his favourites. Whereas in these degenerate days of iron and brass, he never shows us the light of his countenance, nor ever visits us, save one night in the year; when he rattles down the chimneys of the descendants of the patriarchs, confining his presents merely to the children, in token of the degeneracy of the parents.

Such are the comforts and thriving effects of a fit government. The province of the New Netherlands, destitute of wealth, possessed a sweet tranquillity, that wealth could never purchase. It seemed indeed as if old Saturn had again commenced his reign, and renewed the days of primeval simplicity. For the golden age, says Ovid, was totally destitute of gold, and for that very reason was called the golden age; that is, the happy and fortunate age—because the evils produced by the precious metals, such as avarice, covetousness, theft, rapine, usury, banking, note-shaving, lottery-iusuring, and the whole catalogue of crimes and grievances, were then unknown. In the iron age there was abundance of gold; on that very account it was called the iron age, because of the hardships, the labours, the dissensions, and the wars, occasioned by the thirst of gold.

The genial days of Wouter Van Twiller, therefore, may truly be termed the golden age of our city. There were neither public commotions, nor private quarrels; *neither* parties, nor sects, nor schisms; neither prosecu-

tions, nor trials, nor punishments; nor were there counsellors, attorneys, catchpoles, or haugmen. Every man attended to what little business he was lucky enough to have, or neglected it if he pleased, without asking the opinion of his neighbour. In those days nobody meddled with concerns above his comprehension, nor thrust his nose into other people's affairs; nor neglected to correct his own conduct, and reform his own character, in his zeal to pull to pieces the characters of others; but in a word, every respectable citizen eat when he was not hungry, drank when he was not thirsty, and went regularly to bed when the sun set and the fowls went to roost, whether he were sleepy or not; all which tended so remarkably to the population of the settlement, that I am told every dutiful wife throughout New Amsterdam made a point of always enriching her husband with at least one child a year, and very often a brace: this superabundance of good things clearly constituting the true luxury of life, according to the favourite Dutch maxim, that "more than enough constitutes a feast." Every thing therefore went on exactly as it should do, and in the usual words employed by historians to express the welfare of a country, "the profoundest *tranquillity* and *repose* reigned throughout the province."

CHAP. III.

How the Town of New Amsterdam arose out of mud, and came to be marvellously polished and polite—together with a picture of our great great Grandfathers.

MANIFOLD are the taste and dispositions of the enlightened literati, who turn over the pages of history. Some there be whose hearts are brimful of the yeast of courage, and whose bosoms do work, and swell, and foam, with untried valour, like a barrel of new cider, or a train band captain, fresh from under the hands of his tailor. This doughty class of readers can be satisfied with nothing but bloody battles and horrible encounters; they must be continually storming forts, sacking cities, springing mines, marching up to the muzzles of cannon, charging bayonet through every page, and revelling in gunpowder and

carnage. Others, who are of a less martial, but equally ardent imagination, and who, withal, are a little given to the marvellous, will dwell with wonderous satisfaction on descriptions of prodigies, unheard-of events, hair-breadth escapes, hardy adventures, and all those astonishing narrations that just amble along the boundary line of possibility. A third class, who, not to speak slightly of them, are of a lighter turn, and skim over the records of past times, as they do over the edifying pages of a novel, merely for relaxation and innocent amusement, do singularly delight in treasons, executions, Sabine rapes, Tarquin outrages, conflagrations, murders, and all the other catalogue of hideous crimes, that like cayenne in cookery, do give a pungency and flavour to the dull detail of history; while a fourth class, of more philosophic habits, do diligently poreover the musty chronicles of time, to investigate the operations of the human mind, and watch the gradual changes in men and manners, effected by the progress of knowledge, the vicissitudes of events, or the influence of situation.

If the three first classes, find but little wherewithal to solace themselves in the tranquil reign of Wouter Van Twiller, I entreat them to exert their patience for awhile, and bear with the tedious picture of happiness, prosperity, and peace, which my duty as a faithful historian obliges me to draw; and I promise them, that as soon as I can possibly light upon any thing horrible, uncommon, or impossible, it shall go hard but I will make it afford them entertainment. This being premised, I turn with great complacency to the fourth class of my readers, who are men, or, if possible, women after my own heart; grave, philosophical, and investigating; fond of analyzing characters, of taking a start from first causes, and so hunting a nation down, through all the mazes of innovation and improvement. Such will naturally be anxious to witness the first developement of the newly hatched colony, and the primitive manners and customs prevalent among its inhabitants, during the halcyon reign of Van Twiller, or the Doubter.

I will not grieve their patience, however, by describing minutely the increase and improvement of New Amsterdam. Their own imaginations will doubtless present to *them* the good burghers, like so many pains-taking and

persevering beavers, slowly and surely pursuing their labours; they will behold the prosperous transformation from the rude log hut to the stately Dutch mansion, with brick front, glazed windows, and tiled roof; from the tangled thicket to the luxuriant cabbage garden; and from the skulking Indian to the ponderous burgomaster. In a word, they will picture to themselves the steady, silent, and undeviating march to prosperity, incident to a city destitute of pride or ambition, cherished by a fat government, and whose citizens do nothing in a hurry.

The sage council, as has been mentioned in a preceding chapter, not being able to determine upon any plan for the building of their city; the cows, in a laudable fit of patriotism, took it under their particular charge, and as they went to and from pasture, established paths through the bushes, on each side of which the good folks built their houses; which is one cause of the rambling and picturesque turns and labyrinths, which distinguish certain streets of New York at this very day.

Some, it must be noted, who were strenuous partisans of Mynheer Ten Breeches (or Ten-broeck), vexed that his plan of digging canals was not adopted, made a compromise with their inclinations, by establishing themselves on the margins of those creeks and inlets, which meandered through various parts of the ground laid out for improvement. To these may be particularly ascribed the first settlement of Broad Street; which originally was built along a creek, that ran up to what at present is called Wall Street. The lower part soon became very busy and populous; and a ferry house* was in process of time established at the head of it; being at that day called "the head of inland navigation."

The disciples of Mynheer Tough Breeches, on the other hand, no less enterprising, and more industrious than their rivals, stationed themselves along the shore of the river, and laboured, with unexampled perseverance, in making little docks and dykes, from which originated that multitude of mud traps with which this city is fringed! To these docks would the old burghers repair, just at those hours when the falling tide had left the

* This house has been several times repaired, and at present is a small yellow brick house, No. 23, Broad Street, with the gable end to the street, surrounded with an iron rod, on which, until within three or four years, a little iron ferry boat officiated as weathercock.

heath uncovered, that they might snuff up the fragrant effluvia of mud and mire; which they observed had a truly wholesome smell, and reminded them of the canals of Holland. To the indefatigable labours, and praiseworthy example of this latter class of projectors, are we indebted for the acres of artificial ground, on which several of our streets in the vicinity of the rivers are built; and which, if we may credit the assertions of several learned physicians of this city, have been very efficacious in producing the yellow fever.

The houses of the higher class were generally constructed of wood, excepting the gable-end, which was of small black and yellow Dutch bricks, and always faced on the street; as our ancestors, like their descendants, were very much given to outward show, and were noted for putting the best leg foremost. The house was always furnished with abundance of large doors and small windows on every floor; the date of its erection was curiously designated by iron figures on the front; and on the top of the roof was perched a fierce little weathercock, to let the family into the important secret, which way the wind blew. These, like the weathercocks on the tops of our steeples, pointed so many different ways that every man could have a wind to his mind; and you would have thought old Æolus had set all his bags of wind adrift, pell-mell, to gambol about this windy metropolis; the most stanch and loyal citizens, however, always went according to the weathercock on the top of the governor's house, which was certainly the most correct, as he had a trusty servant employed every morning to climb up and point it whichever way the wind blew.

In those good days of simplicity and sunshine, passion for cleanliness was the leading principle in domestic economy, and the universal test of an able housewife: a character which formed the utmost ambition of our unenlightened grandmothers. The front door was never opened except on marriages, funerals, new-year's days, the festival of St. Nicholas, or some such great occasion. It was ornamented with a gorgeous brass knocker, curiously wrought, sometimes into the device of a dog, and sometimes of a lion's head; and was daily burnished with such religious zeal that it was oft-times worn out by the very precautions taken for its preservation. The whole house was constantly in a state of inundation, under

the discipline of mops and brooms and scrubbing-brushes; and the good housewives of those days were a kind of amphibious animal, delighting exceedingly to be dabbling in water—insomuch that an historian of the day gravely tells us, that many of his townswomen grew to have webbed fingers like unto a duck; and some of them, he had little doubt, could the matter be examined into, would be found to have the tails of mermaids; but this I look upon to be a mere sport of fancy, or what is worse, a wilful misrepresentation.

The grand parlour was the sanctum sanctorum, where the passion for cleaning was indulged without control. In this sacred apartment no one was admitted to enter, excepting the mistress and her confidential maid, who visited it once a week; for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning, and putting things to rights; always taking the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door, and entering devoutly on their stocking feet. After scrubbing the floor, sprinkling it with fine white sand, which was curiously stroked into angles and curves, and rhomboids, with a broom—after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new bunch of evergreens in the fire-place; the window-shutters were again closed to keep out the flies, and the room carefully locked up until the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning day.

As to the family, they always entered in at the gate, and most generally lived in the kitchen. To have seen a numerous household assembled around the fire, one would have imagined that he was transported back to those happy days of primeval simplicity, which float before our imaginations like golden visions. The fire-places were of a truly patriarchal magnitude, where the whole family, old and young, master and servant, black and white, nay, even the very cat and dog, enjoyed a community of privilege, and had each a prescriptive right to a corner. Here the old burgher would sit in perfect silence, puffing his pipe, looking in the fire with half shut eyes, and thinking of nothing for hours together; the goede vrouw on the opposite side would employ herself diligently in spinning her yarn, or knitting stockings. The young folks would crowd around the hearth, listening with breathless attention to some old crone of a negro, who was *the oracle of the family*; and who, perched like

a raven in a corner of the chimney, would croa
a long winter afternoon a string of incredible st
New-England witches, grisly ghosts, horses with
and hair-breadth escapes, and bloody encount
the Indians.

In those happy days a well-regulated family
with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to
down. Dinner was invariably a private meal,
old burghers showed incontestible symptoms
probation and uneasiness, at being surprized
from a neighbour on such occasions. But t
worthy ancestors were thus singularly averse
dinners, yet they kept up the social bands of i
occasional banquetings, called tea parties.

As this is the first introduction of those
orgies, which have since become so fashional
city, I am conscious my fair readers will be v
to receive information on the subject. Sorry
there will be but little in my description cal
excite their admiration. I can neither delight
accounts of suffocating crowds, nor brilliant
rooms, nor towering feathers, nor sparkling dia
immeasurable trains. I can detail no choice a
scandal, for in those primitive times the simpl
either too stupid or too good-natured to pull e
characters to pieces: nor can I furnish any
anecdotes of brag; how one lady cheated, c
bounced into a passion; for as yet there was n
dulcet old dowagers, who met to win each oth
and lose their own tempers at a card table.

These fashionable parties were generally co
the higher classes, or noblesse, that is to sa
kept their own cows, and drove their own wagg
company commonly assembled at three o'clock,
away about six, unless it was in winter time,
fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the la
get home before dark. I do not find that
treated their company to iced creams, jellies,
bubs; or regaled them with musty almonds, r
sins, or sour oranges, as is often done in the
of refinement. Our ancestors were fond of m
substantial fare. The tea table was crowned w
earthen dish, well stored with slices of fat p
brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in

company being seated around the genial board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattest pieces in this mighty dish: in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hog's fat, and called dough nuts, or oly koeks: a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in this city, excepting in genuine Dutch families.

The tea was served out of a majestic delft tea-pot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses, tending pigs—with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot, from a huge copper tea-kettle, which would have made the pigmy macaronies of these degenerate days sweat, merely to look at it. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup—and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was, to suspend a large lump directly over the tea table, by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be suing from mouth to mouth—an ingenious expedient, which is still kept up by some families in Albany; but which prevails without exception in Communipaw, Bergen, Flat-Bush, and all our uncontaminated Dutch villages.

At these primitive tea parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor coquetting—no gambling of old ladies, nor boyden chattering and romping of young ones—no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen, with their brains in their pockets; nor amusing conceits, and monkey divertisements of smart young gentlemen, with no brains at all. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottomed chairs, and knit their own woollen stockings; nor ever opened their lips, excepting to say *yah Mynheer*, or *yah ya Vrouw*, to any question that was asked them! behaving, in all things, like decent well-educated damsels. As to the gentlemen, each of them

tranquilly smoked his pipe, and seemed lost in
plation of the blue and white tiles, with which
places were decorated; wherein sundry passages
ture were piously pourtrayed: Tobit and his do
to great advantage; Haman swung conspicuous
gibbet; and Jonah appeared most manfully boun
of the whale, like harlequin through a barrel of f

The parties broke up without noise and with
fusion. They were carried home by their own c
that is to say, by the vehicles Nature had provid
excepting such of the wealthy as could afford t
waggon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their
to their respective abodes, and took leave of the
hearty smack at the door: which, as it was an es
piece of etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and
of heart, occasioned no scandal at that time, nor
at the present—if our great grandfathers approve
custom, it would argue a great want of reverenc
descendants to say a word against it.

CHAP. IV.

Containing further particulars of the Golden A what constituted a fine Lady and Gentleman in of Walter the Doubter.

In this dulcet period of my history, when the b
island of Manna-hata presented a scene, the ve
terpart of those glowing pictures drawn of th
reign of Saturn, there was, as I have before ob
happy ignorance, an honest simplicity prevalen
its inhabitants, which, were I even able to depi
be but little understood by the degenerate age
I am doomed to write. Even the female sex, t
innovators upon the tranquillity, the honesty,
beard customs of society, seemed for awhile t
themselves with incredible sobriety and comeli
indeed behaved almost as if they had not been
the world to bother mankind, baffle philoso
confound the universe.

Their hair, untortured by the abominations of

scrupulously pomatumed back from their foreheads with a candle, and covered with a little cap of quilted calico, which fitted exactly to their heads. Their petticoats of linsey woolsey were striped with a variety of gorgeous dyes, rivalling the many coloured robes of Iris—though I must confess these gallant garments were rather short, scarce reaching below the knee; but then they made up in the number, which generally equalled that of the gentlemen's small clothes; and what is still more praiseworthy, they were all of their own manufacture—of which circumstance, as may well be supposed, they were not a little vain.

These were the honest days in which every woman staid at home, read the Bible, and wore pockets—ay, and that too of a goodly size, fashioned with patchwork into many curious devices, and ostentatiously worn on the outside. These, in fact, were convenient receptacles, where all good housewives carefully stored away such things as they wished to have at hand; by which means they often came to be incredibly crammed—and I remember there was a story current when I was a boy, that the lady of Wouter Van Twiller once had occasion to empty her right pocket in search of a wooden ladle, and the utensil was discovered lying among some rubbish in one corner; but we must not give too much faith to all these stories, the anecdotes of these remote periods being very subject to exaggeration.

Besides these notable pockets, they likewise wore scissars and pincushions suspended from their girdles by red ribands, or among the more opulent and showy classes, by brass and even silver chains—indubitable tokens of thrifty housewives and industrious spinsters—I cannot say much in vindication of the shortness of the petticoats; it doubtless was introduced for the purpose of giving the stockings a chance to be seen, which were generally of blue worsted with magnificent red clocks—or perhaps to display a well-turned ancle, and a neat though serviceable foot, set off by a high-heeled leathern shoe, with a large and splendid silver buckle. Thus we find that the gentle sex in all ages have shown the same disposition to infringe a little upon the laws of decorum, in order to betray a lurking beauty, or gratify an innocent love of finery.

From the sketch here given it will be seen, that our good grandmothers differed considerably in their ideas of a fine

figure, from their scantily dressed descend
present day. A fine lady, in those times, wa
more clothes, even on a fair summer's day,
have clad the whole bevy of a modern ball-
were they the less admired by the gentlemen in c
thereof. On the contrary, the greatness o
passion seemed to increase in proportion to the
of its object—and a voluminous damsel, ar
dozen of petticoats, was declared by a low Du
teer of the province to be radiant as a sun-
luxuriant as a full-blown cabbage. Certain it
those days the heart of a lover could not co
than one lady at a time; whereas the heart o
gallant has often room enough to accommo
dozen; the reason of which I conclude to be,
the hearts of the gentlemen have grown larg
persons of the ladies smaller; this, however, is
for physiologists to determine.

But there was a secret charm in these petti
no doubt, entered into the consideration of t
gallants. The wardrobe of a lady was in tho
only fortune; and she who had a good stock o
and stockings was as absolutely an heiress as
chalka damsel with a store of bear skins, or
belle with a plenty of reindeer. The ladies,
were very anxious to display these powerful at
the greatest advantage; and the best rooms of
instead of being adorned with caricatures of da
in water colours and needlework, were always l
with abundance of homespun garments, the m
and the property of the females—a piece o
ostentation that still prevails among the heire
Dutch villages. Such were the beauteous b
ancient city of New Amsterdam, rivalling i
simplicity of manners the renowned and courtly
lofily sung by Dan Homer—who tells us, that
Nausicaa washed the family linen, and the fai
wove her own petticoats.

The gentlemen, in fact, who figured in the ci
gay world in these ancient times, correspond
particulars, with the beauteous damsels whose
were ambitious to deserve. True it is, their m
make but a very inconsiderable impression upo

of a modern fair; they neither drove their curricles nor sported their tandems, for as yet those gaudy vehicles were not even dreamed of; neither did they distinguish themselves by their brilliancy at the table, and their consequent rencontres with watchmen; for our forefathers were of too pacific a disposition to need those guardians of the night, every soul throughout the town being in full snore before nine o'clock. Neither did they establish their claims to gentility at the expense of their tailors, for as yet those offenders against the pockets of society, and the tranquillity of all aspiring young gentlemen, were unknown in New Amsterdam; every good housewife made the clothes of her husband and family, and even the goede vrouw of Van Twiller himself thought it no disparagement to cut out her husband's linsey woolsey galligaskins.

Not but what there were some two or three younguters who manifested the first dawnings of what is called fire and spirit; who held all labour in contempt; skulked about docks and market-places; loitered in the sunshine; squandered what little money they could procure at hustle-cap and chuckfarthing; swore, boxed, fought cocks, and raced their neighbours' horses—in short, who promised to be the wonder, the talk, and abomination of the town, had not their stylish career been unfortunately cut short by an affair of honour with a whipping-post.

Far other, however, was the truly fashionable gentleman of those days—his dress, which served for both morning and evening, street and drawing-room, was a linsey woolsey coat, made, perhaps, by the fair hands of the mistress of his affections, and gallantly bedecked with abundance of large brass buttons. Half a score of breeches heightened the proportions of his figure—his shoes were decorated by enormous copper buckles—a low-crowned broad-brimmed hat overshadowed his burley visage, and his hair dangled down his back in a prodigious queue of eel skin.

Thus equipped, he would manfully sally forth with pipe in mouth to besiege some fair damsel's obdurate heart—not such a pipe, good reader, as that which Acis did sweetly tune in praise of his Galatea, but one of the true delft manufacture, and furnished with a charge of fragrant Cowpen tobacco. With this would he resolutely set himself down before the fortress, and rarely failed, in the process of time, to smoke the fair enemy into a surrender upon *honourable terms.*

Such was the happy reign of Wouter Van Twiller, celebrated in many a long forgotten song as the real golden age, the rest being nothing but counterfeit copper-washed coin. In that delightful period a sweet and holy calm reigned over the whole province. The burgomaster smoked his pipe in peace—the substantial solace of his domestic cares, after her daily toils were done, sat soberly at the door, with her arms crossed over her apron of snowy white, without being insulted by ribald street-walkers or vagabond boys---those unlucky urchins who do so infest our streets, displaying under the roses of youth the thorns and briers of iniquity. Then it was that the lover with ten breeches, and the damsel with petticoats of half a score, indulged in all the innocent endearments of virtuous love, without fear and without reproach, for what had that virtue to fear which was defended by a shield of good linsey woolseys, equal at least to the seven bull-hides of the invincible Ajax?

Ah blissful, and never to be forgotten age! when every thing was better than it has ever been since, or ever will be again---when Buttermilk channel was quite dry at low water---when the shad in the Hudson were all salmon: and when the moon shone with a pure and resplendent whiteness, instead of that melancholy yellow light, which is the consequence of her sickening at the abominations she every night witnesses in this degenerate city!

Happy would it have been for New Amsterdam, could it always have existed in this state of blissful ignorance and lowly simplicity; but alas! the days of childhood are too sweet to last! Cities, like men, grow out of them in time, and are doomed alike to grow into the bustle, the cares, and miseries of the world. Let no man congratulate himself when he beholds the child of his bosom, or the city of his birth, increasing in magnitude and importance ---let the history of his own life teach him the dangers of the one, and this history of Manna-hata convince him of the calamities of the other.

CHAP. V.

In which the Reader is beguiled into a delectable walk, which ends very differently from what it commenced.

In the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and four, on a fine afternoon, in the glowing month of September, I took my customary walk upon the battery, which is at once the pride and bulwark of this ancient and impregnable city of New York. I remember well the season, for it immediately preceded that remarkably cold winter, in which our sagacious corporation, in a freak of economical philanthropy, pulled to pieces, at an expence of several hundred dollars, the wooden ramparts which had cost them several thousand; and distributed the rotten fragments, which were worth considerably less than nothing, among the shivering poor of the city. Never since the fall of the walls of Jericho, or the heaven-built battlements of Troy, had there been known such a demolition—nor did it go unpunished; multitudes were blinded in vain attempts to smoke themselves warm with this charitable substitute for fire wood; and an epidemic complaint of sore eyes was moreover produced, which has since recurred every winter, particularly among those who undertake to burn rotten logs—who warm themselves with the charity of others—or who use patent chimneys.

On the year and month just designated did I take my accustomed walk of meditation, on that same battery, which, though at present no battery, furnishes the most delightful walk, and commands the noblest prospect in the whole known world. The ground on which I trod was hallowed by recollections of the past; and as I slowly wandered through the long alley of poplars, which, like so many birch brooms standing on end, diffused a melancholy and lugubrious shade, my imagination drew a contrast between the surrounding scenery, and what it was in the classic days of our forefathers. Where the government house by name, but the custom house by occupation, proudly reared its brick walls and wooden pillars, there wholome stood the low but substantial red-tiled mansion of the renowned Wouter Van Twiller. Around it the mighty

bulwarks of fort Amsterdam frowned defiance t
absent foe; but, like many a whiskered warrior and
militia captain, confined their martial deeds to
alone; alas! those threatening bulwarks had lor
been sapped by time, and, like the walls of Cartha
sented no traces to the inquiring eye of the anti
The mud breast-works had long been levelled w
earth, and their site converted into the green la
leafy alleys of the battery; where the gay ap
sported his Sunday coat, and the laborious m
relieved from the dirt and drudgery of the week,
his weekly tale of love into the half-averted ea
sentimental chambermaid. The capacious bay still p
the same expansive sheet of water, studded with
sprinkled with fishing boats, and bounded by sl
picturesque beauty. But the dark forests whi
clothed these shores had been violated by the sava
of cultivation, and their tangled mazes and impe
thickets had degenerated into teeming orchards and
fields of grain. Even Governor's Island, once a
garden, appertaining to the sovereigns of the provi
now covered with fortifications, enclosing a tre
block house—so that this once peaceful island rese
fierce little warrior in a big cocked hat, breathi
powder and defiance to the world!

For some time did I indulge in this pensive
thought; contrasting, in sober sadness, the pres
with the hallowed years behind the mountains; la
the melancholy progress of improvement, and prai
zeal with which our worthy burghers endeavour to
the wrecks of venerable customs, prejudices, and
from the overwhelming tide of modern innovation
by degrees my ideas took a different turn, and I in
awaked to an enjoyment of the beauties around m

It was one of those rich autumnal days which
particularly bestows upon the beauteous island of
hata and its vicinity—not a floating cloud obscu
azure firmament—the sun rolling in glorious sp
through his etherial course, seemed to expand hi
Dutch countenance into an unusual expression of
lence, as he smiled his evening salutation upon
which he delights to visit with his most bounteous
the very winds seemed to hold in their breaths

n, lest they should ruffle the tranquillity of the
ınd the waveless bosom of the bay presented a
d mirror, in which Nature beheld herself and
The standard of our city, which, like a choice
rchief, is reserved for days of gala, hung motionless
flag-staff, which forms the handle to a gigantic
and even the tremulous leaves of the poplar and
en, which, like the tongues of the immortal sex, are
still, now ceased to vibrate to the breath of heaven.
hing seemed to acquiesce in the profound repose of
The formidable eighteen pounders slept in the
ures of the wooden batteries, seemingly gathering
rength to fight the battles of their country on the
ı of July—the solitary drum on Governor's Island
o call the garrison to their *shovels*—the evening
d not yet sounded its signal, for all the regular,
eaning poultry throughout the country, to go to
and the fleet of canoes, at anchor between Gibbet
ınd Communipaw, slumbered on their rakes, and
l the innocent oysters to lie for a while unmolested
oft mud of their native banks! My own feelings
hized with the contagious tranquillity, and I should
y have dozed upon one of those fragments of
, which our benevolent magistrates have provided
benefit of convalescent loungers, had not the
linary inconvenience of the couch set all repose at
:.
e midst of this soothing slumber of the soul, my
n was attracted to a black speck, peering above
tern horizon, just in the rear of Bergen steeple—
ly it augments and overhangs the would-be cities
y, Harsimus, and Hoboken, which, like three
, are starting on the course of existence, and jostling
her at the commencement of the race. Now it
he long shore of ancient Pavonia, spreading its
adows from the high settlements of Weehawk
› the lazaretto and quarantine, erected by the
' of our police, for the embarrassment of commerce
it climbs the serene vault of heaven, cloud rolling
ud, like successive billows, shrouding the orb of
rkening the vast expanse, and bearing thunder and
l tempest in its bosom. The earth seems agitated
onfusion of the heavens—the late waveless mirror

is lashed into furious waves, that roll their broken surges in hollow murmurs to the shore—the oyster boats, that erst sported in the placid vicinity of Gibbet-Island, now hurry affrighted to the shore—the late dignified, unbending poplar, writhes and twists before the merciless blast—descending torrents of drenching rain and sounding hail deluge the battery walk, the gates are thronged by apprentices, servant maids, and little Frenchmen, with their pocket handkerchiefs over their hats, scampering from the storm—the late beauteous prospect presents one scene of anarchy and wild uproar, as though old Chaos had resumed his reign, and was hurling back, into one vast turmoil, the conflicting elements of nature. Fancy to yourself, oh reader! the awful combat sung by old Hesiod, of Jupiter and the Titans—fancy to yourself, the long re-bellowing artillery of heaven, streaming at the heads of the gigantic sons of earth. In short, fancy to yourself all that has ever been said or sung of tempest, storm, and hurricane, and you will save me the trouble of describing it.

Whether I fled from the fury of the storm, or remained boldly at my post, as our gallant train band captains, who march their soldiers through the rain without flinching—are points which I leave to the conjecture of the reader. It is possible he may be a little perplexed also to know the reason why I introduced this most tremendous and unheard-of tempest, to disturb the serenity of my work. On this latter point I will gratuitously instruct his ignorance. The panorama view of the battery was given, merely to gratify the reader with a correct description of that celebrated place, and the parts adjacent:—secondly, the storm was played off, partly to give a little bustle and life to this tranquil part of my work, and to keep my drowsy readers from falling asleep; and partly to serve as a preparation, or rather an overture, to the tempestuous times that are about to assail the pacific province of Nieuw Nederlandts, and that overhang the slumberous administration of the renowned Wouter Van Twiller. It is thus the experienced play-wright puts all the fiddles, the French horns, the kettle-drums, and trumpets of his orchestra in requisition, to usher in one of those horrible and brimstone uproars, called melo-dramas: and it is thus he discharges his thunder, his lightning, his rain, and

petre, preparatory to the raising of a ghost, or the rdering of a hero. We will now proceed with our ory.

Whatever may be advanced by philosophers to the rary, I am of opinion, that, as to nations, the old im, that "honesty is the best policy," is a sheer and ous mistake. It might have answered well enough in honest times when it was made; but in these degene- days, if a nation pretends to rely merely upon the ice of its dealings, it will fare something like an honest among thieves, who, unless he have something more his honesty to depend upon, stands but a poor chance profiting by his company. Such at least was the case the guileless government of the New Netherlands; ch, like a worthy unsuspicious old burgher, quietly led itself down into the city of New Amsterdam, as a snug elbow chair, and fell into a comfortable nap; le in the meantime its cunning neighbours stepped in picked its pockets. Thus may we ascribe the com- icement of all the woes of this great province, and its nificent metropolis, to the tranquil security, or to ak more accurately, to the unfortunate honesty of its ernment. But as I dislike to begin an important part ny history towards the end of a chapter; and as my lers, like myself, must doubtless be exceedingly fatigued h the long walk we have taken, and the tempest we e sustained, I hold it meet we shut up the book, smoke ipe, and having thus refreshed our spirits, take a fair t in the next chapter.

CHAP. VI.

thfully describing the ingenious people of Connecticut l thereabouts---Showing, moreover, the true meaning of erty of Conscience, and a curious device among these rdy Barbarians, to keep up a harmony of intercourse, and promote population.

THAT my readers may the more fully comprehend the ent of the calamity, at this very moment impending r the honest unsuspecting province of Nieuw Neder- dts, and its dubious governor, it is necessary that I

should give some account of a horde of strange bar
bordering upon the eastern frontier.

Now it so came to pass, that many years pre
the time of which we are treating, the sage ca
England had adopted a certain national creed, a
public walk of faith, or rather a religious turn
which every loyal subject was directed to travel t
taking care to pay the *toll gatherers* by the way.

Albeit a certain shrewd race of men, being ve
given to indulge their own opinions, on all manner
jects (a propensity exceedingly obnoxious to y
governments of Europe), did most presumptuou
to think for themselves in matters of religion, ex
what they considered a natural and unextinguishal
—the liberty of conscience.

As, however, they possessed that ingenuous
mind which always thinks aloud; which in a
rides cock-a-hoop on the tongue, and is for ever g
into other people's ears;—it naturally followed t
liberty of conscience likewise implied *liberty of*
which, being freely indulged, soon put the coun
hubbub, and aroused the pious indignation of the
fathers of the church.

The usual methods were adopted to reclaim th
in those days were considered so efficacious in
back stray sheep to the fold; that is to say, t
coaxed, they were admonished, they were menac
were buffeted—line upon line, precept upon prec
upon lash, here a little and there a great de
exhausted without mercy, and without success;
length the worthy pastors of the church, wearied
their unparalelled stubbornness, were driven, in th
of their tender mercy, to adopt the scripture t
literally "heaped live embers on their heads."

Nothing, however, could subdue that invincible
independence which has ever distinguished this
race of people; so that, rather than submit to such
tyranny, they one and all embarked for the wi
of America, where they might enjoy unmoles
inestimable luxury of talking. No sooner did they
this loquacious soil, than, as if they had caught th
from the climate, they all lifted up their voices
and for the space of one whole year did keep up

clamour, that we are told they frightened every
l beast out of the neighbourhood, and so com-
lumb-founded certain fish, which abound on their
at they have been called *dumb-fish* ever since.

this simple circumstance, unimportant as it
em, did first originate that renowned privilege
ly boasted of throughout this country—which is
ently exercised in newspapers, pamphlets, ward-
s, pot-houses, committees, and congressional
tions—which establishes the right of talking with-
s and without information—of misrepresenting
ffairs—of decrying public measures—of aspersing
aracters, and destroying little ones: in short, that
alladium of our country, the *liberty of speech*.
imple aborigines of the land, for a while contem-
these strange folk in utter astonishment; but
ing that they wielded harmless though noisy
, and were a lively, ingenious, good humoured
men, they became very friendly and sociable, and
em the name of *Yanokies*, which in the Mais-
g (or Massachusett) language signifies *silent men*
gish appellation, since shortened into the familiar
f YANKEES, which they retain unto the present day.
it is and my fidelity as a historian will not allow
ss it over in silence, that the zeal of these good
o maintain their rights and privileges unimpaired,
while betray them into errors, which it is easier to
han defend. Having served a regular apprentice-
he school of persecution, it behoved them to show
ey had become proficients in the art. They
gly employed their leisure hours in banishing,
g, or hanging divers heretical papists, quakers,
baptists, for daring to abuse the *liberty of*
ce; which they now clearly proved to imply
more than that every man should think as he
in matters of religion—*provided* he thought
or otherwise it would be giving a latitude to
e heresies. Now as they (the majority) were
y convinced that *they alone* thought right, it
ently followed that whoever thought different from
ought wrong; and whoever thought wrong, and
ely persisted in not being convinced and con-
was a flagrant violator of the inestimable liberty

of conscience, and a corrupt and infectious r
the body politic, and deserved to be lopped off
into the fire.

Now I'll warrant there are hosts of my reader
once to lift up their hands and eyes, with tha
indignation with which we always contemplate
and errors of our neighbours, and to exclaim
well meaning but mistaken people, for inflicting
the injuries they had suffered themselves—for
the preposterous idea of convincing the
tormenting the body, and establishing the d
charity and forbearance by intolerant persecu
in simple truth, what are we doing at this very
in this very enlightened nation, but acting upo
same principle, in our political controversies?
not within but few years released ourselves
shackles of a government, which cruelly deni
privilege of governing ourselves, and using in fu
that invaluable member the tongue? And are
this very moment striving our best to tyranniz
opinions, tie up the tongues, or ruin the fortu
another? What are our great political societie
political inquisitions?—Our pot-house comm
little tribunals of denunciation?—Our newsp
mere whipping-posts and pillories, where the u
individuals are pelted with rotten eggs?—And o
of appointment, but a grand *auto da fe*, where c
continually sacrificed for their political heresie

Where then is the difference in principle b
measures and those you are so ready to conde
the people I am treating? There is none; the
is merely circumstantial.—Thus we *denounce*,
banishing—we *libel*, instead of scourging—we
office, instead of hanging;—and where they
offender in *propriâ personâ*, we either tar
or burn him in effigy—this political persecu
some how or other, the grand palladium of ou
and an incontrovertible proof that this is a *fre*

But notwithstanding the fervent zeal with
holy war was prosecuted against the whol
unbelievers, we do not find that the population
colony was in any ways hindered thereby; on t
they multiplied to a degree which would be in

nan unacquainted with the marvellous fecundity of
growing country.
is amazing increase may indeed be partly ascribed to
pular custom prevalent among them, and which was
bly borrowed from the ancient republic of Sparta;
we are told the young ladies, either from being
romps and hoydens, or else, like many modern
ies, very fond of meddling with matters that did not
tain to their sex, used frequently to engage with the
in wrestling and other athletic exercises of the
asium. The custom to which I allude was vulgarly
n by the name of *bundling*—a superstitious rite
ved by the young people of both sexes, with which
usually terminated their festivities; and which was
up with religious strictness, by the more bigoted
ulgar part of the community. This ceremony was
ise, in those primitive times, considered as an indis-
ible preliminary to matrimony; their courtships
encing where ours usually finish. By which means
acquired that intimate acquaintance with each
's good qualities before marriage, which has been
nced by philosophers the sure basis of a happy
. Thus early did this cunning and ingenious
le display a shrewdness at making a bargain, which
ver since distinguished them—and a strict adherence
e good old vulgar maxim about "buying a pig in a
"
this sagacious custom, therefore, do I chiefly
ute the unparalleled increase of the Yanokie or Yankee
; for it is a certain fact, well authenticated by court
ds and parish registers, that wherever the practice of
lling prevailed, there was an amazing number of
ly brats annually born unto the state, without the
e of the law, or the benefit of clergy; and it is
astonishing that the learned Malthus, in his treatise
opulation, has entirely overlooked this singular fact.
her did the irregularity of their birth operate in the
to their disparagement. On the contrary, they grew
a long-sided, raw-boned, hardy race of whoreson
ers, wood cutters, fishermen, and pedlers, and strap-
corn-fed wenches: who, by their united efforts,
ed marvellously towards populating those notable
s of country called *Nantucket*, Pistcataway, and Cape

CHAP. VII.

How these simple Barbarians turned out to be notor Squatters.—How they built Air-Castles, and attem to initiate the Nederlanders in the Mystery of Bundl

In the last chapter I have given a faithful but ur judiced account of the origin of that singular rac people, inhabiting the country eastward of the N Nederlandts; but I have yet to mention certain pec habits which rendered them exceedingly obnoxious to ever honoured Dutch ancestors.

The most prominent of these was a certain raml propensity, with which, like the sons of Ishmael, seem to have been gifted by heaven, and which contin goads them on, to shift their residence from place to p so that a Yankee farmer is in a constant state of migrat *tarrying* occasionally here and there; clearing land other people to enjoy, building houses for others to inh and in a manner may be considered the wandering Ar America.

His first thought, on coming to the years of manl is to *settle* himself in the world—which means not more nor less than to begin his rambles. To this he takes unto himself for a wife some dashing cou heiress; that is to say, a buxom rosy-cheeked w passing rich in red ribands, glass-beads, and mock tort shell combs, with a white gown and morocco shoe Sunday; and deeply skilled in the mystery of making s sweetmeats, long-sauce, and pumpkin pie.

Having thus provided himself, like a true pedler, a heavy knapsack, wherewith to regale his thou through the journey of life, he literally sets out o peregrination. His whole family, household furni and farming utensils, are hoisted into a covered cart, own and his wife's wardrobe packed up in a firkin: w done, he shoulders his axe, takes his staff in his h whistles, "yankee doodle," and trudges off to the we as confident of the protection of Providence, and rel as cheerfully upon his own resources, as did ev patriarch of yore, when he journeyed into a str country of the Gentiles. Having buried himself in

s, he builds himself a log hut, clears away a corn potato patch, and, Providence smiling upon his is soon surrounded by a snug farm and some half f flaxen-headed urchins, who, by their size, seem prung all at once out of the earth, like a crop of s.

is not the nature of this most indefatigable of rs to rest contented with any state of sublunary it—*improvement* is his darling passion, and having proved his lands, his next care is to provide a worthy the residence of a landholder. A huge f pine boards immediately springs up in the the wilderness, large enough for a parish church, ished with windows of all dimensions, but so nd flimsy withal, that every blast gives it a fit of

e time the outside of this mighty air castle is ed, either the funds or the zeal of our adventurer sted, so that he barely manages to half finish one thin, where the whole family burrow together; e rest of the house is devoted to the curing of s, or storing of carrots and potatoes, and is l with fanciful festoons of wilted peaches and dried The outside remaining unpainted, grows venerably th time; the family wardrobe is laid under con- for old hats, petticoats, and breeches, to stuff proken windows; while the four winds of heaven a whistling and howling about this aërial palace, as many unruly gambols, as they did of yore, in of old Æolus.

humble log hut, which whilome nestled this g family snugly within its narrow but comfortable ands hard by in ignominious contrast, degraded w-house or pigsty; and the whole scene reminds ibly of a fable, which I am surprised has never orded, of an aspiring snail, who quits his humble n, which he filled with great respectability, to to the empty shell of a lobster---where he would t have resided with great style and splendour, the d hate of all the pains-taking snails of his neigh- d, had he not accidentally perished with cold in er of his stupendous mansion.

thus completely settled, and, to use his own

words, "to rights," one would imagine that he would begin to enjoy the comforts of his situation, to read news-papers, talk politics, neglect his own business, and attend to the affairs of the nation, like a useful and patriotic citizen; but now it is that this wayward disposition begins again to operate. He soon grows tired of a spot where there is no longer any room for improvement, sells his farm, air-castle, petticoat windows and all, reloads his cart, shoulders his axe, puts himself at the head of his family, and wanders away in search of new lands—again to fell trees—again to clear corn fields—again to build a shingle palace, and again to sell off, and wander.

Such were the people of Connecticut, who bordered upon the eastern frontier of Nieuw Nederlandts, and my readers may easily imagine what obnoxious neighbours this light hearted but restless tribe must have been to our tranquil progenitors. If they cannot, I would ask them if they have ever known one of our regular, well organized Dutch families, whom it hath pleased heaven to afflict with the neighbourhood of a French boarding house. The honest old burgher cannot take his afternoon's pipe, on the bench before his door, but he is persecuted with the scraping of fiddles, the chattering of women, and the squalling of children—he cannot sleep at night for the horrible melodies of some amateur, who chooses to serenade the moon, and display his terrible proficiency in *execution*, by playing demisemiquavers in alt on the clarionet, the hautboy, or some other soft-toned instrument—nor can he leave the street-door open, but his house is defiled by the unsavoury visits of a troop of pug dogs, who even sometimes carry their loathsome ravages into the sanctum sanctorum, the parlour.

If my readers have ever witnessed the sufferings of such a family, so situated, they may form some idea how our worthy ancestors were distressed by their mercurial neighbours of Connecticut.

Gangs of these marauders, we are told, penetrated into the New Netherland settlements, and threw whole villages into consternation by their unparalleled volubility, and their intolerable inquisitiveness—two evil habits hitherto unknown in those parts, or only known to be abhorred; for our ancestors were noted, as being men of truly Spartan taciturnity, and who neither knew nor cared aught about any body's concerns but their own. Many enormities

were committed on the highways, where several unoffending burghers were brought to a stand, and tortured with questions and guesses; which outrages occasioned as much vexation and heart burning as does the modern right of search on the high seas.

Great jealousy did they likewise stir up, by their intermeddling and success among the divine sex; for being a race of brisk, lively, pleasant tongued varlets, they soon seduced the light affections of the simple damsels from their ponderous Dutch gallants. Among other hideous customs, they attempted to introduce among them that of *bundling*, which the Dutch lasses of the Nederlandts, with that eager passion for novelty and foreign fashions natural to their sex, seemed very well inclined to follow; but that their mothers, being more experienced in the world, and better acquainted with men and things, strenuously discountenanced all such outlandish innovations.

But what chiefly operated to embroil our ancestors with these strange folk, was an unwarrantable liberty which they occasionally took of entering in hordes into the territories of the New Netherlands, and settling themselves down, without leave or license, to *improve* the land in the manner I have before noticed. This unceremonious mode of taking possession of *new land* was technically termed *squatting*, and hence is derived the appellation of *squatters*; a name odious in the ears of all great landholders, and which is given to those enterprising worthies, who seize upon land first, and take their chance to make good their title to it afterwards.

All these grievances, and many others which were constantly accumulating, tended to form that dark and portentous cloud which, as I observed in a former chapter, was slowly gathering over the tranquil province of New Netherlands. The pacific cabinet of Van Twiller, however, as will be perceived in the sequel, bore them all with a magnanimity that redounds to their immortal credit—becoming by passive endurance inured to this increasing mass of wrongs; like the sage old woman of Ephesus, who by dint of carrying about a calf from the time it was born, continued to carry it without difficulty when it had grown to be an ox.

CHAP. VIII.

How the Fort Goed Hoop was fearfully beleagured---how the renowned Wouter fell into a profound doubt, and how he finally evaporated.

By this time my readers must fully perceive what an arduous task I have undertaken---collecting and collating with painful minuteness the chronicles of past times, whose events almost defy the powers of research---exploring a little kind of Herculaneum of history, which had laid nearly for ages buried under the rubbish of years, and almost totally forgotten---raking up the limbs and fragments of disjointed facts; and endeavouring to put them scrupulously together, so as to restore them to their original form and connexion---now lugging forth the character of an almost forgotten hero, like a mutilated statue---now deciphering a half defaced inscription; and now lighting upon a mouldering manuscript, which, after painful study, scarce repays the trouble of perusal.

In such case how much has the reader to depend upon the honour and probity of his author, lest, like a cunning antiquarian, he either impose upon him spurious fabrication of his own, for a precious relique from antiquity, or else dress up the dismembered fragment, with such false trappings, that it is scarcely possible to distinguish the truth from the fiction with which it is enveloped. This is a grievance which I have more than once had to lament, in the course of my wearisome researches among the works of my fellow historians; who have strangely disguised and distorted the facts respecting this country; and particularly respecting the great province of New Netherlands; as will be perceived by any who will take the trouble to compare their romantic effusions, tricked out in the meretricious gauds of fable, with this authentic history.

I have had more vexations of the kind to encounter, in those parts of my history which treat of the transactions on the eastern border, than in any other, in consequence of the troops of historians who have infested those quarters, and have shown the honest people of Nieuw Nederlandts no mercy in their works. Among the rest, Mr. Benjamin Trumbull arrogantly declares, that "the Dutch were

always mere intruders."—Now to this I shall make no other reply than to proceed in the steady narration of my history, which will contain not only proofs that the Dutch had clear title and possession in the fair valleys of the Connecticut, and that they were wrongfully dispossessed thereof; but likewise that they have been scandalously maltreated ever since, by the misrepresentation of the crafty historians of New England. And in this I shall be guided by a spirit of truth and impartiality, and a regard to immortal fame; for I would not wittingly dishonour my work by a single falsehood, misrepresentation, or prejudice, though it should gain our forefathers the whole country of New England.

It was at an early period of the province, and previous to the arrival of the renowned Wouter, that the cabinet of Nieuw Nederlandts purchased the lands about the Connecticut, and established for their superintendence and protection a fortified post on the banks of the river, which was called Fort Goed Hoop, and was situated hard by the present fair city of Hartford. The command of this important post, together with the rank, title, and appointments of commissary, were given in charge to the gallant Jacobus Van Curlet, or as some historians will have it Van Curlis; a most doughty soldier, of that stomachfu' class, of which we have such numbers on parade days; who are famous for eating all they kill. He was of a very soldierlike appearance, and would have been an exceeding tall man, had his legs been in proportion to his body; but the latter being long, and the former uncommonly short, it gave him the uncouth appearance of a tall man's body mounted upon a little man's legs. He made up for this turnspit construction of body by throwing his legs to such an extent when he marched, that you would have sworn he had on the identical seven-league boots of the far-famed Jack the giant killer; and so astonishingly high did he tread on any great military occasion, that his soldiers were *oft*-times alarmed, lest he should trample himself under foot.

But notwithstanding the erection of this fort, and the appointment of this ugly *little* man of war as a commander, the intrepid Yankees continued those daring interlopings which I have hinted at in my last chapter; and taking advantage of the character which the cabinet of Wouter

Van Twiller soon acquired for profound and phlegmat tranquillity---did audaciously invade the territories of th Nieuw Nederlandts, and *squat* themselves down within th very jurisdiction of Fort Goed Hoop.

On beholding this outrage, the long bodied Van Curl proceeded as became a prompt and valiant officer. H immediately protested against these unwarrantable e croachments, in low Dutch, by way of inspiring mo terror, and forthwith despatched a copy of the protest t the governor at New-Amsterdam, together with a long an bitter account of the aggressions of the enemy. Th done, he ordered his men, one and all, to be of goo cheer---shut the gate of the fort, smoked three pipes, wen to bed, and awaited the result with a resolute and intrepi tranquillity, that greatly animated his adherents, and s doubt struck sore dismay and affright into the hearts o the enemy.

Now it came to pass, that about this time, the renowne Wouter Van Twiller, full of years and honours, an council dinners, had reached that period of life and facult which, according to the great Gulliver, entitles a man t admission into the ancient order of Struldbruggs. H employed his time in smoking his Turkish pipe, amid a assemblage of sages, equally enlightened, and nearly a venerable as himself, and who, for their silence, the gravity, their wisdom, and their cautious averseness t coming to any conclusion in business, are only to b equalled by certain profound corporations which I hav known in my time. Upon reading the protest of th gallant Jacobus Van Curlet, therefore, his excellency fel straightway into one of the deepest doubts that ever he wa known to encounter; his capacious head gradually droope on his chest,* he closed his eyes, and inclined his ear t one side, as if listening with great attention to the dis cussion that was going on in his belly; which all who knew him declared to be the huge court-house, or council chamber of his thoughts; forming to his head what th house of representatives do to the senate. An inarticulate sound, very much resembling a snore, occasionally escaped him; but the nature of this internal cogitation was never

* "Perplexed with vast affairs of state and town,
His great head being overset hangs down."
TELECLIDES, in Pericles.

known, as he never opened his lips on the subject to man, woman, or child. In the meantime, the protest of Van Curlet laid quietly on the table, where it served to light the pipes of the venerable sages assembled in council; and in the great smoke which they raised, the gallant Jacobus, his protest, and his mighty Fort Goed Hoop, were soon as completely beclouded and forgotten, as is a question of emergency swallowed up in the speeches and resolutions of a modern session of congress.

There are certain emergencies when your profound legislators and sage deliberative councils are mightily in the way of a nation; and when an ounce of hair-brained decision is worth a pound of sage doubts and cautious discussion. Such at least was the case at present; for while the renowned Wouter Van Twiller was daily battling with his doubts, and his resolution growing weaker and weaker in the contest, the enemy pushed further and further into his territories, and assumed a most formidable appearance in the neighbourhood of the Fort Goed Hoop. Here they founded the mighty town of *Pyquag*, or, as it has since been called, *Weathersfield*; a place which, if we may credit the assertions of that worthy historian John Josselyn, Gent. "hath been infamous by reason of the witches therein."—And so daring did these men of Pyquag become, that they extended those plantations of onions, for which their town is illustrious, under the very noses of the garrison of Fort Goed Hoop—insomuch that the honest Dutchmen could not look toward that quarter without tears in their eyes.

This crying injustice was regarded with proper indignation by the gallant Jacobus Van Curlet. He absolutely trembled with the amazing violence of his choler, and the exacerbations of his valour; which seemed to be the more turbulent in their workings, from the length of the body in which they were agitated. He forthwith proceeded to strengthen his redoubts, heighten his breast works, deepen his fosse, and fortify his position with a double row of abbatis; after which valiant precautions, he, with unexampled intrepidity, despatched a fresh courier with tremendous accounts of his perilous situation. Never did the modern hero, who immortalized himself at the second Sabine war, show greater valour in the art of letter

writing, or distinguish himself more gloriously
paper, than the heroic Van Curlet.

The courier chosen to bear these alarming des
was a fat oily little man, as being least liable to b
out, or to lose leather on the journey; and to ins
speed, he was mounted on the fleetest waggon horse
garrison, remarkable for his length of limb, large
bone, and hardness of trot; and so tall, that th
messenger was obliged to climb on his back by m
his tail and crupper. Such extraordinary speed
make, that he arrived at Fort Amsterdam in lit
than a month, though the distance was full two h
pipes, or about 120 miles.

The extraordinary appearance of this portentous s
would have thrown the whole town of New Ams
into a quandary, had the good people troubled the
about any thing more than their domestic affairs.
an appearance of great hurry and business, and s
a short travelling pipe, he proceeded on a long swi
through the muddy lanes of the metropolis, demo
whole batches of dirt pies, which the little Dutch c
were making in the road; and for which kind of
the children of this city have ever been famou
arriving at the governor's house, he climbed dow
his steed in great trepidation—roused the gray
door-keeper, old Skaats, who, like his lineal descend
faithful representative, the venerable crier of our
was nodding at his post—rattled at the door of the
chamber, and startled the members as they were
over a plan for establishing a public market.

At that very moment a gentle grunt, or rather
drawn snore, was heard from the chair of the gove
whiff of smoke was at the same instant obser
escape from his lips, and a light cloud to ascend fi
bowl of his pipe. The council of course suppos
engaged in deep sleep for the good of the communi
according to custom in all such cases established
man bawled out Silence, in order to maintain tranq
when of a sudden the door flew open, and th
courier straddled into the apartment, cased to the
in a pair of Hessian boots, which he had got into
sake of expedition. In his right hand he held fo

ominous dispatches, and with his left grasped firmly the waistband of his galligaskins, which had unfortunately given way in the exertion of descending from his horse. He stumped resolutely up to the governor, and with more hurry than perspicuity delivered his message. But fortunately his ill-tidings came too late to ruffle the tranquillity of this most tranquil of rulers. His venerable excellency had just breathed and smoked his last—his lungs and his pipe having been exhausted together, and his peaceful soul having escaped in the last whiff that curled from his tobacco pipe. In a word, the renowned Walter the Doubter, who had so often slumbered with his contemporaries, now slept with his fathers, and Wilhelmus Kieft governed in his stead.

END OF BOOK THIRD.

BOOK FOURTH.

CONTAINING THE CHRONICLES OF THE REIGN OF WILLIAM THE TESTY.

CHAP. I.

Showing the nature of History in general; containing furthermore the universal acquirements of William the Testy, and how a Man may learn so much as to render himself good for nothing.

WHEN the lofty Thucydides is about to enter on his description of the plague that desolated Athens, one of his modern commentators* assures the reader, that his history "is now going to be exceeding solemn, serious, and pathetic; and hints, with that air of chuckling gratulation, with which a good dame draws forth a choice morsel from a cupboard to regale a favourite, that this plague will give his history a most agreeable variety.

In like manner did my heart leap within me when I came to the dolorous dilemma of Fort Good Hope, which I at once perceived to be the forerunner of a series of great events and entertaining disasters. Such are the true subjects for the historic pen. For what is history, in fact, but a kind of Newgate calendar, a register of the crimes and miseries that man has inflicted on his fellow-man? It is a huge libel on human nature, to which we industriously add page after page, volume after volume, as if we were building up a monument to the honour rather than the infamy of our species. If we turn over the pages of these chronicles that man has written of himself, what are the characters dignified by the appellation of great, and held up to the admiration of posterity? —Tyrants, robbers, conquerors, renowned only for the magnitude of their misdeeds, and the stupendous wrongs and miseries they have inflicted on mankind—warriors, who have hired themselves to the trade of blood, not from

* Smyth's Thucyd. Vol. I.

motives of virtuous patriotism, or to protect the injured and defenceless, but merely to gain the vaunted glory of being adroit and successful in massacring their fellow beings! What are the great events that constitute a glorious era? The fall of empires—the desolation of happy countries—splendid cities smoking in their ruins—the proudest works of art tumbled in the dust—the shrieks and groans of whole nations ascending unto heaven!

It is thus the historians may be said to thrive on the miseries of mankind—they are like the birds of prey that hover over the field of battle, to fatten on the mighty dead. It was observed by a great projector of inland lock navigation, that rivers, lakes, and oceans, were only formed to feed canals. In like manner I am tempted to believe, that plots, conspiracies, wars, victories, and massacres, are ordained by Providence only as food for the historian.

It is a source of great delight to the philosopher, in studying the wonderful economy of nature, to trace the mutual dependencies of things, how they are created reciprocally for each other, and how the most noxious and apparently unnecessary animal has its uses. Thus those swarms of flies, which are so often execrated as useless vermin, are created for the sustenance of spiders; and spiders, on the other hand, are evidently made to devour flies. So those heroes who have been such pests in the world were bounteously provided as themes for the poet and the historian, while the poet and historian were destined to record the achievements of heroes.

These and many similar reflections naturally arose in my mind as I took up my pen to commence the reign of William Kieft; for now the stream of our history, which hitherto has rolled in a tranquil current, is about to depart for ever from its peaceful haunts, and brawl through many a turbulent and rugged scene. Like some sleek ox, which, having fed and fattened in a rich clover field, lies sunk in luxurious repose, and will bear repeated taunts and blows before it heaves its unweildy limbs, and clumsily arouses from its slumbers; so the province of the Nieuw Nederlandts, being long thriven and grown corpulent under the prosperous reign of the Doubter, was reluctantly awakened to a melancholy conviction that, by patient sufferance, its grievances had become so numerous and aggravating, that it was preferable to repel than

and his subject in a fog of contradictions and perplexitie and then would get into a mighty passion with his adve sary for not being convinced gratis.

It is in knowledge as in swimming,—he who ostent tiously sports and flounders on the surface makes mo noise and splashing, and attracts more attention, than t industrious pearl diver, who plunges in search of treasur to the bottom. The "universal acquirements" of Willia Kieft were the subject of great marvel and admirati among his countrymen; he figured about at the Hag with as much vain-glory as does a profound Bonze Pekin, who has mastered half the letters of the Chine alphabet; and, in a word, was unanimously pronounc a *universal genius!*—I have known many univer geniuses in my time, though, to speak my mind free I never knew one, who, for the ordinary purposes of li was worth his weight in straw; but for the purposes government, a little sound judgment, and plain comm sense, is worth all the sparkling genius that ever wro poetry, or invented theories.

Strange as it may sound, therefore, the *universal a quirements* of the illustrious Wilhelmus were very mu in his way; and had he been a less learned man, it is po sible he would have been a much greater governor. H was exceedingly fond of trying philosophical and politic experiments: and having stuffed his head full of scra and remnants of ancient republics, and oligarchies, a aristocracies, and monarchies, and the laws of Solon, a Lycurgus, and Charondas, and the imaginary commo wealth of Plato, and the Pandects of Justinian, and thousand other fragments of venerable antiquity, he w for ever bent upon introducing some one or other of the into use; so that, between one contradictory measure a another, he entangled the government of the little provin of Nieuw Nederlandts in more knots, during his admini tration, than half a dozen successors could have untied.

No sooner had this bustling little man been blown by whiff of fortune in the seat of government, than he calle together his council, and delivered a very animated spee on the affairs of the province. As every body knows wh a glorious opportunity a governor, a president, or even a emperor has of drubbing his enemies in his speeches, me sages, and bulletins, where he has the talk all on his ow

side, they may be sure the high-mettled William Kieft did not suffer so favourable an occasion to escape him, of evincing that gallantry of tongue common to all able legislators. Before he commenced, it is recorded that he took out his pocket handkerchief, and gave a very sonorous blast of the nose, according to the usual custom of great orators. This, in general, I believe, is intended as a signal trumpet, to call the attention of the auditors; but with William the Testy it boasted a more classic cause, for he had read of the singular expedient of that famous demagogue Caius Gracchus, who, when he harangued the Roman populace, modulated his tones by an oratorical flute or pitch-pipe.

This preparatory symphony being performed, he commenced by expressing an humble sense of his own want of talents, his utter unworthiness of the honour conferred upon him, and his humiliating incapacity to discharge the important duties of his new station: in short, he expressed so contemptible an opinion of himself, that many simple country members present, ignorant that these were mere words of course, always used on such occasions, were very uneasy, and even felt wrath that he should accept an office for which he was consciously so inadequate.

He then proceeded in a manner highly classic, profoundly erudite, and nothing at all to the purpose; being nothing more than a pompous account of all the governments of ancient Greece, and the wars of Rome and Carthage, together with the rise and fall of sundry outlandish empires, about which the assembly knew no more than their great grandchildren who were yet unborn. Thus having, after the manner of your learned orators, convinced the audience that he was a man of many words and great erudition, he at length came to the less important part of his speech, the situation of the province; and here he soon worked himself into a fearful rage against the Yankees, whom he compared to the Gauls who desolated Rome, and the Goths and Vandals who over-ran the fairest plains of Europe—nor did he forget to mention, in terms of adequate opprobrium, the insolence with which they had encroached upon the territories of New Netherlands, and the unparalleled audacity with which they had commenced the town of New Plymouth, and planted the onion patches of Weathersfield *under the* very walls of Fort Good Hoop.

Having thus artfully wrought up his tale of terror to a climax, he assumed a self-satisfied look, and declared, with a nod of knowing import, that he had taken measures to put a final stop to these encroachments—that he had been obliged to have recourse to a dreadful engine of warfare, lately invented, awful in its effects, but authorized by direful necessity. In a word, he was resolved to conquer the Yankees—by proclamation.

For this purpose he had prepared a tremendous instrument of the kind, ordering, commanding, and enjoining the intruders aforesaid forthwith to remove, depart, and withdraw from the districts, regions, and territories aforesaid, under pain of suffering all the penalties, forfeitures, and punishments in such case made and provided, &c. This proclamation, he assured them, would at once exterminate the enemy from the face of the country; and he pledged his valour as a governor, that within two months after it was published, not one stone should remain on another in any of the towns which they had built.

The council remained for some time silent after he had finished; whether struck dumb with admiration at the brilliancy of his project, or put to sleep by the length of his harangue, the history of the times doth not mention. Suffice it to say, they at length gave a general grunt of acquiescence; the proclamation was immediately despatched with due ceremony, having the great seal of the province, which was about the size of a buckwheat pancake, attached to it by a broad red riband. Governor Kieft, having thus vented his indignation, felt greatly relieved—adjourned the council *sine die*,—put on his cocked hat and corduroy small-clothes, and, mounting a tall raw boned charger, trotted out to his country seat, which was situated in a sweet, sequestered swamp, now called Dutch Street, but more commonly known by the name of Dog's Misery.

Here, like the good Numa, he reposed from the toils of legislation, taking lessons in government, not from the Nymph Egeria, but from the honoured wife of his bosom; who was one of that peculiar kind of females, sent upon earth a little before the flood, as a punishment for the sins of mankind, and commonly known by the appellation of *knowing women*. In fact, my duty as an historian obliges me to make known a circumstance which was a great secret at the time, and consequently was not a subject of

scandal at more than half the tea tables of New Amsterdam, but which, like many other great secrets, has leaked out in the lapse of years; and this was, that the great Wilhelmus the Testy, though one of the most potent little men that ever breathed, yet submitted at home to a species of government, neither laid down in Aristotle nor Plato; in short, it partook of the nature of a pure, unmixed tyranny, and is familiarly denominated *petticoat government*. An absolute sway, which, though exceedingly common in these modern days, was very rare among the ancients, if we may judge from the rout made about the domestic economy of honest Socrates, which is the only ancient case on record.

The great Kieft, however, warded off all the sneers and sarcasms of his particular friends, who are ever ready to joke with a man on sore points of the kind, by alleging that it was a government of his own election, to which he submitted through choice; adding at the same time a profound maxim which he had found in an ancient author, that "he who would aspire to *govern*, should first learn to *obey*."

CHAP. II.

In which are recorded the sage projects of a Ruler of universal Genius. The Art of Fighting by Proclamation —and how that the valiant Jacobus Van Curlet came to be foully dishonoured at Fort Good Hoop.

NEVER was a more comprehensive, a more expeditious, or, what is still better, a more economical measure devised, than this, of defeating the Yankees by proclamation: an expedient, likewise, so humane, so gentle, and pacific, there were ten chances to one in favour of its succeeding, but then there was one chance to ten that it would not succeed: as the ill-natured fates would have it, that single chance carried the day! The proclamation was perfect in all its parts, well constructed, well written, well sealed, and well published—all that was wanting to insure its effect was, that the Yankees should stand in awe of it; but, provoking to relate, they treated it with the most

absolute contempt, applied it to an unseemly purpose, and thus did the first warlike proclamation come to a shameful end—a fate which, I am credibly informed, has befallen but too many of its successors.

It was a long time before Wilhelmus Kieft could be persuaded, by the united efforts of all his counsellors, that his war measures had failed in producing any effect. On the contrary, he flew in a passion whenever any one dared to question its efficacy; and swore, that though it was slow in operating, yet when once it began to work, it would soon purge the land of these rapacious intruders. Time, however, that test of all experiments both in philosophy and politics, at length convinced the great Kieft, that his proclamation was abortive; and that, notwithstanding he had waited four years in a state of constant irritation, yet he was still further off than ever from the object of his wishes. His implacable adversaries in the east became more and more troublesome in their encroachments, and founded the thriving colony of Hartford, close upon the skirts of Fort Good Hoop. They moreover commenced the fair settlement of Newhaven (alias the Red Hills) within the domains of their high mightinesses—while the onion patches of Pyquag were a continual eye-sore to the garrison of Van Curlet. Upon beholding, therefore, the inefficacy of his measure, the sage Kieft, like many a worthy practitioner of physic, laid the blame, not to the medicine, but the quantity administered; and resolutely resolved to double the dose.

In the year 1638, therefore, that being the fourth year of his reign, he fulminated against them a second proclamation, of heavier metal than the former; written in thundering long sentences, not one word of which was under five syllables. This, in fact, was a kind of non-intercourse bill, forbidding and prohibiting all commerce and connexion, between any and every of the said Yankee intruders, and the said fortified post of Fort Good Hoop; and ordering, commanding, and advising all his trusty, loyal, and well beloved subjects, to furnish them with no supplies of gin, gingerbread, or sour crout; to buy none of their pacing horses, mealy pork, apple brandy, Yankee rum, cider water, apple sweetmeats, Weathersfield onions, or wooden bowls; but to starve and exterminate them from the face of the land.

Another pause of a twelvemonth ensued, during which the last proclamation received the same attention, and experienced the same fate as the first; at the end of which term, the gallant Jacobus Van Curlet despatched his annual messenger, with his customary budget of complaints and entreaties. Whether the regular interval of a year, intervening between the arrival of Van Curlet's couriers, was occasioned by the systematic regularity of his movements, or by the immense distance at which he was stationed from the seat of government, is a matter of uncertainty. Some have ascribed it to the slowness of his messengers, who, as I have before noticed, were chosen from the shortest and fattest of his garrison, as least likely to be worn out on the road; and who, being pursy, short-winded little men, generally travelled fifteen miles a day, and then laid by a whole week—to rest. All these, however, are matters of conjecture; and I rather think it may be ascribed to the immemorial maxim of this worthy country, and which has ever influenced all its public transactions—not to do things in a hurry.

The gallant Jacobus Van Curlet in his despatches respectfully represented, that several years had now elapsed since his first application to his late excellency, the renowned Wouter Van Twiller; during which interval his garrison had been reduced nearly one-eighth, by the death of two of his most valiant and corpulent soldiers, who had accidentally over-eaten themselves on some fat salmon, caught in the Varsche River. He further stated, that the enemy persisted in their inroads, taking no notice of the fort or its inhabitants, but squatting themselves down, and forming settlements all around it; so that, in a little while, he should find himself enclosed and blockaded by the enemy, and totally at their mercy.

But among the most atrocious of his grievances, I find the following still on record, which may serve to show the bloody-minded outrages of these savage intruders. "In the mean time, they of Hartford have not onely usurped and taken in the lands of Connecticott, although unrighteously and against the lawes of nations, but have hindered our nation in sowing theire owne purchased broken up lands, but have also sowed them with corne in the night, which the Netherlanders had broken up and intended to sowe; and have beaten the servants of the high and mighty

the honored companie, which were labouring upon theire masters' lands, from theire lands, with sticks and plow staves, in hostile manner laming, and amongst the rest struck Ever Duckings* a hole in his head, with a stick, soe that the blood ran downe very strongly downe upon his body."

But what is still more atrocious—

"Those of Hartford sold a hogg, that belonged to the honored companie, under pretence that it had eaten of theire grounde grass, when they had not any foot of inheritance. They proffered the hogg for 5*s*. if the commissioners would have given 5*s*. for damage; which the commissioners denied, because noe man's owne hogg (as men use to say) can trespass upon his owne master's grounde†."

The receipt of this melancholy intelligence incensed the whole community—there was something in it that spoke to the dull comprehensions, and touched the obtuse feelings even of the puissant vulgar, who generally require a kick in the rear to awaken their slumbering dignity. I have known my profound fellow citizens bear without murmur a thousand essential infringements of their rights, merely because they were not immediately obvious to their senses; but the moment the unlucky Pearce was shot upon our coasts, the whole body politic was in a ferment: so the enlightened Nederlanders, though they had treated the encroachments of their eastern neighbours with but little regard, and left their quill-valiant governor to bear the whole brunt of the war with his single pen; yet now every individual felt his head broken in the broken head of Duckings—and the unhappy fate of their fellow citizen the hog, being impressed, carried, and sold into captivity, awakened a grunt of sympathy from every bosom.

The governor and council, goaded by the clamours of the multitude, now sat themselves earnestly to deliberate upon what was to be done. Proclamations had at length fallen into temporary disrepute; some were for sending the Yankees a tribute, as we make peace offerings to the petty Barbary powers, or as the Indians sacrifice to the

* This name is no doubt mis-spelt. In some old Dutch MSS. of the time, we find the name of Evert Duyckingh, who is unquestionably the unfortunate hero above alluded to.

† Haz. Col. Stat. Pass.

thers were for buying them out; but this was as it would be acknowledging their title to the had seized. A variety of measures were, as uch cases, proposed, discussed, and abandoned; council had at last to adopt the means, which most common and obvious, had been knowingly d: for your amazing acute politicians are for ing through telescopes, which only enable them ch objects as are far off and unattainable; but apacitate them to see such things as are in their d obvious to all simple folks, who are content to the naked eyes heaven has given them. The council, as I have said, in their pursuit after nterns, accidentally stumbled on the very mea- were in need of; which was, to raise a body of nd despatch them to the relief and reinforcement arrison. This measure was carried into such peration, that in less than twelve months the pedition, consisting of a serjeant and twelve s ready to march; and was reviewed for that in the public square, now known by the name owling Green. Just at this juncture the whole ty was thrown into consternation by the sudden f the gallant Jacobus Van Curlet; who came into town at the head of his crew of tatterde- and bringing the melancholy tidings of his own d the capture of the redoubtable post of Fort p by the ferocious Yankees.

te of this important fortress is an impressive to all military commanders. It was neither y storm nor famine; no practicable breach was by cannon or mines; no magazines were blown d-hot shot; nor were the barracks demolished, rrison destroyed, by the bursting of bomb-shells. he place was taken by a stratagem no less ingu- ffectual; and one that can never fail of success, an opportunity occurs of putting it in practice. n I to add, for the credit of our illustrious ances- it was a stratagem, which though it impeached nce, yet left the bravery of the intrepid Van d his garrison perfectly free from reproach.

ears that the crafty Yankees, having heard of r habits of the garrison, watched a favourable

opportunity, and silently introduced themselves into the fort, about the middle of a sultry day; when its vigilant defenders, having gorged themselves with a hearty dinner, and smoked out their pipes, were one and all snoring most obstreperously at their posts, little dreaming of so disastrous an occurrence. The enemy most inhumanly seized Jacobus Van Curlet and his sturdy myrmidons by the nape of the neck, gallanted them to the gate of the fort, and dismissed them severally, with a kick on the crupper, as Charles the Twelfth dismissed the heavy bottomed Russians, after the battle of Narva—only taking care to give two kicks to Van Curlet, as a signal mark of distinction.

A strong garrison was immediately established in the fort, consisting of twenty long-sided, hard-fisted Yankees, with Weathersfield onions stuck in their hats, by way of cockades and feathers—long rusty fowling pieces for muskets—hasty pudding, dumb fish, pork, and molasses, for stores; and a huge pumpkin was hoisted on the end of a pole, as a standard—liberty caps not having as yet come into fashion.

CHAP. III.

Containing the fearful wrath of William the Testy, and the great dolor of the New Amsterdammers, because of the affairs of Fort Goed Hoop.—And moreover how William the Testy did strongly fortify the City.—Together with the exploits of Stoffel Brinkerhoff.

LANGUAGE cannot express the prodigious fury into which the testy Wilhelmus Kieft was thrown by this provoking intelligence. For three good hours the rage of the little man was too great for words, or rather the words were too great for him; and he was nearly choked by some dozen huge mis-shapen, nine cornered Dutch oaths, that crowded all at once into his gullet. Having blazed off the first broadside, he kept up a constant firing for three whole days—anathematizing the Yankees, man, woman, and child, body and soul, for a set of dieven, schobbejaken, deugenieten, twist-zoekeren, loozen-schalken, blas-

kaken, kakken-bedden, and a thousand other names, of which, unfortunately for posterity, history does not make particular mention. Finally, he swore that he would have nothing more to do with such a squatting, building, guessing, questioning, swapping, pumpkin-eating, molasses-daubing, shingle-splitting, cider-watering, horse-jockeying, notion-peddling crew—that they might stay at Fort Goed Hoop and rot, before he would dirty his hands by attempting to drive them away; in proof of which he ordered the new raised troops to be marched forthwith into winter quarters, although it was not as yet quite midsummer. Governor Kieft faithfully kept his word, and his adversaries as faithfully kept their post; and thus the glorious river Connecticut, and all the gay valleys through which it rolls, together with the salmon, shad, and other fish within its waters, fell into the hands of the victorious Yankees, by whom they are held at this very day.

Great despondency seized upon the city of New Amsterdam in consequence of these melancholy events. The name of Yankee became as terrible among our good ancestors as was that of Gaul among the ancient Romans: and all the sage old women of the province used it as a bugbear, wherewith to frighten their unruly children into obedience.

The eyes of all the province were now turned upon their governor, to know what he would do for the protection of the common weal, in these days of darkness and peril. Great apprehensions prevailed among the reflecting part of the community, especially the old women, that these terrible warriors of Connecticut, not content with the conquest of Fort Goed Hoop, would incontinently march on to New Amsterdam and take it by storm—and as these old ladies, through means of the governor's spouse, who, as has been already hinted, was "the better horse," had obtained considerable influence in public affairs, keeping the province under a kind of petticoat government, it was determined that measures should be taken for the effective fortification of the city.

Now it happened that at this time there sojourned in New Amsterdam one Anthony Van Corlear*, a jolly fat

* David Pietrez De Vriés, in his "Reyze naer Nieuw-Nederlandt onder het year 1640," makes mention of one Corlear, a trumpeter on

Dutch trumpeter, of a pleasant burley visage, famous for his long wind and his huge whiskers; and who, as the story goes, could twang so potently upon his instrument as to produce an effect upon all within hearing, as though ten thousand bagpipes were singing most lustily i' the nose. Him did the illustrious Kieft pick out as the man of all the world, and most fitted to be the champion of New Amsterdam, and to garrison its fort; making little doubt but that his instrument would be as effectual and offensive in war as was that of the Paladin Astolpho, or the more classic horn of Alecto. It would have done one's heart good to have seen the governor snapping his fingers and fidgeting with delight, while his sturdy trumpeter strutted up and down the ramparts, fearlessly twanging his trumpet in the face of the whole world, like a thrice valorous editor, daringly insulting all the principalities and powers on the other side of the Atlantic.

Nor was he content with thus strongly garrisoning the fort, but he likewise added exceedingly to its strength by furnishing it with a formidable battery of quaker guns—rearing a stupendous flag-staff in the centre, which overtopped the whole city—and moreover by building a great windmill on one of the bastions.* This last, to be sure, was somewhat of a novelty in the art of fortification, but as I have already observed, William Kieft was notorious for innovations and experiments, and traditions do affirm that he was much given to mechanical inventions—constructing patent smoke-jacks—carts that went before the horses—and especially erected windmills, for which machines he had acquired a singular predilection in his native town of Saardam.

All these scientific vagaries of the little governor were cried up with ecstacy by his adherents, as proofs of his universal genius; but there were not wanting ill-natured grumblers, who railed at him as employing his mind in frivolous pursuits, and devoting that time to smoke-jacks and windmills, which should have been occupied in the

Fort Amsterdam, who gave name to Corlear's Hook, and who was, doubtless, this same champion, described by Mr. Knickerbocker.—Editor.

* De Vries mentions that this windmill stood on the south-east bastion, and it is likewise to be seen, together with the flag-staff, in Justus Danker's View of New-Amsterdam, prefixed to his history.

more important concerns of the province. Nay, they even went so far as to hint once or twice, that his head was turned by his experiments, and that he really thought to manage his government as he did his mills—by mere wind!—Such is the illiberality and slander to which enlightened rulers are ever subject.

Notwithstanding all the measures, therefore, of William the Testy, to place the city in a posture of defence, the inhabitants continued in great alarm and despondency. But Fortune, who seems always careful, in the very nick of time, to throw a bone for Hope to feed upon, that the starveling elf may be kept alive, did about this time crown the arms of the province with success in another quarter, and thus cheered the drooping hearts of the forlorn Nederlanders; otherwise there is no knowing to what lengths they might have gone in the excess of their sorrowing—"for grief," says the profound historian of the seven champions of Christendom, "is companion with despair, and despair a procurer of infamous death!"

Among the numerous inroads of the Moss-troopers of Connecticut, which for some time past had occasioned such great tribulation, I should particularly have mentioned a settlement made on the eastern part of Long-Island, at a place which, from the peculiar excellence of its shell fish, was called Oyster Bay. This was attacking the province in the most sensible part, and occasioned great agitation at New Amsterdam.

It is an incontrovertible fact, well known to skilful physiologists, that the high road to the affections is through the throat: and this may be accounted for on the same principles, which I have already quoted in my strictures on fat aldermen. Nor is the fact unknown to the world at large; and hence do we observe, that the surest way to gain the hearts of the million is to feed them well—and that a man is never so disposed to flatter, to please, and serve another, as when he is feeding at his expence; which is one reason why your rich men, who give frequent dinners, have such abundance of sincere and faithful friends. It is on this principle that our knowing leaders of parties secure the affections of their partisans, by rewarding them bountifully with loaves and fishes; and entrap the suffrages of the greasy mob, by treating them with bull feasts and roasted oxen. I have known many

a man, in this same city, acquire considerable importance in society, and usurp a large share of the good-will of his fellow citizens, when the only thing that could be said in his eulogium was, "that he gave a good dinner and kept excellent wine."

Since then the heart and the stomach are so nearly allied, it follows conclusively that what affects the one must sympathetically affect the other. Now it is an equally incontrovertible fact, that of all offerings to the stomach, there is none more grateful than the testaceous marine animal, known commonly by the vulgar name of Oyster. And in such great reverence has it ever been held by my gormandizing fellow-citizens, that temples have been dedicated to it, time out of mind, in every street, lane, and alley throughout this well fed city. It is not to be expected, therefore, that the seizing of Oyster Bay, a place abounding with their favourite delicacy, would be tolerated by the inhabitants of New Amsterdam. An attack upon their honour they might have pardoned; even the massacre of a few citizens might have been passed over in silence; but an outrage that affected the larders of the great city of New Amsterdam, and threatened the stomachs of its corpulent burgomasters, was too serious to pass unrevenged. The whole council was unanimous in opinion; that the intruders should be immediately driven by force of arms from Oyster Bay and its vicinity, and a detachment was accordingly despatched for the purpose under command of one Stoffel Brinkerhoff, or Brinkerhoofd (*i. e.* Stoffel, the head breaker); so called because he was a man of mighty deeds, famous throughout the whole extent of Nieuw Nederlandts for his skill at quarterstaff; and for size he would have been a match for Guy's brand, the Danish champion, slain by Guy of Warwick.

Stoffel Brinkerhoff was a man of few words but prompt actions—one of your straight going officers, who march directly forward, and do their orders without making parade about it. He used no extraordinary speed in his movements, but trudged steadily on, through Nineveh, Babylon, and Jericho and Patchog, and the mighty city of Quag, and various other renowned cities of yore, which by some unaccountable witchcraft of the Yankees have been strangely transplanted to Long Island, until lately in the neighbourhood of Oyster Bay.

Here was he encountered by a tumultuous host of valiant warriors, headed by Preserved Fish, and Habakkuk Nutter, and Return Strong, and Zerubbabel Fisk, and Jonathan Doolittle, and Determined Cock!—At the sound of whose names the courageous Stoffel verily believed that the whole parliament of Praise God Barebones had been let loose to discomfit him. Finding, however, that this formidable body was composed merely of the "select men" of the settlement, armed with no other weapon but their tongues, and that they had issued forth with no other intent than to meet him on the field of argument—he succeeded in putting them to route with little difficulty, and completely broke up their settlement. Without waiting to write an account of his victory on the spot, and thus letting the enemy slip through his fingers, while he was securing his own laurels, as a more experienced general would have done, the brave Stoffel thought of nothing but completing his enterprise, and utterly driving the Yankees from the island. This hardy enterprise he performed in much the same manner as he had been accustomed to drive his oxen; for as the Yankees fled before him, he pulled up his breeches and trudged steadily after them, and would infallibly have driven them into the sea, had they not begged for quarter, and agreed to pay tribute.

The news of this achievement was a seasonable restorative to the spirits of the citizens of New Amsterdam. To gratify them still more, the governor resolved to astonish them with one of those gorgeous spectacles, known in the days of classic antiquity, a full account of which had been flogged into his memory when a schoolboy at the Hague. A grand triumph, therefore, was decreed to Stoffel Brinkerhooff, who made his triumphant entrance into town riding on a Naraganset pacer: five pumpkins, which, like Roman eagles, had served the enemy for standards, were carried before him—fifty cart-loads of oysters, five hundred bushels of Weathersfield onions, a hundred quintals of codfish, two hogsheads of molasses, and various other treasures, were exhibited as the spoils and tribute of the Yankees; while three notorious counterfeiters of Manhattan notes* were led captives to grace the hero's triumph.

* This is one of those trivial anachronisms that now and then occur in the course of this otherwise authentic history. How could

The procession was enlivened by martial music, from the trumpet of Anthony Van Corlear, the champion, accompanied by a select band of boys and negroes, performing on the national instrument of rattle-bones and clam-shells. The citizens devoured the spoils in sheer gladness of heart —every man did honour to the conqueror by getting devoutly drunk on New-England rum; and the learned Wilhelmus Kieft calling to mind, in a momentary fit of enthusiasm and generosity, that it was customary among the ancients to honour their victorious general with public statues, passed a gracious decree, by which every tavern-keeper was permitted to paint the head of the intrepid Stuffel on his sign!

CHAP. VI.

Philosophical Reflections on the Folly of being happy in times of Prosperity.---Sundry Troubles on the Southern Frontiers.---How William the Testy had well nigh ruined the Province through a cabalistic word.—As also the secret expedition of Jan Jansen Alpendam, and his astonishing Reward.

If we could but get a peep at the tally of Dame Fortune, where, like a notable landlady, she regularly chalks up the debtor and creditor accounts of mankind, we should find that, upon the whole, good and evil are pretty nearly balanced in this world: and though we may for a long while revel in the very lap of prosperity, the time will at length come, when we must ruefully pay off the reckoning. Fortune, in fact, is a pestilent shrew, and withal a most inexorable creditor; for though she may indulge her favourites in long credits, and overwhelm them with her favours, yet sooner or later she brings up her arrears, with the rigour of an experienced publican, and washes out her scores with their tears. "Since," says good old Boetius, in his Consolation of Philosophy, "since no man can retain her at his pleasure, and since her flight is so

Manhattan notes be counterfeited, when as yet Banks were unknown in this country—and our simple progenitors had not even dreamed of those inexhaustible mines of paper opulence!—Print. Dev.

deeply lamented, what are her favours but sure prognostications of approaching trouble and calamity?

There is nothing that more moves my contempt at the stupidity and want of reflection of my fellow men, than to behold them rejoicing, and indulging in security and self-confidence, in times of prosperity. To a wise man, who is blessed with the light of reason, those are the very moments of anxiety and apprehension; well knowing that, according to the system of things, happiness is at best but transient; and that the higher he is elevated by the capricious breath of fortune, the lower must be his proportionate depression. Whereas, he who is overwhelmed by calamity has the less chance of encountering fresh disasters, as a man at the bottom of a ladder runs very little risk of breaking his neck by tumbling to the top.

This is the very essence of true wisdom, which consists in knowing when we ought to be miserable; and was discovered much about the same time with that invaluable secret, "that every thing is vanity and vexation of spirit;" in consequence of which maxim your wise men have ever been the unhappiest of the human race; esteeming it as an infallible mark of genius to be distressed without reason; since any man may be miserable in time of misfortune, but it is the philosopher alone who can discover cause for grief in the very hour of prosperity.

According to the principle I have just advanced, we find that the colony of New Netherlands, which, under the reign of the renowned Van Twiller, had flourished in such alarming and fatal serenity, is now paying for its former welfare, and discharging the enormous debt of comfort which it contracted. Foes harass it from different quarters; the city of New Amsterdam, while yet in its infancy, is kept in constant alarm; and its valiant commander, William the Testy, answers the vulgar but expressive idea of "a man in a peck of troubles."

While busily engaged repelling his bitter enemies the Yankees, on one side, we find him suddenly molested in another quarter, and by other assailants. A vagrant colony of Swedes, under the conduct of Peter Minnewits, and professing allegiance to that redoubtable virago, Christina, queen of Sweden, had settled themselves and erected a fort on south (or Delaware) river; within the boundaries claimed by the government of the New Netherlands. His-

tory is mute as to the particulars of their first landing, and their real pretensions to the soil; and this is the more to be lamented, as this same colony of Swedes will hereafter be found most materially to affect, not only the interests of the Nederlanders, but of the world at large!

In whatever manner, therefore, this vagabond colony of Swedes first took possession of the country, it is certain that in 1638 they established a fort, and Minnewits, according to the off-hand usage of his contemporaries, declared himself governor of all the adjacent country, under the name of the province of NEW SWEDEN. No sooner did this reach the ears of the choleric Wilhelmus, than, like a true spirited chieftain, he immediately broke into a violent rage, and calling together his council, belaboured the Swedes most lustily, in the longest speech that had ever been heard in the colony, since the memorable dispute of Ten Breeches and Tough Breeches. Having thus given vent to the first ebullitions of his indignation, he had resort to his favourite measure of proclamation, and despatched one piping hot, in the first year of his reign, informing Peter Minnewits, that the whole territory bordering on the south river, had, time out of mind, been in possession of the Dutch colonists, having been "beset with forts, and sealed with their blood."

The latter sanguinary sentence would convey an idea of direful war and bloodshed, were we not relieved by the information, that it merely related to a fray, in which some half a dozen Dutchmen had been killed by the Indians, in their benevolent attempts to establish a colony and promote civilization. By this it will be seen that William Kieft, though a very small man, delighted in big expressions, and was much given to a praiseworthy figure in rhetoric, generally cultivated by your little great men, called hyperbole. A figure which had been found of infinite service among many of his class, and which has helped to swell the grandeur of many a mighty, self-important, but windy chief magistrate. Nor can I resist in this place, from observing how much my beloved country is indebted to this same figure of hyperbole, for supporting certain of her greatest characters—statesmen, orators, civilians, and divines; who, by dint of big words, inflated periods, and windy doctrines, are kept afloat on the surface of society, as ignorant swimmers are buoyed up by blown bladders.

The proclamation against Minnewits concluded by ordering the self-dubbed governor, and his gang of Swedish adventurers, immediately to leave the country, under penalty of the high displeasure and inevitable vengeance of the puissant government of the Nieuw Nederlandts. This "strong measure," however, does not seem to have had a whit more effect than its predecessors, which had been thundered against the Yankees---the Swedes resolutely held on to the territory they had taken possession of, whereupon matters for the present remained *in statu quo*.

That Wilhelmus Kieft should put up with this insolent obstinacy in the Swedes would appear incompatible with his valorous temperament; but we find that about this time the little man had his hands full, and with one annoyance and another, was kept continually on the bounce.

There is a certain description of active legislators, who, by shrewd management, contrive always to have a hundred irons on the anvil, every one of which must be immediately attended to; who consequently are ever full of temporary shifts and expedients, patching up the public welfare, and cobbling the national affairs, so as to make nine holes where they mend one---stopping chinks and flaws with whatever comes first to hand, like the Yankees I have mentioned stuffing old clothes in broken windows. Of this class of statesmen was William the Testy; and had he only been blessed with powers equal to his zeal, or his zeal been disciplined by a little discretion, there is very little doubt but he would have made the greatest governor of his size on record; the renowned governor of the island of Barataria alone excepted.

The great defect of Wilhelmus Keift's policy was, that though no man could be more ready to stand forth in an hour of emergency, yet he was so intent upon guarding the national pocket, that he suffered the enemy to break its head: in other words, whatever precaution for public safety he adopted, he was so intent upon rendering it cheap, that he invariably rendered it ineffectual. All this was a remote consequence of his profound education at the Hague; where, having acquired a smattering of knowledge, he was ever after a great conner of indexes, continually dipping into books, without ever studying to the bottom of any subject; so that he had the scum of all kinds of authors fermenting in his pericranium. In some

of these title-page researches he unluckily stumbled over a grand political *cabalistic word*, which, with his customary facility, he immediately incorporated into his great scheme of government, to the irretrievable injury and delusion of the honest province of Nieuw Nederlandts, and the eternal misleading of all experimental rulers.

In vain have I pored over the Theurgia of the Chaldeans, the Cabala of the Jews, the Necromancy of the Arabians, the Magic of the Persians, the Hocus Pocus of the English, the Witchcraft of the Yankees, or the Powwowing of the Indians, to discover where the little man first laid his eyes on this terrible word. Neither the Sephir Jezirah, that famous cabalistic volume, ascribed to the Patriarch Abraham; nor the pages of the Zoheir, containing the mysteries of the cabala, recorded by the learned Rabbi Simeon Jochaides, yield any light to my inquiries: nor am I in the least benefited by my painful researches in the Shem-hamphorah of Benjamin the wandering Jew, though it enabled Davidus Elm to make a ten days' journey in twenty-four hours. Neither can I perceive the slightest affinity in the Tetragrammaton, or sacred name of four letters, the profoundest word of the Hebrew Cabala: a mystery, sublime, ineffable, and incommunicable, and the letters of which, Jod-He-Vau-He, having been stolen by the Pagans, constituted their great name Jao, or Jove. In short, in all my cabalistic, theurgic, necromantic magical, and astrological researches, from the Tetractys of Pythagoras, to the recondite works of Breslaw and Mother Bunch, I have not discovered the least vestige an origin of this word, nor have I discovered any word sufficient potency to counteract it.

Not to keep my readers in any suspence, the word wh had so wonderfully arrested the attention of William Testy, and which in German characters had a part larly black and ominous aspect, on being fairly transl into the English, is no other than ECONOMY—a manic term, which, by constant use and frequent mer has ceased to be formidable in our eyes, but which h terrible potency as any in the arcana of necromancy.

When pronounced in a national assembly, it has mediate effect in closing the hearts, beclouding the lects, drawing the purse strings, and buttoning the br pockets, of all philosophic legislators. Nor are its

on the eyes less wonderful. It produces a contraction of the retina, an obscurity of the crystalline lens, a viscidity of the vitreous, and an inspissation of the aqueous humours, an induration of the tunica sclerotica, and a convexity of the cornea; insomuch that the organ of vision loses its strength and perspicuity, and the unfortunate patient becomes *myopes*, or, in plain English, purblind; perceiving only the amount of immediate expense, without being able to look farther, and regard it in connection with the ultimate object to be effected; "so that," to quote the words of the eloquent Burke, "a briar at his nose is of greater magnitude than an oak at five hundred yards distance." Such are its instantaneous operations, and the results are still more astonishing. By its magic influence seventy-fours shrink into frigates, frigates into sloops, and sloops into gun-boats. As the defenceless ships of Eneas, at the command of the protecting Venus, changed into sea-nymphs, and protected themselves by diving; so the mighty navy of America, by the cabalistic word of economy, dwindles into small craft, and shelters itself in a mill-pond!

This all-potent word, which served as his touchstone in politics, at once explains the whole system of proclamations, protests, empty threats, windmills, trumpeters, and paper war, carried on by Wilhelmus the Testy; and we may trace its operations in an armament which he fitted out in 1642, in a moment of great wrath, consisting of two sloops and thirty men, under the command of Mynheer Jan Jansen Alpendam, as admiral of the fleet, and commander-in-chief of the forces. This formidable expedition, which can only be paralleled by some of the daring cruises of our infant navy about the bay and up the sound, was intended to drive the Marylanders from the Schuylkill, of which they had recently taken possession, and which was claimed as part of the province of Nieuw Nederlandts; for it appears that at this time our infant colony was in that enviable state so much coveted by ambitious nations; that is to say, the government had a vast extent of territory, part of which it enjoyed, and the greater part of which it had continually to quarrel about.

Admiral Jan Jansen Alpendam was a man of great mettle and prowess, and no way dismayed at the character of the enemy, who were represented as a gigantic, gun-

powder race of men, who lived on hoe-cakes and bacon, drank mint-juleps and apple toddy; and were exceedingly expert at boxing, biting, gouging, tar and feathering, and a variety of other athletic accomplishments, which they had borrowed from their cousins-german and prototypes the Virginians, to whom they have ever borne considerable resemblance. Notwithstanding all these alarming representations, the admiral entered the Schuylkill most undauntedly with his fleet, and arrived without disaster or opposition at the place of destination.

Here he attacked the enemy in a vigorous speech in low Dutch, which the wary Kieft had previously put in his pocket; wherein he courteously commenced by calling them a pack of lazy, louting, dram-drinking, cock-fighting, horse-racing, slave-driving, tavern-haunting, sabbath-breaking, mulatto-breeding upstarts; and concluded by ordering them to evacuate the country immediately; to which they most laconically replied in plain English, "they'd see him d———d first."

Now this was a reply for which neither Jan Jansen Alpendam, nor Wilhelmus Kieft, had made any calculation; and finding himself totally unprepared to answer so terrible a rebuff with suitable hostility, he concluded that his wisest course was to return home and report progress. He accordingly sailed back to New-Amsterdam, where he was received with great honours, and considered as a pattern for all commanders; having achieved a most hazardous enterprise, at a trifling expence of treasure, and without losing a single man to the state!—He was unanimously called the deliverer of his country (an appellation liberally bestowed on all great men); his two sloops, having done their duty, were laid up (or dry-docked) in a cove now called the Albany Basin, where they quietly rotted in the mud; and, to immortalize his name, they erected, by subscription, a magnificent shingle monument on the top of Flatten-barrack* Hill, which lasted three whole years, when it fell to pieces, and was burned for firewood.

* A corruption of Varleth's bergh, or Varleth's Hill, so called from one Varleth, who lived upon that hill in the early days of the settlement.

CHAP. V.

How William the Testy enriched the Province by a multitude of Laws, and came to be the Patron of Lawyers and Bum-bailiffs.—And how the people became exceedingly enlightened and unhappy under his Instructions.

AMONG the many wrecks and fragments of exalted wisdom which have floated down the stream of time from venerable antiquity, and have been carefully picked up by those humble but industrious wights, who ply along the shores of literature, we find the following sage ordinance of Charondas, the Locrian legislator:—Anxious to preserve the ancient laws of the state from the additions and improvements of profound "country members," or officious candidates for popularity, he ordained, that whoever proposed a new law, should do it with a halter about his neck; so that, in case his proposition was rejected, they jüst hung him up, and there the matter ended.

This salutary institution had such an effect, that for more than two hundred years there was only one trifling alteration in the criminal code; and the whole race of lawyers starved to death for want of employment. The consequence of this was, that the Locrians being unprotected by an overwhelming load of excellent laws, and undefended by a standing army of pettifoggers and sheriff's officers, lived very lovingly together, and were such a happy people, that they scarce make any figure throughout the whole Grecian history; for it is well known that none but your unlucky, quarrelsome, rantipole nations make any noise in the world.

Well would it have been for William the Testy, had he haply, in the course of his "universal acquirements," stumbled upon this precaution of the good Charondas. On the contrary, he conceived that the true policy of a legislator was to multiply laws, and thus secure the property, the persons, and the morals of the people, by surrounding them in a manner with man-traps and spring-guns, and besetting even the sweet sequestered walks of private life with quickset-hedges, so that a man could scarcely turn without the risk of encountering some of those pestiferous protectors. Thus was he continually coining

petty laws for every petty offence that occurred, until in time they became too numerous to be remembered, and remained, like those of certain modern legislators, mere dead letters, revived occasionally for the purpose of individual oppression, or to entrap ignorant offenders.

Petty courts consequently began to appear, where the law was administered with nearly as much wisdom and impartiality as in those august tribunals, the aldermen's and justices' courts of the present day. The plaintiff was generally favoured, as being a customer, and bringing business to the shop; the offences of the rich were discreetly winked at, for fear of hurting the feelings of their friends; but it could never be laid to the charge of the vigilant burgomasters, that they suffered vice to sculk unpunished under the disgraceful rags of poverty.

About this time may we date the first introduction of capital punishments: a goodly gallows being erected on the waterside about where Whitehall stairs are at present, a little to the east of the battery. Hard by also was erected another gibbet, of a very strange, uncouth, and unmatchable description, but on which the ingenious William Kieft valued himself not a little, being a punishment entirely o his own invention.*

It was for loftiness of altitude not a whit inferior to th of Haman, so renowned in Bible history; but the marv of the contrivance was, that the culprit, instead of bei suspended by the neck, according to venerable custom, v hoisted by the waistband, and was kept for an h together, dangling and sprawling between heaven earth, to the infinite entertainment, and doubtless g edification of the multitude of respectable citizens, usually attend upon exhibitions of the kind.

It is incredible how the little governor chuckle beholding caitiff vagrants and sturdy beggars thus swi by the crupper, and cutting antic gambols in the air had a thousand pleasantries, and mirthful conceits, t upon these occasions. He called them his dandle- his wild-fowl—his high fliers—his spread eagle goshawks—his scarecrows—and finally, his *gallows* which ingenious appellation, though originally coe worthies who had taken the air in this strange mar

* Both the gibbets may be seen in the sketch of Justu prefixed to the work.

since grown to be a cant-name given to all candidates for legal elevation. This punishment, moreover, if we may credit the assertions of certain grave etymologists, gave the first hint for a kind of harnessing, or strapping, by which our forefathers braced up their multifarious breeches, and which has of late years been revived, and continues to be worn at the present day.

Such were the admirable improvements of William Kieft in criminal law; nor was his civil code less a matter of wonderment: and much does it grieve me that the limits of my work will not suffer me to expatiate on both with the prolixity they deserve. Let it suffice then to say, that in a little while the blessings of innumerable laws became notoriously apparent. It was soon found necessary to have a certain class of men to expound and confound them; divers pettifoggers accordingly made their appearance, under whose protecting care the community was soon set together by the ears.

I would not here be thought to insinuate any thing derogatory to the profession of the law, or to its dignified members. Well am I aware that we have in this ancient city innumerable worthy gentlemen, who have embraced that honourable order, not for the sordid love of filthy lucre, nor the selfish cravings of renown, but through no other motives than a fervent zeal for the correct administration of justice, and a generous and disinterested devotion to the interests of their fellow citizens!—Sooner would I throw this trusty pen into the flames, and cork up my ink-bottle for ever, than infringe, even for a nail's-breadth, upon the dignity of this truly benevolent class of citizens; on the contrary, I allude solely to that crew of caitiff scouts, who in these latter days of evil, have become so numerous—who infest the skirts of the profession, as did the recreant Cornish knights the honourable order of chivalry—who, under its auspices, commit their depredations on society—who thrive by quibbles, quirks, and chicanery; and, like vermin, swarm most where there is most corruption.

Nothing so soon awakens the malevolent passions as the facility of gratification. The courts of law would never be so constantly crowded with petty, vexatious, and disgraceful suits, were it not for the herds of pettifogging lawyers that infest them. These tamper with the passions

of the lower and more ignorant classes; who, as if poverty were not a sufficient misery in itself, are always ready to heighten it, by the bitterness of litigation. They are in law what quacks are in medicine—exciting the malady for the purpose of profiting by the cure; and retarding the cure for the purpose of augmenting the fees. Where one destroys the constitution, the other impoverishes the purse; and it may likewise be observed, that a patient, who has once been under the hands of a quack, is ever after dabbling in drugs, and poisoning himself with infallible remedies; and an ignorant man, who has once meddled with the law, under the auspices of one of these empirics, is for ever after embroiling himself with his neighbours, and impoverishing himself with successful law-suits. My readers will excuse this digression, into which I have been unwarily betrayed; but I could not avoid giving a cool, unprejudiced account of an abomination too prevalent in this excellent city, and with the effects of which I am unluckily acquainted to my cost; having been nearly ruined by a lawsuit, which was unjustly decided against me, and my ruin having been completed by another, which was decided in my favour.

It has been remarked by the observant writer of the Stuyvesant manuscript, that under the administration of Wilhelmus Kieft, the disposition of the inhabitants of New-Amsterdam experienced an essential change, so that they became very meddlesome and factious. The constant exacerbations of temper into which the little governor was thrown, by the maraudings on his frontiers, and unfortunate propensity to experiment and innovation, occasioned him to keep his council in a continual worry—and the council being to the people at large, what yeast or leaven is to a batch, they threw the whole community into a ferment—and the people at large being to the city what the mind is to the body, the unhappy commotions they underwent operated most disastrously upon New-Amsterdam—insomuch that, in certain of their paroxysms of consternation and perplexity, they begat several of the most crooked, dissorted, and abominable streets, lanes, and alleys, with which this metropolis is disfigured.

But the worst of the matter was, that just about this time, the mob, since called the sovereign people, like Balaam's ass, began to grow more enlightened than its

rider, and exhibited a strange desire of governing itself. This was another effect of the "universal acquirements" of William the Testy. In some of his pestilent researches among the rubbish of antiquity, he was struck with admiration at the institution of public tables among the Lacedemonians, where they discussed topics of a general and interesting nature—at the schools of the philosophers, where they engaged in profound disputes upon politics and morals—where grey-beards were taught the rudiments of wisdom, and youths learned to become little men, before they were boys "There is nothing," said the ingenious Kieft, shutting up the book—"there is nothing more essential to the well-management of a country, than education among the people; the basis of a good government should be laid in the public mind." Now this was true enough; but it was ever the wayward fate of William the Testy, that when he thought right, he was sure to go to work wrong. In the present instance, he could scarcely eat or sleep, until he had set on foot brawling debating societies, among the simple citizens of New Amsterdam. This was the one thing wanting to complete his confusion. The honest Dutch burghers, though in truth but little given to argument or wordy altercation, yet by dint of meeting often together, fuddling themselves with strong drink, beclouding their brains with tobacco smoke, and listening to the harangues of some half a dozen oracles, soon became exceedingly wise, and, as is always the case where the mob is politically enlightened, exceedingly discontented. They found out, with wonderful quickness of discernment, the fearful error in which they had indulged, in fancying themselves the happiest people in creation; and were fortunately convinced that, all circumstances to the contrary notwithstanding, they were a very unhappy, deluded, and consequently ruined people!

In a short time the quidnuncs of New-Amsterdam formed themselves into sage juntos of political croakers, who daily met together to groan over political affairs, and make themselves miserable; thronging to these unhappy assemblages with the same eagerness, that zealots have in all ages abandoned the milder and more peaceful paths of religion, to crowd to the howling convocations of fanaticism. We are naturally prone to discontent, and avaricious after imaginary causes of lamentation:—like lubberly monks,

we belabour our own shoulders, and seem to take a vast satisfaction in the music of our own groans. Nor is this said for the sake of paradox; daily experience shows the truth of these observations. It is next to a farce to offer consolation, or to think of elevating the spirits of a man groaning under ideal calamities; but nothing is more easy than to render him wretched, though on the pinnacle of felicity; as it is an Herculean task to hoist a man to the top of a steeple, though the merest child can topple him off thence.

In the sage assemblages I have noticed, the philosophic reader will at once perceive the faint germs of those sapient convocations called popular meetings, prevalent in our day. Thither resort all those idlers and "squires of low degree," who, like rags, hang loose upon the back of society, and are ready to be blown away by every wind of doctrine. Cobblers abandoned their stalls, and hastened thither to give lessons on political economy—blacksmiths left their handicraft and suffered their own fires to go out, while they blew the bellows and stirred up the fire of faction; and even tailors, though but the shreds and patches, the ninth parts of humanity, neglected their own measures, to attend to the measures of government. Nothing was wanting but half a dozen newspapers and patriotic editors, to have completed this public illumination, and to have thrown the whole province in an uproar!

I should not forget to mention that these popular meetings were always held at a noted tavern; for houses of that description have always been found the most congenial nurseries of politics; abounding with those genial streams which give strength and sustenance to faction. We are told that the ancient Germans had an admirable mode of treating any question of importance; they first deliberated upon it when drunk, and afterwards reconsidered it when sober. The shrewder mobs of America, who dislike having two minds upon a subject, both determine and act upon drunk; by which means a world of cold and tedious speculations is dispensed with—and as it is universally allowed, that when a man is drunk he sees *double*, it follows most conclusively that he sees twice as well as his sober neighbours.

CHAP. VI.

Of the great Pipe Plot---and of the dolorous perplexities into which William the Testy was thrown, by reason of his having enlightened the Multitude.

WILHELMUS KIEFT, as has already been made manifest, was a great legislator upon a small scale. He was of an active or rather a busy mind; that is to say, his was one of those small, but brisk minds, that make up by bustle and constant motion, for the want of great scope and power. He had, when quite a youngling, been impressed with the advice of Solomon, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise:" in conformity to which, he had ever been of a restless, ant-like turn, worrying hither and thither, busying himself about little matters, with an air of great importance and anxiety---laying up wisdom by the morsel, and often toiling and puffing at a grain of mustard seed, under the full conviction that he was moving a mountain.

Thus we are told, that once upon a time, in one of his fits of mental bustle, which he termed deliberation, he framed an unlucky law, to prohit the universal practice of smoking. This he proved, by mathematical demonstration, to be not merely a heavy tax on the public pocket, but an incredible consumer of time, a hideous encourager of idleness, and, of course, a deadly bane to the prosperity and morals of the people. Ill fated Kieft! had he lived in this enlightened and libel-loving age, and attempted to subvert the inestimable liberty of the press, he could not have struck more closely on the sensibilities of the million.

The populace were in as violent a tumult as the constitutional gravity of their deportment would permit: a mob of factious citizens had even the hardihood to assemble before the governor's house, where, setting themselves resolutely down, like a besieging army before a fortress, they one and all fell to smoking with a determined perseverance, that seemed as though it were their intention to smoke him into terms. The Testy William issued out of his mansion like unto a wrathful spider, and demanded to

know the cause of this seditious assemblage, and this lawless fumigation; to which these sturdy rioters made no other reply, than to loll back most phlegmatically in their seats and puff away with redoubled fury; whereby they raised such a murky cloud, that the governor was fain to take refuge in the interior of his castle.

The governor immediately perceived the object of this unusual tumult, and that it would be impossible to suppress a practice which, by long indulgence, had become a second nature. And here I would observe, partly to explain why I have so often made mention of this practice in my history, that it was inseparably connected with all the affairs, both public and private, of our revered ancestors. The pipe, in fact, was never from the mouth of the true-born Nederlander. It was his companion in solitude, the relaxation of his gayer hours—his counsellor, his consoler, his joy, his pride; in a word, he seemed to think and breathe through his pipe.

When William the Testy bethought himself of all these matters, which he certainly did, although a little too late, he came to a compromise with the besieging multitude. The result was, that though he continued to permit the custom of smoking, yet did he abolish the fair long pipes, which were used in the days of Wouter Van Twiller, denoting ease, tranquillity, and sobriety of deportment; and in place thereof did introduce little captious short pipes, two inches in length; which, he observed, could be stuck in one corner of the mouth, or twisted in the hat-band, and would not be in the way of business. By this the multitude seemed somewhat appeased, and dispersed to their habitations. Thus ended this alarming insurrection which was long known by the name of the *pipe plot*, an which, it has been somewhat quaintly observed, did en like most other plots, seditions, and conspiracies, in me smoke.

But mark, oh reader! the deplorable consequen that did afterwards result. Thesmoke of these villaini little pipes, continually ascending in a cloud about nose, penetrated into and befogged the cerebellum, d up all the kindly moisture of the brain, and rendere people that used them as vapourish and testy as renowned little governor—nay, what is more, from a burly race of folk, they became, like our worthy J

farmers, who smoke short pipes, a lantern-jawed, smoked-dried, leathern-hided race of men.

Nor was this all, for from thence may we date the rise of parties in this province. Certain of the more wealthy and important burghers adhering to the ancient fashion formed a kind of aristocracy, which went by the appellation of the *Long Pipes*, while the lower orders submitting to the innovation, which they found to be more convenient in their handicraft employments, and to leave them more liberty of action, were branded with the plebeian name of *Short Pipes*. A third party likewise sprang up, differing from both the others, headed by the descendants of the famous Robert Chewit, the companion of the great Hudson. These entirely discarded the use of pipes, and took to chewing tobacco, and hence they were called *Quids*. It is worthy of notice, that this appellation has since come to be invariably applied to those mongrel or third parties, that will sometimes spring up between two great contending parties, as a mule is produced between a horse and an ass.

And here I would remark the great benefit of these party distinctions, by which the people at large are saved the vast trouble of thinking. Hesiod divides mankind into three classes, those who think for themselves, those who let others think for them, and those who will neither do one nor the other. The second class, however, comprises the great mass of society, and hence is the origin of *party*, by which is meant a large body of people, some few of whom think, and all the rest talk. The former, who are called the leaders, marshal out and discipline the latter, teaching them what they must approve—what they must hoot at—what they must say—whom they must support; but, above all, whom they must hate; for no man can be a right good partisan, unless he be a determined and thorough-going hater.

But when the sovereign people are thus properly broken to the harness, yoked, curbed, and reined, it is delectable to see with what docility and harmony they jog onward, through mud and mire, at the will of their drivers, dragging the dirt-carts of faction at their heels. How many a patriotic members of congress have I seen, who would never have known how to make up his mind on any question, and might have run a great risk of voting right by

CHAP. VII.

Containing divers fearful accounts of Border Wars, and the flagrant outrages of the Moss Troopers of Connecticut; with the rise of the great Amphyctionic Council of the East, and the decline of William the Testy.

It was asserted by the wise men of ancient times, who were intimately acquainted with these matters, that at the gate of Jupiter's palace lay two huge tuns, the one filled with blessings, the other with misfortunes; and it verily seems as if the latter had been completely overturned, and left to deluge the unlucky province of Nieuw Nederlandts. Among the many internal and external causes of irritation, the incessant irruptions of the Yankees upon his frontiers were continually adding fuel to the imflammable temper of William the Testy. Numerous accounts of these molestations may still be found among the records of the times; for the commanders on the frontiers were especially careful to evince their vigilance and zeal, by striving who should send home the most frequent and voluminous budgets of complaints, as your faithful servant is eternally running with complaints to the parlour, of all the petty squabbles and misdemeanours of the kitchen. All these valiant tale bearings were listened to with great wrath by the passionate Kieft and his subjects, who were to the full as eager to hear, and credulous to believe, these frontier fables, as are my fellow citizens to swallow those amusing stories with which our papers are daily filled, about British aggressions at sea, French sequestrations on shore, Spanish infringements in the promised land of Louisiana, and, above all, internal plots and conspiracies.

We are told by the good Plutarch, in his life of Nicias, that the terrible defeat of the Athenians in Sicily was first mentioned in the shop of a gossiping barber at the Piræus. Whereupon, with the customary officiousness of his tribe, he ran up into Athens to have the first telling of the story, and threw the whole forum into consternation. Not being able, however, to substantiate his tale, the unlucky shaver was put upon the wheel and whirled about, as a reward for his trouble, until he was exculpated by the arrival of other evidence.

Such was the manner in which busy alarmists and manufacturers of fearful news were treated in Athens, whereas in our more enlightened country we support whole herds of editors for no other purpose than to gratify a public appetite for direful news, and any man who can foist up a full sounding, hobgoblin story of a plot or conspiracy, may command his own price for it. I have known two or three of these tales of terror to be bought up by government, for the sovereign people to amuse themselves withal; which goes further to prove, what I have before asserted, that your enlightened people love to be miserable.

Far be it from me to insinuate, however, that our worthy ancestors indulged in groundless alarms; on the contrary, they were daily suffering a repetition of cruel wrongs, * not one of which but was a sufficient reason, according to the maxims of national dignity and honour, for throwing the whole universe into hostility and confusion.

'Oh ye powers! into what indignation did every one of these outrages throw the philosophic William! Letter after letter, protest after protest, proclamation after proclamation, bad Latin, worse English, and hideous low Dutch, were exhausted in vain upon the inexhorable Yankees; and the four and twenty letters of the alphabet, which, excepting his companion the sturdy trumpeter Van Corlear, composed the only standing army he had at his

* From among a multitude of bitter grievances still on record, I elect a few of the most atrocious, and leave my readers to judge, if ur ancestors were not justifiable in getting into a very violent assion on the occasion.

24 June, 1641. Some of Hartford have taken a hogg out of the ict, or common, and shut it up out of mere hate or other prejudi , using it to starve for hunger in the stye.

26 July. The forementioned English did again drive the Comie's hoggs ont of the vlact of Sicojoke into Hartford; contending ly with reproaches, blows, beating the people with all disgrace t they could imagine.

lay 20, 1642. The English of Hartford have violently cut loose rae of the honoured Companie's, that stood boun upon the com- or vlact.

ay 9, 1643. The Companie's horses pastured upon the Com- 's ground were driven away by them of Connecticut and Hartand the herdsmen lustily beaten with hatchets and sticks.

Again they sold a young hogg belonging to the Companie, i pigs had pastured on the Companie's land.

Haz. Col. State Pap.

command, were never off duty throughout the whole of his administration. Nor did Anthony, the trumpeter, remain a whit behind his patron the gallant Kieft, in his fiery zeal; but like a faithful champion and preserver of the public safety, on the arrival of every fresh article of news, he was sure to sound his trumpet from the ramparts, with most disastrous notes, throwing the people into violent alarms, and disturbing their rest at all times and seasons; which caused him to be held in very great regard, the public pampering and rewarding him, as we do brawling editors, for reasons that have just been mentioned.

I am well aware of the perils that environ me in this part of my history. While raking with curious hands but pious heart among the mouldering remains of former days, anxious to draw therefrom the honey of wisdom, I may fare somewhat like that valiant worthy Samson who, in meddling with the carcass of a dead lion, drew a swarm of bees about his ears. Thus while narrating the many misdeeds of the Yanokie, or Yankee tribe, it is ten chances to one but I offend the morbid sensibilities of certain of their unreasonable descendants, who may fly out and raise such a buzzing about this unlucky head of mine, that I shall need the tough hide of an Achilles or an Orlando Furioso, to protect me from their stings.

Should such be the case, I should deeply and sincerely lament—not my misfortune in giving offence, but the wrong-headed perverseness of an ill-natured generation, in taking offence at any thing I say. That their ancestors did use my ancestors ill it is true, and I am very sorry for it. I would with all my heart the fact were otherwise; but as I am recording the sacred events of history, I'd not bate one nail's breadth of the honest truth, though I were sure the whole edition of my work should be bought up and burned by the common hangman of Connecticut. And, in sooth, now that these testy gentlemen have drawn me out, I will make bold to go further, and observe, that this is one of the grand purposes for which we impartial historians are sent into the world—to redress wrongs and render justice on the head of the guilty. So that though a powerful nation may wrong its neighbours with temporary impunity, yet sooner or later an historian springs up, who wreaks ample chastisement on it in return.

Thus these moss-troopers of the east little thought, I'll

warrant it, while they were harrassing the inoffensive province of Nieuw Nederlandts, and driving its unhappy governor to his wits' end, that an historian should ever arise, and give them their own, with interest. Since then I am, but performing my bounden duty as an historian, in avenging the wrongs of our revered ancestors, I shall make no further apology; and indeed, when it is considered that I have all these ancient borders of the east in my power, and at the mercy of my pen, I trust that it will be admitted I conduct myself with great humanity and moderation.

To resume then the course of my history.—Appearances to the eastward began now to assume a more formidable aspect than ever; for I would have you note that hitherto the province had been chiefly molested by its immediate neighbours, the people of Connecticut, particularly of Hartford; which, if we may judge from ancient chronicles, was the strong hold of these sturdy moss-troopers, from whence they sallied forth on their daring incursions, carrying terror and devastation into the barns, the hen-roosts, and pigsties of our revered ancestors.

Albeit about the year 1643 the people of the east country, inhabiting the colonies of Massachusets, Connecticut, New Plymouth, and New Haven, gathered together into a mighty conclave, and after buzzing and debating for many days, like a political hive of bees in swarming time, at length settled themselves into a formidable confederation, under the title of the United Colonies of New England. By this union they pledged themselves to stand by one another in all perils and assaults, and to co-operate in all measures, offensive and defensive, against the surrounding savages, among which were doubtlessly included our honoured ancestors of the Manhattoes; and, to give more strength and system to this confederation, a general assembly or grand council was to be annually held, composed of representatives from each of the provinces.

On receiving accounts of this puissant combination, the fiery Wilhelmus was struck with vast consternation, and for the first time in his whole life forgot to bounce, at hearing an unwelcome piece of intelligence; which, a venerable historian of the times observes, was especially noticed among the sage politicians of New Amsterdam. The truth was, on turning over in his mind all that he had read at the Hague, about leagues and combinations, he found

that this was an exact imitation of the famous Amphictionic council, by which the states of Greece were enabled to attain such power and supremacy; and the very idea made his heart to quake for the safety of his empire at the Manhattoes.

He strenuously insisted, that the whole object of this confederation was to drive the Nederlanders out of their fair domains; and always flew into a great rage if any one presumed to doubt the probability of his conjecture. Nor was he wholly unwarranted in such a suspicion; for at the very first annual meeting of the grand council, held at Boston (which governor Kieft denominated the Delphos of this truly classic league), strong representations were made against the Nederlanders, for as much as that in their dealing with the Indians they carried on a traffic in "guns, powther, and shott—a trade damnable and injurious to the colonists."* Not but what certain of the Connecticut traders did likewise dabble a little in this "damnable traffic,"—but then they always sold the Indians such scurvy guns that they burst at the first discharge—and consequently hurt no one but these pagan savages.

The rise of this potent confederacy was a death blow to the glory of William the Testy, for from that day forward, it was remarked by many, he never held up his head, but appeared quite crest-fallen. His subsequent reign, therefore, affords but scanty food for the historic pen—we find the grand council continually augmenting in power, and threatening to overwhelm the mighty but defenceless province of Nieuw Nederlandts; while Wilhelmus Kieft kept constantly firing off his proclamations and protests like a shrewd sea captain firing off so many carronades and swivels, in order to break and disperse a water-spout—but, alas! they had no more effect than if they had been so many blank cartridges.

The last document on record of this learned, philosophic, but unfortunate little man, is a long letter to the council of the Amphyctions; wherein, in the bitterness of his heart, he rails at the people of New Haven, or Red Hills, for their uncourteous contempt of his protest levelled at them for squatting within the province of their high

* Haz. Col. S. Papers.

mightinesses. From this letter, which is a model of epistolary writing, abounding with pithy apophthegms and classic figures, my limits will barely allow me to extract the following recondite passage *:—"Certainly when we heare the Inhabitants of New Hartford complayninge of us, we seem to heare Esop's wolfe complayninge of the lamb, or the admonition of the younge man, who cryed out to his mother, chideing with her neighboures, 'Oh, Mother, revile her, lest she first take up that practice against you.' But being taught by precedent passages, we received such an answer to our protest from the inhabitants of New Haven as we expected: *the Eagle always despiseth the Beetle-fly*; yet notwithstanding we doe undauntedly continue on our purpose of pursuing our own right, by just arms and righteous means, and doe hope without scruple to execute the express commands of our superiors." To show that this last sentence was not a mere empty menace, he concluded his letter by intrepidly protesting against the whole council, as a horde of *squatters* and interlopers; inasmuch as they held their meeting at New-Haven, or the Red Hills, which he claimed as being within the Province of the New Netherlands.

Thus end the authenticated chronicles of the reign of William the Testy; for henceforth, in the troubles, the perplexities, and the confusion of the times, he seems to have been totally overlooked, and to have slipped for ever through the fingers of scrupulous history. Indeed, for some cause or other which I cannot divine, there appears to have been a combination among historians to sink his very name into oblivion; in consequence of which they have one and all forborne even to speak of his exploits. This shows how important it is for great men to cultivate the favour of the learned, if they are ambitious of honour and renown. "Insult not the dervise," said a wise Caliph to his son, "lest thou offend thine historian;" and many a mighty man of the olden time, had he observed so obvious a maxim, might have escaped divers cruel wipes of the pen which have been drawn across his character.

It has been a matter of deep concern to me, that such darkness and obscurity should hang over the latter days of the illustrious Kieft; for he was a mighty and great little man, worthy of being utterly renowned, seeing that he was the first potentate that introduced into this land the

* *Vide* Haz. Col. State Papers.

art of fighting by proclamation, and defending a country by trumpeters and windmills; an economic and humane mode of warfare, since revived with great applause, and which promises, if it can ever be carried into full effect, to save great trouble and treasure, and spare infinitely more bloodshed than either the discovery of gunpowder or the invention of torpedoes.

It is true that certain of the early provincial poets, of whom there were great numbers in the Nieuw Nederlandts, taking the advantage of the mysterious exit of William the Testy, have fabled that, like Romulus, he was translated to the skies, and forms a very fiery little star, somewhere on the left claw of the Crab; while others equally fanciful declared that he had experienced a fate similar to that of the good King Arthur; who, we are assured by ancient bards, was carried away to the delicious abodes of fairy land, where he still exists, in pristine worth and vigour, and will one day or another return to rescue poor old England from the hands of paltry, flippant, pettifogging cabinets, and restore the gallantry, the honour, and the immaculate probity which prevailed in the glorious days of the Round Table.*

All these, however, are but pleasing fantasies, the cobweb visions of those dreaming varlets, the poets, to which I would not have my judicious reader attach any credibility. Neither am I disposed to yield any credit to the assertion of an ancient and rather apocryphal historian, who alleges that the ingenious Wilhelmus was annihilated by the blowing down of one of his windmills; nor to that of a writer of later times, who affirms that he fell a victim to a philosophical experiment, which he had for many years been vainly striving to accomplish; having the misfortune to break his neck from the garret window of the Stadthouse, in an ineffectual attempt to catch swallows, by sprinkling fresh salt upon their tails.

* The old Welsh bards believed that King Arthur was not dead, but carried awaie by the faries to some pleasant place, where he shold remaine for a time, and then returne againe and reigne in as great authority as ever.—Hollingshed.

The Britons suppose that he shall come yet and conquere all Britaigne, for certes this is the prophicye of Merlyn. He say'd that his deth shall be doubteous; and said soth, for men thereof yet have doubte and shullen for ever more—for men wyt not whether that he lyveth or is dede.—De l cew Chron.

The most probable account, and to which I am inclined to give my implicit faith, is contained in a very obscure tradition, which declares, that what with the constant troubles on his frontiers, the incessant schemings and projects going on in his own pericranium—the memorials, petitions, remonstrances, and sage pieces of advice from divers respectable meetings of the sovereign people, together with the refractory disposition of his council, who were sure to differ from him on every point, and uniformly to be in the wrong: all these, I say, did eternally operate to keep his mind in a kind of furnace heat, until he at length became as completely burnt out as a Dutch family pipe which has passed through three generations of hard smokers. In this manner did the choleric but magnanimous William the Testy undergo a kind of animal combustion, consuming away like a farthing rush-light; so that when grim death finally snuffed him out, there was scarce left enough of him to bury!

END OF BOOK FOURTH.

BOOK FIFTH.

CONTAINING THE FIRST PART OF THE REIGN OF STUYVESANT, AND HIS TROUBLES WITH THE AR TIONIC COUNCIL.

CHAP. II.

In which the Death of a great Man is shewn to be inconsolable matter of Sorrow; and how Peter Stu acquired a great Name from the uncommon Str his Head.

To a profound philosopher, like myself, who ar see clear through a subject, where the penetratio nary people extends but half way, there is no f simple and manifest, than that the death of a g is a matter of very little importance. Much as think of ourselves, and much as we may excite th plaudits of the million, it is certain that the greate us do actually fill but an exceeding small spac world; and it is equally certain, that even that sm is quickly supplied when we leave it vacant. "T consequence is it," said the elegant Pliny, "th duals appear, or make their exit?—the world is whose scenes and actors are continually cl Never did philosopher speak more correctly, ar wonder, that so wise a remark could have existed ages, and mankind not have laid it more to hea follows on in the footsteps of sage; one hero just of his triumphal car, to make way for the hero w after him; and of the proudest monarch it is me that—"he slept with his fathers, and his successor in his stead."

The world, to tell the private truth, cares but their loss, and if left to itself would soon forget t and though a nation has often been figuratively in tears on the death of a great man, yet it is ter to one if an individual tear has been shed on the

excepting from the forlorn pen of some hungry author. It is the historian, the biographer, and the poet, who have the whole burthen of grief to sustain—who, kind souls! like undertakers in England, act the part of chief mourners—who inflate a nation with sighs it never heaved, and deluge it with tears it never dreamt of shedding. Thus, while the patriotic author is weeping and howling, in prose, in blank verse, and in rhyme, and collecting the drops of public sorrow into his volume, as into a lachrymal vase, it is more than probable his fellow-citizens are eating and drinking, fiddling and dancing, as utterly ignorant of the bitter lamentations made in their name, as are those men of straw, John Doe and Richard Roe, of the plaintiffs for whom they are generously pleased on divers occasions to become sureties.

The most glorious and praise-worthy hero that ever desolated nations might have mouldered into oblivion among the rubbish of his own monument, did not some historian take him into favour, and benevolently transmit his name to posterity: and much as the valiant William Kieft worried, and bustled, and turmoiled, while he had the destinies of a whole colony in his hand, I question seriously whether he will not be obliged to this authentic history for all his future celebrity.

His exit occasioned no convulsion in the city of New Amsterdam or its vicinity: the earth trembled not, neither did any stars shoot from their spheres—the heavens were not shrouded in black, as poets would fain persuade us they have been, on the unfortunate death of a hero—the rocks (hard-hearted varlets!) melted not into tears, nor did the trees hang their heads in silent sorrow; and as to the sun, he laid abed the next night, just as long, and showed as jolly a face when he arose, as he ever did on the same day of the month in any year, either before or since. The good people of New Amsterdam, one and all, declared that he had been a very busy, active, bustling little governor—that he was, "the father of his country"—that he was "the noblest work of God"—that "he was a man, take him for all in all, they never should look upon his like again"—together with sundry other civil and affectionate speeches, that are regularly said on the death of all great men; after which they smoked their pipes, thought

no more about him, and Peter Stuyvesant succeeded to his station.

Peter Stuyvesant was the last, and like the renowned Wouter Van Twiller, he was also the best of our ancient Dutch governors. Wouter having surpassed all who preceded him, and Pieter or Piet, as he was sociably called by the old Dutch burghers, who were ever prone to familiarize names, having never been equalled by any successor. He was in fact the very man fitted by nature to retrieve the desperate fortunes of her beloved province, had not the fates, those most potent, immaculate, and unrelenting of all ancient and immortal spinsters, destined them to inextricable confusion.

To say merely that he was a hero would be doing him great injustice---he was in truth a combination of heroes; for he was of a sturdy, raw-boned make, like Ajax Telamon, so famous for his prowess in belabouring the little Trojans---with a pair of round shoulders, that Herculcs would have given his hide for (meaning his lion's hide), when he undertook to ease old Atlas of his load. He was, moreover, as Plutarch describes Coriolanus, not only terrible for the force of his arm, but likewise of his voice, which sounded as though it came out of a barrel; and like the self-same warrior, he possessed a sovereign contempt for the sovereign people, and an iron aspect, which was enough of itself to make the very bowels of his adversaries quake with terror and dismay. All this martial excellency of appearance was inexpressibly heightened by an accidental advantage, with which I am surprised that neither Homer nor Virgil have graced any of their heroes; for it is worth all the scars and wounds in the Iliad and Eneid, or Lucan's Pharsalia into the bargain. This was nothing less than a redoubtable wooden leg, which was the only prize he had gained, in bravely fighting the battles of his country; but of which he was so proud that he was often heard to declare he valued it more than all his other limbs put together; indeed so highly did he esteem it, that he had it gallantly enchased and relieved with silver devices, which caused it to be related in divers histories and legends that he wore a silver leg.*

* See the Histories of Masters Josselyn and Blome.

Like that choleric warrior Achilles, he was somewhat subject to extempore bursts of passion, which were oft-times rather unpleasant to his favourites and attendants, whose perceptions he was apt to quicken, after the manner of his illustrious imitator, Peter the Great, by anointing their shoulders with his walking staff.

But the resemblance for which I most value him was that which he bore in many particulars to the renowned Charlemagne. Though I cannot find that he had read Plato, or Aristotle, or Hobbes, or Bacon, or Algernon Sydney, or Tom Paine; yet did he sometimes manifest a shrewdness and sagacity in his measures, that one would hardly expect from a man who did not know Greek, and had never studied the ancients. True it is, and I confess it with sorrow, that he had an unreasonable aversion to experiments, and was fond of governing his province after the simplest manner; but then he contrived to keep it in better order than did the erudite Kieft, though he had all the philosophers, ancient and modern, to assist and perplex him. I must likewise own that he made but very few laws, but then again he took care that those few were rigidly and impartially enforced; and I do not know but justice on the whole was as well administered as if there had been volumes of sage acts and statutes yearly made, and daily neglected and forgotten.

He was, in fact, the very reverse of his predecessors, being neither tranquil and inert, like Walter the Doubter, nor restless and fidgetting, like William the Testy: but a man, or rather a governor, of such uncommon activity and decision of mind, that he never sought or accepted the advice of others; depending confidently upon his single head, as did the heroes of yore upon their single arms, to work his way through all difficulties and dangers. To tell the simple truth, he wanted no other requisite for a perfect statesman than to think always right, for no one can deny that he always acted as he thought; and if he wanted in correctness, he made up for it in perseverance—an excellent quality! since it is surely more dignified for a ruler to be persevering and consistent in error, than wavering and contradictory in endeavouring to do what is right: this much is certain, and it is a maxim worthy the attention of all legislators, both great and small, who stand shaking in the *wind*, without knowing which way

to steer. A ruler who acts according to his own will is sure of pleasing himself; while he who seeks to satisfy the wishes and whims of others, runs a great risk of pleasing nobody. The clock that stands still, and points stedfastly in one direction, is certain being right twice in the four and twenty hours; while others may keep going continually, and continually be going wrong.

Nor did this magnanimous virtue escape the discernment of the good people of Nieuw Nederlandts; on the contrary, so high an opinion had they of the independent mind and vigorous intellects of their new governor, that they universally called him *Hard-koppig Piet*, or PETER THE HEADSTRONG—a great compliment to his understanding!

If from all that I have said thou dost not gather, worthy reader, that Peter Stuyvesant was a tough, sturdy, valiant, weather-beaten, mettlesome, obstinate, leathern-sided, lion-hearted, generous-spirited old governor, either I have written to but very little purpose, or thou art very dull at drawing conclusions.

This most excellent governor, whose character I have thus attempted feebly to delineate, commenced his administration on the 29th of May, 1647; a remarkable stormy day, distinguished in all the almanaks of the time which have come down to us, by the name of *Windy Friday*. As he was very jealous of his personal and official dignity, he was inaugurated into office with great ceremony; the goodly oaken chair of the renowned Wouter Van Twiller being carefully preserved for such occasions, in like manner as the chair and stone were reverentially preserved at Scone in Scotland, for the coronation of the Caledonian manarchs.

I must not omit to mention, that the tempestuous state of the elements, together with its being that unlucky day of the week, termed "hanging day," did not fail to excite much grave speculation, and divers very reasonable apprehensions among the more ancient and enlightened inhabitants; and several of the sager sex, who were reputed to be not a little skilled in the mysteries of astrology and fortune telling, did declare outright, that they were omens of a disastrous administration—an event that came to be lamentably verified, and which proves, beyond dispute, the wisdom of attending to those preternatural intimations,

hed by dreams and visions, the flying of birds, fall-
stones, and cackling of geese; on which the sages
ulers of ancient times placed such reliance; or to
shootings of stars, eclipses of the moon, howlings of
and flarings of candles, carefully noted and inter-
by the oracular sibyls of our day; who, in my
le opinion, are the legitimate inheritors and pre-
s of the ancient science of divination. This much is
, that Govenor Stuyvesant succeeded to the chair of
at a turbulent period; when foes thronged and
ened from without; when anarchy and stiff-necked
ition reigned rampant within; when the authority of
high mightinesses the lords states-general, though
ed on the broad Dutch bottom of unoffending imbe-
, though supported by economy, and defended by
ies, protests, proclamations—yet tottered to its very
; and when the great city of New Amsterdam, though
ed by flag-staffs, trumpeters, and windmills, seemed,
me fair lady of easy virtue, to lay open to attack,
ady to yield to the first invader.

CHAP. II.

*ng how Peter the Headstrong bestirred himself
y the Rats and Cobwebs on entering into Office;
the perilous mistake he was guilty of, in his
dealings with the Amphyctions.*

E very first movements of the great Peter, on taking
ins of government, displayed the magnanimity of his
though they occasioned not a little marvel and un-
ss among the people of the Manhattoes. Finding
lf constantly interrupted by the opposition, and
ed by the sage advice of his privy council, the mem-
of which had acquired the unreasonable habit of
ng and speaking for themselves during the preceding
he determined at once to put a stop to such griev-
bominations. Scarcely, therefore, had he entered
his authority, than he turned out of office all those
esome spirits that composed the factious cabinet of
m the Testy, in place of whom he chose unto him-

self counsellors from those fat, somniferous,
families, that had flourished and slumbered un
reign of Walter the Doubter. All these he c
furnished with abundance of fair long pipes
regaled with frequent corporation dinners, a
them to smoke, and eat, and sleep, for the
nation, while he took all the burden of gover
his own shoulders—an arrangement to which t
hearty acquiescence.

Nor did he stop here, but made a hideous
the inventions and expedients of his learned p
demolishing his flag-staffs and windmills,
mighty giants, guarded the ramparts of New
—pitching to the duyvel whole batteries of c
—rooting up his patent gallows, where caitiff
were suspended by the waistband; and in a w
topsy-turvy the whole philosophic, economic,
mill system of the immortal sage of Saardam.

The honest folk of New Amsterdam bega
now for the fate of their matchless champion
trumpeter, who had acquired prodigious favou
of the women, by means of his whiskers and l
Him did Peter the Headstrong cause to be b
his presence, and eyeing him for a moment f
foot, with a countenance that would have a
thing else than a sounder of brass: "Pryth
what art thou?" said he. "Sire," replied t
no wise dismayed; "for my name, it is A
Corlear—for my parentage, I am the son of m
for my profession, I am champion and garr
great city of New Amsterdam." "I doubt
said Peter Stuyvesant, "that thou art some sou
monger knave—how didst thou acquire this
honour and dignity?"—"Marry, Sir," replie
"like many a great man before me, simply *b*
my own trumpet."—"Ay, is it so?" quoth th
"why then let us have a relish of thy art."
he put his instrument to his lips, and sounde
with such a tremendous outset, such a delect
and such a triumphant cadence, that it was
make your heart leap out of your mouth only t
a mile of it Like as a war-worn charger, wh
in peaceful plains, if by chance he hear the str

tial music, pricks up his ears, and snorts and paws, and kindles at the noise: so did the heroic soul of the mighty Peter joy to hear the clangour of the trumpet; for of him might truly be said what was recorded of the renowned St. George of England—"there was nothing in all the world that more rejoiced his heart, than to hear the pleasant sound of war, and see the soldiers brandish forth their steeled weapons." Casting his eyes more kindly, therefore, upon the sturdy Van Corlear, and finding him to be a jolly, fat little man, shrewd in his discourse, yet of great discretion and immeasurable wind, he straightway conceived a vast kindness for him, and discharging him from the troublesome duty of garrisoning, and defending, and alarming the city, ever after retaining him about his person, as his chief favourite, confidential envoy, and trusty squire. Instead of disturbing the city with disastrous notes, he was instructed to play so as to delight the governor while at his repasts, as did the minstrels of yore in the days of glorious chivalry—and on all public occasions to rejoice the ears of the people with warlike melody; thereby keeping alive a noble and martial spirit.

Many other alterations and reformations, both for the better and for the worse, did the governor make, of which my time will not serve me to record the particulars; suffice it to say, he soon contrived to make the province feel that he was its master, and treated the sovereign people with such tyrannical rigour, that they were all fain to hold their tongues, stay at home, and attend to their business; insomuch that party feuds and distinctions were almost forgotten, and many thriving keepers of taverns and dram-shops were utterly ruined for want of business.

Indeed the critical state of public affairs at this time demanded the utmost vigilance and promptitude. The formidable council of the Amphyctions, which had caused so much tribulation to the unfortunate Kieft, still continued augmenting its forces, and threatened to link within its union all the mighty principalities and powers of the east. In the very year following the inauguration of Governor Stuyvesant, a grand deputation departed from the city of Providence (famous for its dusty streets and beauteous women), in behalf of the puissant plantation of Rhode Island, praying to be admitted into the league.

The following mention is made of this application in certain records of that assemblage of worthies, which are still extant*.

"Mr. Will Cottington and Captain Partridg of Rhoode Iland presented this insewing request to the commissioners in wrighting——

"Our request and motion is in behalfe of Rhoode Iland, that wee the Ilanders of Rhoode Iland may be rescauied into combination with all the united colonyes of New-England in a firme and perpetuall league of friendship and amity of ofence and defence, mutuall advice and succor upon all just occasions for our mutuall safety and welfaire, &c.

"Will Cottington,
"Alicxsander Partridg."

There is certainly something in the very physiognomy of this document, that might well inspire apprehension. The name of Alexander, however mis-spelt, has been war-like in every age; and though its fierceness is in some measure softened by being coupled with the gentle cognomen of Partridge; still, like the colour of scarlet, it bears an exceeding great resemblance to the sound of a trumpet. From the style of the letter, moreover, and the soldier-like ignorance of orthography displayed by the noble captain, Alicxsander Partridg, in spelling his own name, we may picture to ourselves this mighty man of Rhodes, like a second Ajax, strong in arms, potent in the field, and as great a scholar as though he had been educated among that learned people of Thrace, who, Aristotle assures us, could not count beyond the number four.

But whatever might be the threatening aspect of this famous confederation, Peter Stuyvesant was not a man to be kept in a state of incertitude and vague apprehension; he liked nothing so much as to meet danger face to face, and take it by the beard. Determined, therefore, to put an end to all these petty maraudings on the borders, he wrote two or three categorical letters to the grand council; which, though neither couched in bad Latin, nor yet graced

* Har. Col. Stat. Pap.

by rhetorical tropes about wolves and lambs, and beetle-flies, yet had more effect than all the elaborate epistles, protests, and proclamations of his learned predecessor put together. In consequence of his urgent propositions, the great confederacy of the east agreed to enter into a final adjustment of grievances and settlement of boundaries, to the end that a perpetual and happy peace might take place between the two powers. For this purpose Governor Stuyvesant deputed two ambassadors to negociate with commissioners from the grand council of the league, and a treaty was solemnly concluded at Hartford. On receiving the intelligence of this event, the whole community was in an uproar of exultation. The trumpet of the sturdy Van Corlear sounded all day with joyful clangour from the ramparts of Fort Amsterdam, and at night the city was magnificently illuminated with two hundred and fifty tallow candles; besides a barrel of tar, which was burned before the governor's house, on the cheering aspect of public affairs.

And now my worthy reader is, doubtless, like the great and good Peter, congratulating himself with the idea, that his feelings will no longer be molested by afflicting details of stolen horses, broken heads, impounded hogs, and all the other catalogue of heart-rending cruelties, that disgraced these border wars. But if he should indulge in such expectations, it is a proof that he is but little versed in the paradoxical ways of cabinets; to convince him of which, I solicit his serious attention to my next chapter, wherein I will shew that Peter Stuyvesant has already committed a great error in politics; and by effecting a peace, has materially jeopardized the tranquillity of the province.

CHAP. III.

Containing various Speculations on War and Negociations—shewing that a Treaty of Peace is a great national Evil.

IT was the opinion of that poetical philosopher, Lucretius, that war was the original state of man; whom he described as being primitively a savage beast of prey, engaged in a constant state of hostility with his own species, and that this ferocious spirit was tamed and ameliorated by society. The same opinion has been advocated by the learned Hobbes *, nor have there been wanting many other philosophers to admit and defend it.

For my part, though prodigiously fond of these valuable speculations, so complimentary to human nature, yet, in this instance, I am inclined to take the proposition by halves, believing with Horace†, that though war may have been originally the favourite amusement and industrious employment of our progenitors; yet, like many other excellent habits, so far from being ameliorated, it has been cultivated and confirmed by refinement and civilization, and increases in exact proportion as we approach towards that state of perfection, which is the *ne plus ultra* of modern philosophy.

The first conflict between man and man was the mere exertion of physical force, unaided by auxiliary weapons —his arm was his buckler, his fist was his mace, and a broken head the catastrophe of his encounters. The battle of unassisted strength was succeeded by the more rugged ones of stones and clubs, and war assumed a sanguinary aspect. As man advanced in refinement, as his faculties expanded, and his sensibilities became more exquisite, he grew rapidly more ingenious and experienced in the art of murdering his fellow beings. He invented a thousand devices to defend and to assault—the helmet, the cuirass

* Hobbes' Leviathan, part i, chap. 13.

† Cum prorepserunt primis animalia terris,
Mutum ac turpe pecus, glandem atque cubilia propter,
Unguibus et pugnis, dein fustibus, atque ita porro
Pugnabant armis, quæ post fabricaverat usus.
Hor. Sat. L. i. S. 3.

and the buckler, the sword, the dart, and the javelin, prepared him to elude the wound, as well as to launch the blow. Still urging on, in the brilliant and philanthropic career of invention, he enlarges and heightens his powers of defence and injury.—The aries, the scorpio, the balista, and the catapulta, give a horror and sublimity to war; and magnify its glory, by increasing its desolation. Still insatiable, though armed with machinery that seemed to reach the limits of destructive invention, and to yield a power of injury, commensurate even with the desires of revenge—still deeper researches must be made in the diabolical arcana. With furious zeal he dives into the bowels of the earth; he toils midst poisonous minerals and deadly salts—the sublime discovery of gunpowder blazes upon the world—and, finally, the dreadful art of fighting by proclamation seems to endow the demon of war with ubiquity and omnipotence!

This, indeed, is grand!—this, indeed, marks the powers of mind, and bespeaks that divine endowment of reason, which distinguishes us from the animals, our inferiors. The unenlightened brutes content themselves with the native force which Providence has assigned them. The angry bull butts with his horns, as did his progenitors before him—the lion, the leopard, and the tyger, seek only with their talons and their fangs to gratify their sanguinary fury; and even the subtle serpent darts the same venom, and uses the same wiles, as did his sire before the flood. Man alone, blessed with the inventive mind, goes on from discovery to discovery—enlarges and multiplies his powers of destruction; arrogates the tremendous weapons of Deity itself, and tasks creation to assist him in murdering his brother worm!

In proportion as the art of war has increased in improvement, has the art of preserving peace advanced in equal ratio; and as we have discovered, in this age of wonders and inventions, that proclamation is the most formidable engine in war, so have we discovered the no less ingenious mode of maintaining peace by perpetual negociations.

A treaty, or to speak more correctly, a negociation, therefore, according to the acceptation of experienced statesmen, learned in these matters, is no longer an attempt to accommodate differences, to ascertain rights, and

to establish an equitable exchange of kind offices; but a contest of skill between two powers, which shall over-reach and take in the other. It is a cunning endeavour to obtain by peaceful manœuvre, and the chicanery of cabinets, those advantages, which a nation would otherwise have wrested by force of arms. In the same manner that a conscientious highwayman reforms, and becomes an excellent and praiseworthy citizen, contenting himself with cheating his neighbour out of that property he would formerly have seized with open violence.

In fact, the only time when two nations can be said to be in a state of perfect amity, is when a negociation is open, and a treaty pending. Then, as there are no stipulations entered into, no bonds to restrain the will, no specific limits to awaken that captious jealousy of right implanted in our nature, as each party has some advantage to hope and expect from the other—then it is that the two nations are so gracious and friendly to each other; their ministers professing the highest mutual regard, exchanging billets-doux, making fine speeches, and indulging in all those little diplomatic flirtations, coquetries, and fondlings, that do so marvellously tickle the good humour of the respective nations. Thus it may paradoxically be said, that there is never so good an understanding between two nations, as when there is a little misunderstanding; and that so long as they are on no terms, they are on the best terms in the world.

I do not by any means pretend to claim the merit of having made the above political discovery. It has in fact long been secretly acted upon by certain enlightened cabinets, and is, together with divers other notable theories, privately copied out of the common-place book of an illustrious gentleman, who has been member of congress, and enjoyed the unlimited confidence of heads of department. To this principle may be ascribed the wonderful ingenuity that has been shown of late years in protracting and interrupting negociations. Hence the cunning measure of appointing as ambassador some political pettifogger skilled in delays, sophisms, and misapprehensions, and dexterous in the art of baffling argument; or some blundering statesman, whose errors and misconstructions may be a plea for refusing to ratify his engagements. And hence, too, that most notable expedient, so popular with our government,

of sending out a brace of ambassadors; who having each an individual will to consult, character to establish, and interest to promote, you may as well look for unanimity and concord between two lovers with one mistress, two dogs with one bone, or two naked rogues with one pair of breeches. This disagreement, therefore, is continually breeding delays and impediments, in consequence of which the negociation goes on swimmingly, inasmuch as there is no prospect of its ever coming to a close. Nothing is lost by these delays and obstacles but time; and in a negociation, according to the theory I have exposed, all time lost is in reality so much time gained:—with what delightful paradoxes does modern political economy abound!

Now all that I have here advanced is so notoriously true, that I almost blush to take up the time of my readers, with treating of matters which must many a time have stared them in the face. But the proposition to which I would most earnestly call their attention is this, that though a negociation be the most harmonizing of all national transactions, yet a treaty of peace is a great political evil, and one of the most fruitful sources of war.

I have rarely seen an instance of any special contract between individuals, that did not produce jealousies, bickerings, and often downright ruptures between them; nor did I ever know of a treaty between two nations that did not occasion continual misunderstandings. How many worthy country neighbours have I known, who, after living in peace and good fellowship for years, have been thrown into a state of distrust, cavilling, and animosity, by some ill-starred agreement about fences, runs of water, and stray cattle. And how many well meaning nations, who would otherwise have remained in the most amicable disposition towards each other, have been brought to swords' points about the infringement or misconstruction of some treaty, which in an evil hour they had concluded by way of making their amity more sure.

Treaties at best are but complied with so long as interest requires their fulfilment; consequently, they are virtually binding on the weaker party only, or in plain truth, they are not binding at all. No nation will wantonly go to war with another, if it has nothing to gain thereby, and therefore needs no treaty to restrain it from violence; and

if it have any thing to gain, I much question, from what I have witnessed of the righteous conduct of nations, whether any treaty could be made so strong that it could not thrust the sword through; nay, I would hold ten to one, the treaty itself would be the very source to which resort would be had to find a pretext for hostilities.

Thus, therefore, I conclude, that though it is the best of all policies for a nation to keep up a constant negociation with its neighbours, yet it is the summit of folly, for it ever to be beguiled into a treaty; for then comes on the non-fulfilment and infraction—then remonstrance, then altercation, then retaliation, then recrimination, and, finally, open war. In a word, negociation is like courtship, a time of sweet words, gallant speeches, soft looks, and endearing caresses, but the marriage ceremony is the signal for hostilities.

CHAP. IV.

How Peter Stuyvesant was greatly belied by his Adversaries the Mose Troopers—and his Conduct thereupon.

If my pains-taking reader be not somewhat perplexed, in the course of the ratiocination of my last chapter, he will doubtless at one glance perceive, that the great Peter, in concluding a treaty with his eastern neighbours, was guilty of a lamentable error and heteroxody in politics. To this unlucky agreement may justly be ascribed a world of little infringements, altercations, negociations, and bickerings, which afterwards took place between the irreproachable Stuyvesant, and the evil-disposed council of Amphyctions. All these did not a little disturb the constitutional serenity of the good burghers of Mannahata; but in sooth they were so very pitiful in their nature and effects, that a grave historian, who grudges the time spent in any thing less than recording the fall of empires, and the revolution of worlds, would think them unworthy to be inscribed on his sacred page.

The reader is therefore to take it for granted, though I scorn to waste in the detail that time which my furrowed brow and trembling hand inform me is invaluable, that all

the while the great Peter was occupied in those tremendous and bloody contests that I shall shortly rehearse, there was a continued series of little, dirty, snivelling skirmishes, scourings, broils, and maraudings made on the eastern frontiers, by the moss-troopers of Connecticut. But like that mirror of chivalry, the sage and valorous Don Quixote, I leave these petty contests for some future Sancho Pança of a historian, while I reserve my prowess and my pen for achievements of higher dignity.

Now did the great Peter conclude, that his labours had come to a close in the east, and that he had nothing to do but apply himself to the internal prosperity of his beloved Manhattoes. Though a man of great modesty, he could not help boasting that he had at length shut the temple of Janus; and that, were all rulers like a certain person who should be nameless, it would never be opened again. But the exultation of the worthy governor was put to a speedy check; for scarce was the treaty concluded, and hardly was the ink dried on the paper, before the crafty and discourteous council of the league sought a new pretence for re-illuming the flames of discord.

It seems to be the nature of confederacies, republics, and such like powers, that want the true masculine character, to indulge exceedingly in certain feminine panics and suspicions. Like some good lady of delicate and sickly virtue, who is in constant dread of having her vestal purity contaminated or seduced; and who, if a man do but take her by the hand, or look her in the face, is ready to cry out, rape! and ruin!—so these squeamish governments are perpetually on the alarm for the virtue of the country—every manly measure is a violation of the constitution—every monarchy or other masculine government around them is laying snares for their seduction; and they are for ever detecting infernal plots, by which they were to be betrayed, dishonoured, and "brought upon the town."

If any proof were wanting of the truth of these opinions, I would instance the conduct of a certain republic of our day, who, good dame, has already withstood so many plots and conspiracies against her virtue, and has so often come near being made "no better than she should be." I would notice her constant jealousies of poor old England, who, by her own account, has been incessantly trying to

sap her honour, though, from my soul, I never co
believe the honest old gentleman meant her any rudem
Whereas, on the contrary, I think I have several tir
caught her squeezing hands, and indulging in certain an
rous oglings with that sad fellow Buonaparte, who all
world knows to be a great despoiler of national virtue,
have ruined all the empires in his neighbourhood, and
have debauched every republic that came in his way; I
so it is, these rakes seem always to gain singular fav
with the ladies.

But I crave pardon of my reader for thus wanderi
and will endeavour, in some measure, to apply the for
ing remarks; for, in the year 1651, we are told that
great confederacy of the east accused the immacul
Peter (the soul of honour and heart of steel), that,
divers gifts and promises, he had been secretly endeavo
ing to instigate the Narrohigansett (or Narraganset), M
haque, and Pequot Indians, to surprise and massacre t
Yankee settlements. "For," as the council slanderou
observed, "the Indians round about for divers hundr
miles cercute, seeme to have drunke deep of an intoxi
ting cupp, att or from the Manhatoes against the Engli
whoe have sought their good both in bodily and spiritu
respects."

History does not make mention how the great coun
of the Amphyctions came by this precious plot: whetl
it were honestly brought at a fair market price, or dis
vered by sheer good fortune. It is certain, however, tl
they examined divers Indians, who all swore to the fa
as sturdily as though they had been so many Christi
troopers: and to be more sure of their veracity, the sa
council previously made every mother's son of th
devoutly drunk, remembering an old and trite prove
which it is not necessary for me to repeat.

Though descended from a family which suffered mu
injury from the losel Yankees of those times, my gr
grandfather having had a yoke of oxen and his best pac
stolen, and having received a pair of black eyes and
bloody nose in one of these border wars; and my gra
father, when a very little boy tending pigs, having be
kidnapped and severely flogged by a long-sided Conn
ticut schoolmaster; yet I should have passed over all th
wrongs with forgiveness and oblivion:—I could ev

have suffered them to have broken Evert Ducking's head, to have kicked the doughty Jacobus Van Curlet and his ragged regiment out of doors, carried every hog into captivity, and depopulated every hen-roost on the face of the earth with perfect impunity; but this wanton attack upon one of the most gallant and irreproachable heroes of modern times is too much even for me to digest, and has overset, with a single puff, the patience of the historian, and the forbearance of the Dutchman.

Oh reader, it was false—I swear to thee, it was false! —If thou hast any respect for my word,—if the undeviating character for veracity which I have endeavoured to maintain throughout this work, has its due weight with thee, thou wilt not give thy faith to this tale of slander; for I pledge my honour and my immortal fame to thee, that the gallant Peter Stuyvesant was not only innocent of this foul conspiracy, but would have suffered his right arm, or even his wooden leg, to consume with slow and everlasting flames, rather than attempt to destroy his enemies in any other way than open, generous warfare. Beshrew those caitiff scouts, that conspired to sully his honest name by such an imputation!

Peter Stuyvesant, though he perhaps had never heard of a Knight Errant, yet had he as true a heart of chivalry as ever beat at the round table of King Arthur. There was a spirit of native gallantry, a noble and generous hardihood, diffused through his rugged manners, which altogether gave unquestionable tokens of an heroic mind. He was, in truth, a hero of chivalry struck off by the hand of Nature at a single heat; and though she had taken no further care to polish and refine her workmanship, he stood forth a miracle of her skill.

But not to be figurative (a fault in historic writing, which I particularly eschew), the great Peter possessed, in an eminent degree, the seven renowned and noble virtues of knighthood, which, as he had never consulted authors in the disciplining and cultivating of his mind, I verily believe must have been implanted in a corner of his heart by dame Nature herself—where they flourished among his hardy qualities, like so many sweet wild flowers, shooting forth and thriving with redundant luxuriance among stubborn rocks. Such was the mind of Peter the Headstrong, and if my admiration for it has, on

this occasion, transported my style beyond the sober gravity which becomes the laborious scribe of historic events, I can plead as an apology, that though a little, grey headed Dutchman, arrived almost at the bottom of the down-hill of life, I still retain some portion of that celestial fire, which sparkles in the eyes of youth, when contemplating the virtues and achievements of ancient worthies. Blessed, thrice and nine times blessed be the good St. Nicholas—that I have escaped the influence of that chilling apathy, which too often freezes the sympathies of age; which, like a churlish spirit, sits at the portals of the heart, repulsing every genial sentiment, and paralyzing every spontaneous glow of enthusiasm.

No sooner then did this scoundrel imputation on his honour reach the ear of Peter Stuyvesant, than he proceeded in a manner which would have redounded to his credit, even though he had studied for years in the library of Don Quixote himself. He immediately despatched his valiant trumpeter and squire, Anthony Van Corlear, with orders to ride night and day, as herald, to the Amphyctionic council, reproaching them in terms of noble indignation, for giving ear to the slanders of heathen infidels, against the character of a Christian, a gentleman, and a soldier—and declaring, that as to the treacherous and bloody plot alleged against him, whoever affirmed it to be true, lied in his teeth!—to prove which, he defied the president of the council and all of his compeers, or if they pleased, their puissant champion, Captain Alexander Partridg, that mighty man of Rhodes, to meet him in a single combat, where he would trust the vindication of his innocence to the prowess of his arm.

This challenge being delivered with due ceremony, Anthony Van Corlear sounded a trumpet of defiance before the whole council, ending with a most horrific and nasal twang, full in the face of Captain Partridg, who almost jumped out of his skin in an ecstacy of astonishment at the noise. This done, he mounted a tall Flanders mare, which he always rode, and trotted merrily towards the Manhattoes—passing through Hartford, and Pyquag, and Middletown, and all the other border towns—twanging his trumpet like a very devil, so that the sweet valleys and banks of the Connecticut resounded with the warlike melody—and stopping occasionally to eat

pumpkin pies, dance at country frolics, and bundle with the beauteous lasses of those parts, whom he rejoiced exceedingly with his soul-stirring instrument.

But the grand council being composed of considerate men, had no idea of running a tilting with such a fiery hero as the hardy Peter—on the contrary they sent him an answer, couched in the meekest, the most mild, and provoking terms; in which they assured him that his guilt was proved to their perfect satisfaction, by the testimony of divers sober and respectable Indians, and concluding with this truly amiable paragraph:—"For youre confidant denialls of the Barbarous plott charged will waigh little in balance against such evidence, soe that we must still require and seeke due satisfaction and cecuritie; soe we rest,

"Sir,
"Youres in wayes of Righteousness, &c."

I am aware that the above transaction has been differently recorded by certain historians of the east, and elsewhere; who seem to have inherited the bitter enmity of their ancestors to the brave Peter—and much good may their inheritance do them. These declare, that Peter Stuyvesant requested to have the charges against him inquired into, by commissioners to be appointed for the purpose; and yet that when such commissioners were appointed, he refused to submit to their examination. In this artful account there is but the semblance of truth; he did, indeed, most gallantly offer, when that he found a deaf ear was turned to his challenge, to submit his conduct to the rigorous inspection of a court of honour—but then he expected to find it an august tribunal, composed of courteous gentlemen, the governors and nobility of the confederate plantations, and of the province of New Netherlands; where he might be tried by his peers, in a manner worthy of his rank and dignity—whereas, let me perish, if they did not send to the Manhattoes two lean-sided hungry pettifoggers, mounted on Narraganset pacers, with saddle bags under the bottoms, and green satchels under their arms, as though they were about to beat the hoof from one country court to another in search of a law-suit.

The chivalric Peter, as might be expected, notice of these cunning varlets; who, with pr industry, fell to prying and sifting about, in qu *parte* evidence; perplexing divers simple Indian women, with their cross questioning, until they h dicted and forswore themselves most horribly, often done in our courts of justice. Thus havin their errand to their own satisfaction, they return grand council with their satchels and saddle ba full of villainous rumours, apocryphal stories, rageous calumnies—for all which the great Pete care a tobacco stopper; but, I warrant me, attempted to play off the same trick upon W Testy, he would have treated them both to gambol on his patent gallows.

The grand council of the east held a very sole ing on the return of their envoys, and after they dered a long time on the situation of affairs, v the point of adjourning without being able to ag any thing. At this critical moment one of thes some, indefatigable spirits, who endeavour to e character for patriotism by blowing the bellows until the whole furnace of politics is red-hot wi and cinders; and who have just cunning enough that there is no time so favourable for gettin people's backs as when they are in a state of and attending to every body's business but t This aspiring imp of faction, who was called politician, because he had secured a seat in the c calumniating all his opponents: he, I say, conc a fit opportunity to strike a blow that should s popularity among his constituents, who lived on th of Nieuw Nederlandts, and were the greatest pe Christendom, excepting the Scotch border nobl a second Peter the Hermit, therefore, he stood preached up a crusade against Peter Stuyvesan devoted city.

He made a speech which lasted six hours, to the ancient custom in these parts; in which sented the Dutch as a race of impious here neither believed in witchcraft nor the sovereign horse-shoes—who left their country for the lucre

not, like themselves, for the enjoyment of *liberty of conscience*—who, in short, were a race of mere cannabals and anthropophagi, inasmuch as they never eat cod fish on Saturdays, devoured swine's flesh without molasses, and held pumpkins in utter contempt.

This speech had the desired effect; for the council, being awakened by the serjeant-at-arms, rubbed their eyes, and declared that it was just and politic to declare instant war against these unchristian antipumpkinites. But it was necessary that the people at large should first be prepared for this measure, and for this purpose the arguments of the orator were preached from the pulpit for several Sundays subsequent, and earnestly recommended to the consideration of every good Christian, who professed as well as practised, the doctrine of meekness, charity, and the forgiveness of injuries. This is the first time we hear of the "Drum Ecclesiastic" beating up for political recruits in our country; and it proved of such signal efficacy that it has since been called into frequent service throughout our Union. A cunning politician is often found skulking under the clerical robe, with an outside all religion, and an inside all political rancour. Things spiritual and things temporal are strangely jumbled together, like poisons and antidotes on an apothecary's shelf; and instead of a devout sermon, the simple church-going folk have often a political pamphlet thrust down their throats, labelled with a pious text from Scripture.

CHAP. V.

How the New-Amsterdammers became great in arms, and of the direful catastrophe of a mighty Army—together with Peter Stuyvesant's measure to fortify the City—and how he was the original Founder of the Battery.

BUT notwithstanding that the grand council, as I have already shown, were amazingly discreet in their proceedings respecting the New Netherlands, and conducted the whole with almost as much silence and mystery as does the sage British cabinet one of its ill-starred *secret expeditions*—yet did the ever-watchful Peter receive as full and

accurate information of every movement as does t
of France of all the notable enterprises I have me
—He accordingly set himself to work, to render
chinations of his bitter adversaries abortive.

I know that many will censure the precipitation
stout-hearted old governor, in that he hurried
expences of fortification, without ascertaining
they were necessary, by prudently waiting until th
was at the door. But they should recollect th
Stuyvesant had not the benefit of an insight
modern arcana of politics, and was strangely big
certain obsolete maxims of the old school; amon
he firmly believed, that, to render a country r
abroad, it was necessary to make it formidable at
and that a nation should place its reliance for pe
security, more upon its own strength, than on the j
good-will of its neighbours.—He proceeded, therefo
all diligence, to put the province and metropo
strong posture of defence.

Among the few remnants of ingenious invention
remained from the days of William the Testy, we
impregnable bulwarks of public safety, militia l
which the inhabitants were obliged to turn out
year, with such military equipments—as it please
and were put under the command of very valian
and man-milliners, who, though on ordinary o
the meekest, pippin-hearted little men in the wor
very devils at parades and court martials, when t
cocked hats on their heads, and swords by the
Under the instruction of these periodical warri
gallant train-bands made marvellous proficiency
mystery of gunpowder. They were taught to fac
right, to wheel to the left, to snap off empty
without winking, to turn a corner without any gr
roar or irregularity, and to march through sun
from one end of the town to the other without fl
until in the end they became so valorous that th
off blank cartridges, without so much as turnin
their heads—could hear the largest field-piece dis
without stopping their ears, or falling into muc
sion; and would even go through all the fatig
perils of a summer day's parade, without havin
ranks much thinned by desertion!

True it is, the genius of this truly pacific people was so little given to war, that, during the intervals which occurred between field days, they generally contrived to forget all the military tuition they had received; so that when they re-appeared on parade, they scarcely knew the butt-end of the musket from the muzzle, and invariably mistook the right shoulder for the left—a mistake which, however, was soon obviated by chalking their left arms. But whatever might be their blunders and awkwardness, the sagacious Kieft declared them to be of but little importance—since, as he judiciously observed, one campaign would be of more instruction to them than a hundred parades; for though two-thirds of them might be food for powder, yet such of the other third as did not run away would become most experienced veterans.

The great Stuyvesant had no particular veneration for the ingenious experiments and institutions of his shrewd predecessor, and among other things, held the militia system in very considerable contempt, which he was often heard to call in joke—for he was sometimes fond of a joke—Governor Kieft's broken reed. As, however, the present emergency was pressing, he was obliged to avail himself of such means of defence as were next at hand, and accordingly appointed a general inspection and parade of the train-bands. But, oh! Mars and Bellona, and all ye other powers of war, both great and small, what a turning out was here!—Here came men without officers, and officers without men—long fowling-pieces and short blunderbusses—muskets of all sorts and sizes, some without bayonets, others without locks, others without stocks, and many without lock, stock, or barrel.—Cartridge-boxes, shot-belts, powder-horns, swords, hatchets, snicker-snees, crow-bars, and broomsticks, all mingled higgledy piggledy—like one of our continental armies at the breaking out of the revolution.

This sudden transformation of a pacific community into a band of warriors is, doubtless, what is meant in modern days, by "putting a nation in armour," and "fixing it in an attitude." In which armour and attitude it makes as martial a figure, and likely to acquit itself with as much prowess, as the renowned Sancho Pança, when suddenly equipped to defend his Island of Barataria.

The sturdy Peter eyed this ragged regiment with some

such rueful aspect as a man would eye the devil; but knowing, like a wise man, that all he had to do was to make the best out of a bad bargain, he determined to give his heroes a seasoning. Having, therefore, drilled them through the manual exercise over and over again, he ordered the fifes to strike up a quick march, and trudged his sturdy boots backwards and forwards about the streets of New Amsterdam, and the fields adjacent, until their short legs ached, and their fat sides sweated again. But this was not all; the martial spirit of the old governor caught fire from the sprightly music of the fife, and he resolved to try the mettle of his troops, and give them a taste of the hardships of iron war. To this end he encamped them, as the shades of evening fell, upon a hill formerly called Bunker's Hill, at some distance from the town, with a full intention of initiating them into the discipline of camps, and of renewing the next day the toils and perils of the field. But so it came to pass, that, in the night there fell a great and heavy rain, which descended in torrents upon the camp, and the mighty army strangely melted away before it; so that when Gaffer Phœbus came to shed his morning beams upon the place, saving Peter Stuyvesant and his trumpeter Van Corlear, scarce one was to be found of all the multitude that had encamped there the night before.

This awful dissolution of his army would have appalled a commander of less nerve than Peter Stuyvesant; but he considered it as a matter of but small importance, though he henceforward regarded the militia system with ten times greater contempt than ever, and took care to provide himself with a good garrison of chosen men, whom he kept in pay; of whom he boasted, that they at least possessed the quality, indispensable in soldiers, of being *water-proof*.

The next care of the vigilant Stuyvesant was to strenghten and fortify New Amsterdam. For this purpose he caused to be built a strong picket-fence, that reached across the island, from river to river, being intended to protect the city, not merely from the sudden invasions of foreign enemies, but likewise from the incursions of the neighbouring savages.*

* In an antique view of New Amsterdam, taken some years after the above period, is a representation of this wall, which stretched

Some traditions, it is true, have ascribed the building of this wall to a later period, but they are wholly incorrect; for a memorandum in the Stuyvesant manuscript, dated towards the middle of the governor's reign, mentions this wall particularly, as a very strong and curious piece of workmanship, and the admiration of all the savages in the neighbourhood. And it mentions, moreover, the alarming circumstance of a drove of stray cows breaking through the grand wall of a dark night; by which the whole community of New Amsterdam was thrown into a terrible panic.

In addition to this great wall, he cast up several outworks to Fort Amsterdam, to protect the sea-board at the point of the island. These consisted of formidable mud-batteries, solidly faced, after the manner of the Dutch ovens, common in those days, with clam-shells.

These frowning bulwarks, in process of time, came to be pleasantly overrun by a verdant carpet of grass and clover, and their high embankments overshadowed by wide-spreading sycamores, among whose foliage the little birds sported about, rejoicing the ear with their melodious notes. The old burghers would repair of an afternoon to smoke their pipes under the shade of their branches, contemplating the goldent sun as he gradually sunk into the west—an emblem of that tranquil end toward which themselves were hastening; while the young men and the damsels of the town would take many a moonlight stroll among these favourite haunts, watching the silver beams of chaste Cynthia tremble along the calm bosom of the bay, or light up the white sail of some gliding bark, and interchange the honest vows of constant affection. Such was the origin of that renowned walk, *The Battery*, which, though ostensibly devoted to the purposes of war, has ever been consecrated to the sweet delights of peace—the favourite walk of declining age—the healthful resort of the feeble invalid—the Sunday refreshment of

along the course of Wall Street, so called in commemoration of this great bulwark. One gate, called the Land-Poort, opened upon Broadway, hard by where at present stands the Trinity Church; and another called the Water-Poort stood about where the Tontine Coffee-house is at present, opening upon Smits Vleye, or, as it is commonly called, Smith Fly, then a marshy valley, with a creek or inlet extending up what we call Maiden Lane.

the dusty tradesman---the scene of many a boyish gambol---the rendezvous of many a tender assignation---the comfort of the citizen---the ornament of New-York---and the pride of the lovely island of Mannahata.

CHAP. VI.

How the People of the East Country were suddenly afflicted with a diabolical evil—and their judicious measures for the extirpation thereof.

HAVING thus provided for the temporary security of New Amsterdam, and guarded it against any sudden surprise, the gallant Peter took a hearty pinch of snuff, and snapping his fingers, set the great council of Amphyctions and their champion the doughty Alicxsander Partridg at defiance. It is impossible to say, notwithstanding, what might have been the issue of this affair, had not the council been all at once involved in sad perplexity, and as much dissension sown among its members, as of yore was stirred up in the camp of the brawling warriors of Greece.

The council of the league, as I have shown in my last chapter, had already announced its hostile determinations, and already was the mighty colony of New-Haven and the puissant town of Pyquag, otherwise called Weathersfield—famous for its onions and witches—and the great trading house of Hartford, and all the other redoubtable border towns, in a prodigious turmoil, furbishing up their rusty fowling-pieces, and shouting aloud for war; by which they anticipated easy conquests and gorgeous spoils from the little fat Dutch villages. But this joyous brawling was soon silenced by the conduct of the colony of Massachusetts. Struck with the gallant spirit of the brave old Peter, and convinced by the chivalric frankness and heroic warmth of his vindication, they refused to believe him guilty of the infamous plot most wrongfully laid at his door. With a generosity for which I would yield them immortal honour, they declared that no determination of the grand council of the league should bind the general

court of Massachusetts to join in an offensive war, which should appear to such general court to be unjust.*

This refusal immediately involved the colony of Massachusetts, and the other combined colonies, in very serious difficulties and disputes; and would no doubt have produced a dissolution of the confederacy, but that the council of Amphyctions, finding that they could not stand alone, if mutilated by the loss of so important a member as Massachusetts, were fain to abandon for the present their hostile machinations against the Manhattoes. Such is the marvellous energy and the puissance of those confederacies, composed of a number of sturdy, self-willed, discordant parts, loosely banded together by a puny general government. As it was, however, the warlike towns of Connecticut had no cause to deplore this disappointment of their martial ardour; for by my faith—though the combined powers of the league might have been too potent, in the end, for the robustous warriors of the Manhattoes; yet, in the interim, would the lion-hearted Peter, and his myrmidons have choaked the stomachful heroes of Pyquag with their own onions, and have given the other little border-towns such a scouring, that I warrant they would have had no stomach to squat on the land, or invade the hen-roost of a New Nederlander for a century to come.

Indeed there was more than one cause to divert the attention of the good people of the east from their hostile purposes; for just about this time were they horribly beleaguered and harassed by the inroads of the prince of darkness, divers of whose liege subjects they detected lurking within their camp, all of whom they incontinently roasted as so many spies and dangerous enemies. Not to speak in parables, we are informed, that at this juncture, the New England provinces were exceedingly troubled by multitudes of losel witches, who wrought strange devices to beguile and distress the multitude; and notwithstanding numerous judicious and bloody laws had been enacted against all "solemn conversing or compacting with the divil, by way of conjuracion or the like,†" yet did the dark crime of witchcraft continue to increase to an alarming degree that would almost transcend belief, were not

* Haz. Col. S. Pap. † New Plymouth Record.

the fact too well authenticated to be even doubted for an instant.

What is particularly worthy of admiration is, that this terrible art, which so long has baffled the painful researches and abtruse studies of philosophers, astrologers, alchymists, theurgists, and other sages, was chiefly confined to the most ignorant, decrepid, and ugly old women in the community, who had scarcely more brains than the broomsticks they rode upon. Where they first acquired their infernal education—whether from the works of the ancient theurgists — the demonology of the Egyptians — the belomancy, or divination by arrows, of the Scythians—the spectrology of the Germans—the magic of the Persians —the enchantment of the Laplanders—or from the archives of the dark and mysterious caverns of the Dom Daniel—is a question pregnant with many learned and ingenious doubts; particularly as most of them were totally unversed in the occult mysteries of the alphabet.

When once an alarm is sounded, the public, who love dearly to be in a panic, are not long in want of proofs to support it. Raise but the cry of yellow fever, and immediately every head-ach, and indigestion, and overflowing of the bile, is pronounced the terrible epidemic. In like manner, in the present instance, whoever was troubled with a colic or lumbago was sure to be bewitched, and woe to any unlucky old woman that lived in his neighbourhood. Such a howling abomination could not be suffered to remain long unnoticed, and it accordingly soon attracted the fiery indignation of the sober and reflective part of the community, more especially of those, who, whilome, had evinced so much active benevolence in the conversion of quakers and anabaptists. The grand council of the Amphyctions publicly set their faces against so deadly and dangerous a sin, and a severe scrutiny took place after those nefarious witches, who were easily detected by devil's pinches, black cats, broomsticks, and the circumstance of their only being able to weep three tears, and those out of the left eye.

It is incredible the number of offences that were detected, "for every one of which," says the profound and reverend Cotton Mather, in that excellent work, the History of New England—"we have such a sufficient evidence that

no reasonable man in this whole country ever did question them; *and it will be unreasonable to do it in any other.*"*

Indeed, that authentic and judicious historian, John Josselyn, Gent. furnishes us with unquestionable facts on this subject. "There are none," observes he, "that beg in this country, but there be witches too many—bottle-bellied witches, and others, that produce many strange apparitions, if you will believe a report of a shallop at sea, manned with women, and of a ship and great red horse standing by the mainmast; the ship being in a small cove to the eastward vanished of a sudden," &c.

The number of delinquents, however, and their magical devices, were not more remarkable than their diabolical obstinacy. Though exhorted in the most solemn, persuasive, and affectionate manner, to confess themselves guilty, and be burnt for the good of religion and the entertainment of the public, yet did they most pertinaciously persist in asserting their innocence. Such incredible obstinacy was in itself deserving of immediate punishment, and was sufficient proof, if proof were necessary, that they were in league with the devil, who is perverseness itself. But their judges were just and merciful, and were determined to punish none that were not convicted on the best of testimony; not that they needed any evidence to satisfy their own minds, for, like true and experienced judges, their minds were perfectly made up, and they were thoroughly satisfied of the guilt of the prisoners, before they proceeded to try them; but still something was necessary to convince the community at large---to quiet those prying quidnuncs who should come after them; in short, the world must be satisfied. Oh the world, the world!---all the world knows the world of trouble the world is eternally occasioning!---The worthy judges, therefore, were driven to the necessity of sifting, detecting, and making evident as noon-day matters which were at the commencement all clearly understood and firmly decided upon in their own pericraniums; so that it may truly be said, that the witches were burned to gratify the populace of the day, but were tried for the satisfaction of the whole world that should come after them!

Finding, therefore, that neither exhortation, sound

* Mather's Hist. New Eng. b. vi. ch. 7.

reason, nor friendly entreaty, had any avail on hardened offenders, they resorted to the more urgent ments of the torture; and having thus absolutely wru truth from their stubborn lips, they condemned th undergo the roasting due unto the heinous crimes th confessed. Some even carried their perverseness so to expire under the torture, protesting their innoce the last; but these were looked upon as thoroughl absolutely possessed by the devil, and the pio standers only lamented that they had not lived a longer to have perished in the flames.

In the city of Ephesus, we are told, that the plag expelled by stoning a ragged old beggar to death, Apollonius pointed out as being the evil spirit that c it, and who actually showed himself to be a dem changing into a shaggy dog. In like manner, a measures equally sagacious, a salutary check was gi this growing evil. The witches were all burned, ban or panic-struck, and in a little while there was n ugly old woman to be found throughout New En which is doubtless one reason why all the young w there are so handsome. Those honest folk wh suffered from their incantations gradually reco excepting such as had been afflicted with twitch aches, which, however, assumed the less alarming a of rheumatisms, sciatics, and lumbagos; and the people of New England, abandoning the study occult sciences, turned their attention to the more pro hocus pocus of trade, and soon became expert i legerdemain art of turning a penny. Still, how tinge of the old leaven is discernible, even unto thi in their characters; witches occasionally start up i them in different disguises, as physicians, civilian divines. The people at large show a keenness, a clev and a profundity of wisdom, that savours strom witchcraft; and it has been remarked, that whenev stones fall from the moon, the greater part of th sure to tumble into New England.

CHAP. VII.

Which records the rise and renown of a valiant Commander; shewing that a Man, like a bladder, may be puffed up to greatness and importance by mere wind.

WHEN treating of those tempestuous times, the unknown writer of the Stuyvesant manuscript breaks out into a vehement apostrophe, in praise of the good St. Nicholas; to whose protecting care he entirely ascribes the strange dissensions that broke out in the council of the Amphyctions, and the direful witchcraft that prevailed in the east country; whereby the hostile machinations against the Nederlanders were for a time frustrated, and his favourite city of New-Amsterdam preserved from imminent peril and deadly warfare. Darkness and louring superstition hung over the fair valleys of the east---the pleasant banks of the Connecticut no longer echoed with the sounds of rustic gaiety---direful phantoms and portentous apparitions were seen in the air---gliding spectrums haunted every wild brook and dreary glen---strange voices made by viewless forms, were heard in desert solitudes---and the border towns were so occupied in detecting and punishing the knowing old women that had produced these alarming appearances, that for a while the province of Nieuw Nederlandts and its inhabitants were totally forgotten.

The great Peter, therefore, finding that nothing was to be immediately apprehended from his eastern neighbours, turned himself about, with a praise-worthy vigilance that ever distinguished him, to put a stop to the insults of the Swedes. These freebooters, my attentive reader will recollect, had begun to be very troublesome towards the latter part of the reign of William the Testy, having set the proclamations of that doughty little governor at naught, and put the intrepid Jan Jansen Alpendam to a perfect nonplus!

Peter Stuyvesant, however, as has already been shown, was a governor of different habits and turn of mind. Without more ado, he immediately issued orders for raising a corps of troops to be stationed on the southern frontier, under the command of brigadier-general Jacobus

Von Poffenburgh. This illustrious warrior had risen to great importance during the reign of Wilhelmus Kieft; and, if histories speak true, was second in command to the hapless Van Curlet, when he and his ragged regiment were inhumanly kicked out of Fort Good Hope by the Yankees. In consequence of having been in such a "memorable affair," and of having received more wounds on a certain honourable part, that shall be nameless, than any of his comrades, he was ever after considered as a hero, who had "seen some service." Certain it is, he enjoyed the unlimited confidence and friendship of William the Testy; who would sit for hours, and listen with wonder to his gunpowder narratives of surprising victories—he had never gained; and dreadful battles—from which he had run away; and the governor was once heard to declare, that had he lived in ancient times, he might unquestionably have claimed the armour of Achilles—being not merely like Ajax, a mighty blustering man of battle; but in the cabinet a second Ulysses, that is to say, very valiant of speech, and long winded—all which, as nobody in New-Amsterdam knew aught of the ancient heroes in question, passed totally uncontradicted.

It was tropically observed by honest old Socrates, that heaven had infused into some men at their birth a portion of intellectual gold; into others, of intellectual silver; while others were bounteously furnished out with abundance of brass and iron. Now, of this last class was undoubtedly the great General Von Poffenburgh, and, from the display he continually made thereof, I am inclined to think that dame Nature, who will sometimes be partial, had blessed him with enough of those valuable materials to have fitted up a dozen ordinary braziers. But what is most to be admired is, that he contrived to pass off all his brass and copper upon Wilhelmus Kieft, who was no great judge of base coin, as pure and genuine gold. The consequence was, that upon the resignation of Jacobus Van Curlet, who, after the loss of Fort Good Hoop, retired like a veteran general, to live under the shade of his laurels, the mighty "copper captain" was promoted to his station. This he filled with great importance, always styling himself "commander-in-chief of the armies of the New Netherlandts;" though, to tell the truth, the armies, or

rather army, consisted of a handful of hen-stealing, bottle-bruising ragamuffins.

Such was the character of the warrior appointed by Peter Stuyvesant to defend his southern frontier; nor may it be uninteresting to my reader to have a glimpse of his person. He was not very tall, but notwithstanding, a huge full-bodied man, whose bulk did not so much arise from his being fat as windy; being so completely inflated with his own importance, that he resembled one of those bags of wind which Æolus, in an incredible fit of generosity, gave to that wandering warrior Ulysses.

His dress comported with this character, for he had almost as much brass and copper without, as Nature had stored away within. His coat was crossed and slashed, and carbonadoed with stripes of copper lace, and swathed round the body with a crimson sash, of the size and texture of a fishing net, doubtless to keep his valiant heart from bursting through his ribs. His head and whiskers were profusely powdered, from the midst of which his full blooded face glowed like a fiery furnace; and his magnaminous soul seemed ready to bounce out at a pair of large glassy blinking eyes, which projected like those of a lobster.

I swear to thee, worthy reader, if report belie not this warrior, I would give all the money in my pocket to have seen him accoutred cap-à-pie in martial array---booted to the middle---sashed to the chin---collared to the ears---whiskered to the teeth---crowned with an overshadowing cocked hat, and girded with a leathern belt ten inches broad, from which trailed a falchion, of a length that I dare not mention. Thus equipped, he strutted about as bitter looking a man of war as the far famed More of More-Hall, when he sallied forth, armed at all points, to slay the dragon of Wantley.*

Notwithstanding all the great endowments and trans-

* "Had you but seen him in this dress,
How fierce he looked and how big;
You would have thought him for to be
Some Egyptian Porcupig.

"He frighted all, cats, dogs and all,
Each cow, each horse, and each hog;
For fear they did flee, for they took him to be
Some strange outlandish hedge-hog."

Ballad of Drag. of Want.

cendant qualities of this renowned general, I must confess he was not exactly the kind of man that the gallant Peter would have chosen to command his troops—but the truth is, that in those days the province did not abound, as at present, in great military characters; who, like so many Cincinnatuses, people every little village—marshalling out cabbages instead of soldiers, and signalizing themselves in the corn-field instead of the field of battle: who have surrendered the toils of war for the more useful but inglorious arts of peace! and so blended the laurel with the olive, that you may have a general for a landlord, a colonel for a stage-driver, and your horse shod by a valiant "captain of volunteers."—Neither had Peter Stuyvesant an opportunity of choosing, like modern rulers, from a loyal band of editors of newspapers—no mention being made in the histories of the times of any such class of mercenaries being retained in pay by government, either as trumpeters, champions, or body guards. The redoubtable General Von Poffenburgh, therefore, was appointed to the command of the new-levied troops, chiefly because there were no competitors for the station, and partly because it would have been a breach of military etiquette to have appointed a younger officer over his head—a injustice which the great Peter would have rather died than have committed.

No sooner did this thrice valiant copper captain receive marching orders, than he conducted his army undaunted to the southern frontier; through wild lands and savage deserts, over insurmountable mountains, across impassable floods, and through impenetrable forests; encountering more perils, according to his own account, than did even the great Xenophon in his far famed retreat with his ten thousand Grecians. All this accomplished, he established on the South (or Delaware) river a redoubtable redoubt named FORT CASIMIR, in honour of a favourite pair of brimstone-coloured trunk breeches of the governor. This fort will be found to give rise to very important and interesting events, it may be worth while to notice, that it was afterwards called Nieuw-Amstel, and was the original germ of the present flourishing town of NEW-CASTLE, the appellation erroneously substituted for *No Castle*, neither being nor never having been a castle or any thing of the kind upon the premises.

The Swedes did not suffer tamely this menacing movement of the Nederlanders; on the contrary Jan Printz, at that time governor of New Sweden, issued a protest against what he termed an encroachment upon his jurisdiction. But the valiant Von Poffenburgh had become too well versed in the nature of proclamations and protests, while he served under William the Testy, to be in any wise daunted by such paper warfare. His fortress being finished, it would have done any man's heart good to behold into what a magnitude he immediately swelled. He would stride in and out a dozen times a day, surveying it in front and in rear; on this side and on that.—Then would he dress himself in full regimentals, and strut backwards and forwards, for hours together, on the top of his little rampart—like a vain-glorious cock-pigeon vapouring on the top of his coop. In a word, unless my readers have noticed, with curious eye, the petty commander of one of our little, snivelling, military posts, swelling with all the vanity of new regimentals, and the pomposity derived from commanding a handful of tatterdemalions, I despair of giving them any adequate idea of the prodigious dignity of General Von Poffenburgh.

It is recorded in the delectable romance of Pierce Forest, that a young knight, being dubbed by king Alexander, did incontinently gallop into an adjoining forest, and belaboured the trees with such might and main that the whole court was convinced that he was the most potent and courageous gentleman on the face of the earth. In like manner the great Von Poffenburgh would ease off that valorous spleen, which like wind is so apt to grow unruly in the stomachs of new made soldiers, impelling them to box-lobby brawls, and broken headed quarrels.—For at such times, when he found his martial spirit waxing hot within him, he would prudently sally forth into the fields, and lugging out his trusty sabre, would lay about him most lustily, decapitating cabbages by platoons; hewing down whole phalanxes of sun-flowers, which he termed gigantic Swedes; and if, peradventure, he espied a colony of honest big-belled pumpkins quietly basking themselves in the sun, "Ah, caitiff Yankees," would he roar, "have I caught ye at last!"—so saying, with one sweep of his sword, he would cleave the unhappy vegetables from their chins to their waistbands: by which warlike havoc his

choler being in some sort allayed, he would retur
garrison with a full conviction, that he was a very
of military prowess.

The next ambition of General Von Poffenburgh
be thought a strict disciplinarian. Well knowir
discipline is the soul of all military enterprise, he e
it with the most rigorous precision; obliging eve
to turn out his toes, and hold up his head on parad
prescribing the breadth of their ruffles to all such
any shirts to their backs.

Having one day, in the course of his devout res
in the Bible (for the pious Æneas himself could not
him in outward religion,) encountered the hist
Absalom and his melancholy end, the general, in
hour, issued orders for cropping the hair of both
and men throughout the garrison. Now it came t
that among his officers was one Kildermeester; a
veteran who had cherished, through the course of
life, a rugged mop of hair, not a little resembl
shag of a Newfoundland dog; terminating with
moderate queue, like the handle of a frying-pan
queued so tightly to his head, that his eyes and
generally stood ajar, and his eyebrows were drawn
the top of his forehead. It may naturally be su
that the possessor of so goodly an appendage woul
with abhorrence an order condemning it to the sh
Samson himself could not have held his locks more s
and on hearing the general orders, he discharged a t
of veteran, soldier-like oaths, and dunder and b
---swore he would break any man's head who att
to meddle with his tail---queued it stiffer than ev
whisked it about the garrison as fiercely as the t
crocodile.

The eel-skin queue of old Kildermeester beca
stantly an affair of the utmost importance. Th
mander-in-chief was too enlightened an officer
perceive that the discipline of the garrison, the sub
tion and good order of the *armies* of the Nieuw
landts, the consequent safety of the whole provinc
ultimately the dignity and prosperity of their high
nesses, the lords states-general, but above all, the
of the great General Von Poffenburgh---all impe
demanded the docking of that stubborn queue. H

fore determined that old Kildermeester should be publicly shorn of his glories in presence of the whole garrison---the old man as resolutely stood on the defensive---whereupon the general, as became a great man, was highly exasperated, and the offender was arrested and tried by a court martial for mutiny, desertion, and all the other list of offences noticed in the articles of war, ending with a "videlicet, in wearing an eel-skin queue, three feet long, contrary to orders."—Then came on arraignments, and trials, and pleadings, and the whole country was in a ferment about this unfortunate queue. As it is well known that the commander of a distant frontier post has the power of acting pretty much after his own will, there is little doubt but that the veteran would have been hanged, or shot at least, had he not luckily fallen ill of a fever, through mere chagrin and mortification—and most flagitiously deserted from earthly command, with his beloved locks unviolated. His obstinacy remained unshaken to the very last moment, when he directed that he should be carried to his grave with his eel-skin queue sticking out of a hole in his coffin.

This magnanimous affair obtained the general great credit as an excellent disciplinarian, but it is hinted that he was ever after subject to bad dreams, and fearful visitations in the night—when the grisly spectrum of old Kildermeester would stand sentinel by the bedside, erect as a pump, his enormous queue strutting out like the handle.

END OF BOOK FIFTH.

BOOK SIXTH.

CONTAINING THE SECOND PART OF THE REIGN OF PETER THE HEADSTRONG, AND HIS GALLANT ACHIEVEMENTS ON THE DELAWARE.

CHAP. I.

In which is exhibited a warlike Portrait of the great Peter —and how General Von Poffenburgh distinguished himself at Fort Casimir.

HITHERTO, most venerable and courteous reader, have I shown thee the administration of the valorous Stuyvesant, under the mild moonshine of peace, or rather the grim tranquillity of awful expectation; but now the war-drum rumbles from afar, the brazen trumpet brays its thrilling note, and the rude clash of hostile arms speaks fearful prophecies of coming troubles. The gallant warrior starts from soft repose, from golden visions, and voluptuous ease; where, in the dulcet "piping time of peace," he sough sweet solace after all his toils. No more in beauty's sire lap reclined, he weaves fair garlands for his lady's brows no more entwines with flowers his shining sword; n through the livelong lazy summer's day chants forth h love-sick soul in madrigals. To manhood roused, he spur the amorous flute; doffs from his brawny back the robe peace, and clothes his pampered limbs in panoply of ste O'er his dark brow, where late the myrtle waved—wh wanton roses breathed enervate love—he rears the beam casque and nodding plume; grasps the bright shield, shakes the ponderous lance; or mounts with eager p his fiery steed, and burns for deeds of glorious chivalry

But soft, worthy reader! I would not have you imag that any *preux chevalier* thus hideously begirt with existed in the city of New-Amsterdam. This is b lofty and gigantic mode in which heroic writers al talk of war, thereby to give it a noble and imposing a equipping our warriors with bucklers, helms, and l and such like outlandish and obsolete weapons, th

which perchance they had never seen or heard of; in the same manner that a cunning statuary arrays a modern general or an admiral in the accoutrements of a Cæsar or an Alexander. The simple truth then of all this oratorical flourish is this—that the valiant Peter Stuyvesant, all of a sudden, found it necessary to scour his trusty blade, which too long had rusted in its scabbard, and prepare himself to undergo those hardy toils of war, in which his mighty soul so much delighted.

Methinks I at this moment behold him in my imagination—or rather, I behold his goodly portrait, which still hangs up in the family mansion of the Stuyvesants, arrayed in all the terrors of a true Dutch general. His regimental coat of German blue, gorgeously decorated with a goodly show of large brass buttons, reaching from his waistband to his chin. The voluminous skirts turned up at the corners, and separating gallantly behind, so as to display the seat of a sumptuous pair of brimstone-coloured trunk breeches—a graceful style still prevalent among the warriors of our day, and which is in conformity to the custom of ancient heroes, who scorned to defend themselves in rear. His face rendered exceedingly terrible and warlike by a pair of black mustachios; his hair strutting out on each side in stiffly pomatumed ear-locks, and descending in a rat-tail queue below his waist; a shining stock of black leather supporting his chin, and a little, but fierce cocked hat stuck with a gallant and fiery air over his left eye. Such was the chivalric part of Peter the Headstrong; and when he made a sudden halt, planting himself firmly on his solid supporter, with his wooden leg inlaid with silver, a little in advance, in order to strengthen his position, his right hand grasping a gold-headed cane, his left resting upon the pummel of his sword; his head dressing, spiritedly to the right, with a most appalling and hard favoured frown upon his brow—he presented altogether one of the most commanding, bitter looking, and soldierlike figures, that ever strutted upon canvass. Proceed we now to enquire the cause of this warlike preparation.

The encroaching disposition of the Swedes, on the south or Delaware river, has been duly recorded in the chronicles of the reign of William the Testy. These encroachments, having been endured with that heroic magnanimity which is the corner stone, or according to Aristotle, the left hand

neighbour of true courage, had been repeated and wick aggravated.

The Swedes, who were of that class of cunning pre ders to Christianity, who read the bible upside dc whenever it interferes with their interests, inverted golden maxim; and when their neighbour suffered tl to smite him on the one cheek, they generally smote on the other also, whether turned to them or not. T repeated aggressions had been among the numerous sou of vexation that conspired to keep the irritable sensibil of Wilhelmus Kieft in a constant fever; and it was owing to the unfortunate circumstance that he had alw a hundred things to do at once, that he did not take s unrelenting vengeance as their offences merited. they had now a chieftain of a different character to with; and they were soon guilty of a piece of treach that threw his honest blood in a ferment, and precl all further sufferance.

Printz, the governor of the province of New Swe being either deceased or removed, for of this fact s uncertainty exists, was succeeded by Jan Risingh gigantic Swede; and who, had he not been rather kn kneed and splay-footed, might have served for the m of a Samson or a Hercules. He was no less rapaci than mighty, and withal as crafty as he was rapacious; that, in fact, there is very little doubt, had he lived s four or five centuries before, he would have been on those wicked giants, who took such a cruel pleasure pocketing distressed damsels, when gadding about world; and locking them up in enchanted castles, with a toilette, a change of linen, or any other convenience. consequence of these enormities, they fell under the h displeasure of chivalry, and all true, loyal, and gall knights were instructed to attack and slay outright miscreant they might happen to find, above six feet hi which is doubtless one reason that the race of large s is nearly extinct, and the generations of latter ages exceeding small.

No sooner did Governor Risingh enter upon his offi than he immediately cast his eyes upon the important p of Fort Casimir, and formed the righteous resolution taking it into possession. The only thing that remai to consider was the mode of carrying his resolution i

effect: and here I must do him the justice to say, that he exhibited a humanity rarely to be met with among leaders, and which I have never seen equalled in modern times, excepting among the English, in their glorious affair at Copenhagen. Willing to spare the effusion of blood and the miseries of open warfare, he benevolently shunned every thing like avowed hostility or regular siege, and resorted to the less glorious but more merciful expedient of treachery.

Under pretence, therefore, of paying a neighbourly visit to General Von Poffenburgh, at his new post of Fort Casimir, he made requisite preparation, sailed in great state up the Delaware, displayed his flag with the most ceremonious punctilio, and honoured the fortress with a royal salute, previous to dropping anchor. The unusual noise awakened a veteran Dutch sentinel, who was napping faithfully at his post, and who having suffered his match to go out, contrived to return the compliment, by discharging his rusty musket with the spark of a pipe, which he borrowed from one of his comrades. The salute indeed would have been answered by the guns of the fort, had they not unfortunately been out of order, and the magazine deficient in ammunition—accidents to which forts have in all ages been liable, and which were the more excusable in the present instance, as Fort Casimir had only been erected about two years, and General Von Poffenburgh, its mighty commander, had been fully occupied with matters of much greater importance.

Risingh, highly satisfied with this courteous reply to his salute, treated the fort to a second, for he well knew its commander was marvellously delighted with these little ceremonials, which he considered as so many acts of homage paid to his greatness. He then landed in great state, attended by a suite of thirty men—a prodigious and vain-glorious retinue, for a petty governor of a petty settlement, in those days of primitive simplicity; and to the full as great an army as generally swells the pomp and marches in the rear of our frontier commanders at the present day.

The number in fact might have awakened suspicion, had not the mind of the great Von Poffenburgh been so com-

pletely engrossed with an all-pervading idea of hims
that he had not room to admit a thought besides.
fact he considered the concourse of Risingh's followers
a compliment to himself—so apt are great men to st
between themselves and the sun, and completely ecli
the truth by their own shadow.

It may readily be imagined how much General
Poffenburgh was flattered by a visit from so augus
personage; his only embarrassment was, how he sho
receive him in such a manner as to appear to the grea
advantage, and make the most advantageous impress
The main guard was ordered immediately to turn
and the arms and regimentals (of which the garri
possessed full half a dozen suits) were equally distribu
among the soldiers. One tall lank fellow appeared
coat intended for a small man, the skirts of which reac
a little below his waist, the buttons were between
shoulders, and the sleeves half way to his wrists, so
his hands looked like a couple of huge spades; and
coat not being large enough to meet in front, was lin
together by loops, made of a pair of red worsted gar
Another had an old cocked hat, stuck on the back of
head, and decorated with a bunch of cock's tails—a t
had a pair of rusty gaiters hanging about his heels—w
a fourth, who was a short duck-legged little Trojan,
equipped in a huge pair of the general's cast-off breec
which he held up with one hand, while he grasped
firelock with the other. The rest were accoutred in s
lar style, excepting three graceless ragamuffins, who
no shirts, and but a pair and half of breeches betw
them, wherefore they were sent to the black-hole, to k
them out of view. There is nothing in which the tal
of a prudent commander are more completely testi
than in thus setting matters off to the greatest advanta
and it is for this reason that our frontier posts at
present day (that of Niagara for example) display t
best suit of regimentals on the back of the sentinel
stands in sight of travellers.

His men being thus gallantly arrayed,—those
lacked muskets shouldering spades and pickaxes,
every man being ordered to tuck in his shirt tail and pul
his brogues, General Von Poffenburgh first took a stu

draught of foaming ale, which, like the magnanimous More of More-hall *, was his invariable practice on all great occasions; which done, he put himself at their head, ordered the pine planks, which served as a drawbridge, to be laid down, and issued forth from his castle, like a mighty giant, just refreshed with wine. But when the two heroes met, then began a scene of warlike parade and chivalric courtesy that beggars all description. Risingh, who, as I before hinted, was a shrewd, cunning politician, and had grown grey much before his time, in consequence of his craftiness, saw at one glance the ruling passion of the great Von Poffenburgh, and humoured him in all his valorous fantasies.

Their detachments were accordingly drawn up in front of each other; they carried arms, and they presented arms; they gave the standing salute and the passing salute:—they rolled their drums, they flourished their fifes, and they waved their colours—they faced to the left, and they faced to the right, and they faced to the right about:—they wheeled forward, and they wheeled backward, and they wheeled into *échelon*:—they marched, and they counter-marched, by grand divisions, by single divisions, and by subdivisions—by platoons, by sections, and by files—in quick time, in slow time, and in no time at all: for, having gone through all the evolutions of two great armies, including the eighteen manœuvres of Dundas; having exhausted all that they could recollect or imagine of military tactics, including sundry strange and irregular evolutions, the like of which were never seen before or since, excepting among certain of our newly raised militia—the two great commanders and their respective troops came at length to a dead halt, completely exhausted by the toils of war. Never did two valiant train-band captains, or two buskined theatric heroes, in the renowned tragedies of Pizarro, Tom Thumb, or any other heroical and fighting tragedy, marshal their gallows-looking, duck-legged, heavy-heeled myrmidons, with more glory and self-admiration.

These military compliments being finished, General Von

* "——————— as soon as he rose,
To make him strong and mighty,
He drank, by the tale, six pots of ale,
And a quart of aqua vitæ."

Poffenburgh escorted his illustrious visitor, with great ceremony, into the fort; attended him throughout the fortifications; showed him the horn-works, crown-works, half-moons, and various other out-works; or rather the places where they ought to be erected; and where they might be erected if he pleased; plainly demonstrating that it was a place of "great capability," and though at present but a little redoubt, yet that it evidently was a formidable fortress in embryo. This survey over, he next had the whole garrison put under arms, exercised and reviewed, and concluded by ordering the three bridewell birds to be hauled out of the black hole, brought up to the halberts, and soundly flogged for the amusement of his visitor, and to convince him that he was a great disciplinarian.

There is no error more dangerous than for a commander to make known the strength, or as, in the present case, the weakness of his garrison; this will be exemplified before I have arrived to an end of my present story, which thus carries its moral, like a roasted goose his pudding, in the very middle. The cunning Risingh, while he pretended to be struck dumb outright, with the puissance of the great Von Poffenburgh, took silent note of the incompetency of his garrison, of which he gave a hint to his trusty followers, who tipped each other the wink, and laughed most obstreperously—in their sleeves.

The inspection, review, and flogging, being concluded, the party adjourned to the table; for among his other great qualities, the general was remarkably addicted to huge entertainments, or rather carousals; and in one afternoon's campaign would leave more *dead men* on the field than he ever did in the whole course of his military career. Many bulletins of these bloodless victories do still remain on record; and the whole province was once thrown in amaze by the return of one of his campaigns; wherein it was stated, that though, like Captain Bobadil, he had only twenty men to back him, yet, in the short space of six months, he had conquered and utterly annihilated sixty oxen, ninety hogs, one hundred sheep, ten thousand cabbages, one thousand bushels of potatoes, one hundred and fifty kilderkins of small beer, two thousand seven hundred and thirty-five pipes, seventy-eight pounds of sugar plums, and forty bars of iron, besides sundry

small meats, game, poultry, and garden stuff. An achievement unparalleled since the days of Pantagruel and his all-devouring army; and which showed that it was only necessary to let bellipotent Von Poffenburgh and his garrison loose in an enemy's country, and in a little while they would breed a famine, and starve all the inhabitants.

No sooner, therefore, had the general received the first intimation of the visit of Governor Risingh, than he ordered a great dinner to be prepared; and privately sent out a detachment of his most experienced veterans to rob all the hen-roosts in the neighbourhood, and lay the pig-sties under contribution—a service to which they had been long inured, and which they discharged with such incredible zeal and promptitude, that the garrison table groaned under the weight of their spoils.

I wish, with all my heart, my readers could see the valiant Von Poffenburgh, as he presided at the head of the banquet. It was a sight worth beholding:—there he sat, in his greatest glory, surrounded by his soldiers, like that famous wine-bibber, Alexander, whose thirsty virtues he did most ably imitate; telling astounding stories of his hair-breadth adventures and heroic exploits, at which, though all his auditors knew them to be most incontinent and outrageous gasconadoes, yet did they cast up their eyes in admiration, and utter many interjections of astonishment. Nor could the general pronounce any thing that bore the remotest semblance to a joke but the stout Risingh would strike his brawny fist upon the table, till every glass rattled again, throwing himself back in his chair, and uttering gigantic peals of laughter, swearing most horribly it was the best joke he ever heard in his life. Thus all was rout and revelry and hideous carousal within Fort Casimir; and so lustily did Von Poffenburgh ply the bottle that in less than four short hours he made himself and his whole garrison, who all sedulously emulated the deeds of their chieftain, dead drunk, in singing songs, quaffing bumpers, and drinking patriotic toasts, none of which but was as long as a Welsh pedigree, or a plea in chancery.

No sooner did things come to this pass than the crafty Risingh and his Swedes, who had cunningly kept themselves sober, rose on their entertainers, tied them neck and

heels, and took formal possession of the fort, and all its dependencies, in the name of Queen Christina of Sweden; administering, at the same time, an oath of allegiance to all the Dutch soldiers who could be made sober enough to swallow it. Risingh then put the fortifications in order, appointed his discreet and vigilant friend Suen Scutz, a tall, wind-dried, water-drinking Swede, to the command; and departed, bearing with him this truly amiable garrison and their puissant commander, who, when brought to himself by a sound drubbing, bore no little resemblance to a "deboshed fish," or bloated sea monster, caught upon dry land.

The transportation of the garrison was done to prevent the transmission of intelligence to New-Amsterdam; for much as the cunning Risingh exulted in his stratagem, he dreaded the vengeance of the sturdy Peter Stuyvesant, whose name spread as much terror in the neighbourhood as did whilom that of the unconquerable Scandebeg among his scurvy enemies the Turks.

CHAP. II.

Showing how profound Secrets are often brought to light; with the proceedings of Peter the Headstrong, when he heard of the misfortune of General Von Poffenburgh.

WHOEVER first described common fame, or rumour, as belonging to the sager sex, was a very owl for shrewdness. She has in truth certain feminine qualities to an astonishing degree; particularly that benevolent anxiety to take care of the affairs of others, which keeps her continually hunting after secrets, and gadding about proclaiming them. Whatever is done openly, and in the face of the world, she takes but transient notice of; but whenever a transaction is done in a corner, and attempted to be shrouded in mystery, then her goddesship is at her wit's end to find it out, and takes a most mischievous and lady-like pleasure in publishing it to the world. It is this truly feminine propensity that induces her continually to be prying into cabinets of princes, listening at the key-holes of senate chambers, and peering through chinks and

crannies when our worthy congress are sitting with closed doors, deliberating between a dozen excellent modes of ruining the nation. It is this which makes her so obnoxious to all wary statesmen and intriguing commanders---such a stumbling-block to private negociations and secret expeditions, which she often betrays by means and instruments which never would have been thought of by any but a female head.

Thus it was in the case of the affair of Fort Casimir. No doubt the cunning Risingh imagined that, by securing the garrison, he should for a long time prevent the history of its fate from reaching the ears of the gallant Stuyvesant; but his exploit was blown to the world when he least expected it, and by one of the last beings he would ever have suspected of enlisting as trumpeter to the wide-mouthed deity.

This was one Dirk Schuiler (or Skulker), a kind of hanger-on to the garrison, who seemed to belong to nobody, and in a manner to be self-outlawed. He was one of those vagabond cosmopolites, who shark about the world as if they had no right or business in it; and who infest the skirts of society, like poachers and interlopers. Every garrison and country village has one or more scapegoats of this kind, whose life is a kind of enigma, whose existence is without motive, who comes from the Lord knows where, who lives the Lord knows how, and seems to be made for no other earthly purpose but to keep up the ancient and honourable order of idleness. This vagrant philosopher was supposed to have some Indian blood in his veins, which was manifested by a certain Indian complexion and cast of countenance; but more especially by his propensities and habits. He was a tall, lank fellow, swift of foot, and long-winded. He was generally equipped in a half Indian dress, with belt, leggings, and moccasons. His hair hung in straight gallows locks about his ears, and added not a little to his sharking demeanour. It is an old remark, that persons of Indian mixture are half civilized, half savage, and half devil; a third half being expressly provided for their particular convenience. It is for similar reasons, and probably with equal truth, that the back-wood men of Kentucky are styled half man, half horse, and half alligator, by the

the fort, depending upon chance for a subsistenc
drunk whenever he could get liquor, and stea
ever he could lay his hands on. Every day
was sure to get a sound rib-roasting for some o
demeanours, which, however, as it broke no
made very light of, and scrupled not to repeat t
whenever another opportunity presented. Som
consequence of some flagrant villainy, he woul
from the garrison, and be absent for a month a
skulking about the woods and swamps, with a
ing-piece on his shoulder, laying in ambush for
squatting himself down on the edge of a pond
fish for hours together, and bearing no little re
to that notable bird ycleped the Mud-poke.
thought his crimes had been forgotten or for
would sneak back to the fort with a bundle of s
bunch of poultry, which perchance he had st
would exchange them for liquor, with which, h
soaked his carcass, he would lay in the sun
all the luxurious indolence of that swinish pl
Diogenes. He was the terror of all the farm
the country, into which he made fearful inro
sometimes he would make his sudden appearan
garrison at day-break, with the whole neighbo
his heels, like a scoundrel thief of a fox, detect
maraudings, and hunted to his hole. Such was
Schuiler; and from the total indifference he
the world or its concerns, and from his tru

noticed. But, though a fellow of few words, yet, like your taciturn people, his eyes and ears were always open, and in the course of his prowlings he overheard the whole plot of the Swedes. Dirk immediately settled in his own mind how he should turn the matter to his own advantage. He played the perfect jack-of-both-sides; that is to say, he made a prize of every thing that came in his reach, robbed both parties, stuck the copper-bound cocked hat of the puissant Van Poffenburgh on his head, whipped a huge pair of Risingh's jack-boots under his arm, and took to his heels just before the catastrophe and confusion at the garrison.

Finding himself completely dislodged from his haunt in this quarter, he directed his flight towards his native place, New-Amsterdam, from whence he had formerly been obliged to abscond precipitately, in consequence of misfortune in business, that is to say, having been detected in the act of sheep-stealing. After wandering many days in the woods, toiling through swamps, fording brooks, swimming various rivers, and encountering a world of hardships, that would have killed any other being but an Indian, a back-wood man, or the devil; he at length arrived, half-famished, and lank as a starved weasel, at Communipaw, where he stole a canoe, and paddled over to New Amsterdam. Immediately on landing, he repaired to Governor Stuyvesant, and in more words than he had ever spoken before in the whole course of his life, gave an account of the disastrous affair.

On receiving these direful tidings, the valiant Peter started from his seat, as did the stout King Arthur when at "merry Carleile," the news was brought him of the uncourteous misdeeds of the "grim barone"—without uttering a word, he dashed the pipe he was smoking against the back of the chimney, thrust a prodigious quid of negro-head tobacco into his left cheek, pulled up his galligaskins, and strode up and down the room, humming, as was customary with him when in a passion, a hideous north-west ditty. But, as I have before shown, he was not a man to vent his spleen in idle vapouring. His first measure after the paroxysm of wrath had subsided, was to stump up stairs to a huge wooden chest, which served as his armoury, from whence he drew forth that identical suit of regimentals described in the preceding chapter.

In these portentous habiliments he arrayed hi
Achilles in the armour of Vulcan, maintainii
while a most appalling silence, knitting his l
drawing his breath through his clinched tee
hastily equipped, he strode down into the parl
down his trusty sword from over the fireplac
was usually suspended; but before he girded
thigh, he drew it from its scabbard, and as his
along the rusty blade, a grim smile stole ov
visage. It was the first smile that had visitec
tenance for five long weeks; but every one
it prophesied that there would soon be warm
province!

Thus armed at all points, with grisly war
each feature, his very cocked hat assuming
uncommon defiance, he instantly put himself o
and despatched Anthony Van Corlear hither a
this way and that way, through all the muddy
crooked lanes of the city, summoning by sound
his trusty peers to assemble in instant cour
done, by way of expediting matters, accord
custom of people in a hurry, he kept in conti
shifting from chair to chair, popping his head o
window, and stumping up and down stairs with
leg in such brisk and incessant motion, that
informed by an authentic historian of the times
nual clatter bore no small resemblance to the
cooper hooping a flour barrel.

A summons so peremptory, and from a
governor's mettle, was not to be trifled with
forthwith repaired to the council chamber,
gallant Stuyvesant entered in martial style, an
chair, like another Charlemagne, among his
The counsellors seated themselves with the ut
quillity, and lighting their long pipes, gazed
fied composure on his excellency and his re
being, as all counsellors should be, not easil
or taken by surprise. The governor looking
a moment with a lofty and soldierlike air, and
hand on the pummel of his sword, and flingin
forth, in a free and spirited manner, addressed
short but soul-stirring harangue.

I am extremely sorry that I have not the ad

Livy, Thucydides, Plutarch, and others of my predecessors, who were furnished, as I am told, with the speeches of all their great emperors, generals, and orators, taken down in short-hand, by the most accurate stenographers of the time; whereby they were enabled wonderfully to enrich their histories, and delight their readers with sublime strains of eloquence. Not having such important auxiliaries, I cannot possibly pronounce what was the tenor of Governor Stuyvesant's speech. Whether he with maiden coyness hinted to his hearers, that "there was a speck of war in the horizon;" that it would be necessary to resort to the "unprofitable trial of which could do each other the most harm,"—or any other delicate construction of language, whereby the odious subject of war is handled so fastidiously by modern statesmen; as a gentleman volunteer handles his filthy saltpetre weapons with gloves, lest he should soil his dainty fingers.

I am bold, however, to say, from the tenor of Peter Stuyvesant's character, that he did not wrap his rugged subject in silk and ermines, and other sickly trickeries of phrase; but spoke forth, like a man of nerve and vigour, who scorned to shrink in words from those dangers which he stood ready to encounter in very deed. This much is certain that he concluded by announcing his determination of leading on his troops in person, and routing these costardmonger Swedes from their usurped quarters at Fort Casimir. To this hardy resolution, such of his council as were awake gave their usual signal of concurrence, and as to the rest, who had fallen asleep about the middle of the harangue ("their usual custom in the afternoon")—they made not the least objection.

And now was seen in the fair city of New Amsterdam a prodigious bustle and preparation for iron war. Recruiting parties marched hither and thither, calling lustily upon all the scrubs, the runagates, and the tatterdemalions of the Manhattoes and its vicinity, who had any ambition of sixpence a day, and immortal fame into the bargain, to enlist in the cause of glory. For I would have you note, that your warlike heroes who trudge in the rear of conquerors, are generally of that illustrious class of gentlemen who are equal candidates for the army or the bridewell—the halberts or the whipping-post; for whom dame fortune has cast an even die, whether they shall make

their exit by the sword or the halter; and wh
shall, at all events, be a lofty example to thei
men.

But notwithstanding all this martial rout a
tion, the ranks of honour were but scantily su
averse were the peaceful burghers of New A
from enlisting in foreign broils, or stirring be
home which rounded all their earthly ideas.
holding this, the great Peter, whose noble hea
on fire with war and sweet revenge, determin
no longer for the tardy assistance of these oil
but to muster up his merry men of the Hud
brought up among woods and wilds and sava
like our yeomen of Kentucky, delighted in r
much as desperate adventures and perilous e
through the wilderness. Thus resolving, he c
trusty squire, Anthony Van Corlear, to have
galley prepared and duly victualled; which b
formed, he attended public service at the great
St. Nicholas, like a true and pious governor,
leaving peremptory orders with his council to
chivalry of the Manhattoes marshalled out and
against his return, departed upon his recruiting
the waters on the Hudson.

CHAP. III.

*Containing Peter Stuyvesant's Voyage up the
and the wonders and delights of that renowned*

Now did the soft breezes of the south steal sw
the beauteous face of nature, tempering the pan
of summer into genial and prolific warmth: v
miracle of hardihood and chivalric virtue, the
Peter Stuyvesant, spread his canvass to the v
departed from the fair island of Mannahata. T
in which he embarked was sumptuously adorned
dants and streamers of gorgeous dyes, which
gaily in the wind, or dropped their ends in the
the stream. The bow and poop of this maje
were gallantly bedight, after the rarest Dutc
with figures of tittle puffy cupids with periwig

heads, and bearing in their hands garlands of flowers, the like of which are not to be found in any book of botany: being the matchless flowers which flourished in the golden age, and exist no longer, unless it be in the imaginations of ingenious carvers of wood and discolourers of canvass.

Thus rarely decorated, in style befitting the state of the puissant potentate of the Manhattoes, did the galley of Peter Stuyvesant launch forth upon the bosom of the lordly Hudson; which as it rolled its broad waves to the ocean, seemed to pause for a while and swell with pride, as if conscious of the illustrious burthen it sustained.

But trust me, gentlefolk, far other was the scene presented to the contemplation of the crew, from that which may be witnessed at this degenerate day. Wildness and savage majesty reigned on the borders of this mighty river—the hand of cultivation had not as yet laid low the dark forest, and tamed the features of the landscape; nor had the frequent sail of commerce yet broken in upon the profound and awful solitude of ages. Here and there might be seen a rude wigwam perched among the cliffs of the mountains, with its curling column of smoke mounting in the transparent atmosphere; but so loftily situated, that the whoopings of the savage children, gamboling on the margin of the dizzy heights, fell almost as faintly on the ear, as do the notes of the lark, when lost in the azure vault of heaven. Now and then from the beetling brow of some rocky precipice, the wild deer would look timidly down upon the splendid pageant as it passed below; and then, tossing his branching antlers in the air, would bound away into the thickest of the forest.

Through such scenes did the stately vessel of Peter Stuyvesant pass. Now did they skirt the bases of the rocky heights of Jersey, which spring up like everlasting walls, reaching from the waves unto the heavens; and were fashioned, if tradition may be believed, in times long past, by the mighty spirit Manetho, to protect his favourite abodes from the unhallowed eyes of mortals. Now did they career it gaily across the vast expanse of Tappan Bay, whose wide extended shores present a vast variety of delectable scenery—here the bold promontory, crowned with embowering trees, advancing into the bay—there the long woodland slope, sweeping up from the shore in rich

luxuriance, and terminating in the upland pre
while at a distance a long wavering line of rocky
threw their gigantic shades across the water. No
they pass where some modest little interval,
among these stupendous scenes, yet retreating as
for protection into the embraces of the neighbourin
tains, displayed a rural paradise, fraught with s
pastoral beauties; the velvet tufted lawn, the bush
the tinkling rivulet, stealing through the fresh s
verdure, on whose banks was situated some littl
village, or peradventure the rude cabin of some
hunter.

The different periods of the revolving day seem
with cunning magic, to diffuse a different charm
scene. Now would the jovial sun break gloriou
the east, blazing from the summits of the east
and sparkling the landscape with a thousand dew
while along the borders of the river were see
masses of mist, which like midnight caitiffs, dist
his approach, made a sluggish retreat, rolling i
reluctance up the mountains. At such times all wa
ness, and life, and gaiety; the atmosphere seem
indescribable pureness and transparency—the bir
forth in wanton madrigals, and the freshening
wafted the vessel merrily on her course. But
sun sunk amid a flood of glory in the west, man
heavens and the earth with a thousand gorgeou
then all was calm, and silent, and magnificent.
swelling sail hung lifelessly against the mast—th
seaman with folded arms leaned against the shro
in that involuntary musing which the sober gra
nature commands in the rudest of her children.
bosom of the Hudson was like an unruffled mirro
ing the golden splendour of the heavens, excep
now and then a bark canoe would steal across its
filled with painted savages, whose gay feather
brightly as perchance a lingering ray of the set
gleamed upon them from the western mountains.

But when the hour of twilight spread its mag
around, then did the face of nature assume a
fugitive charms, which to the worthy heart th
enjoyment in the glorious works of its Maker, are
sibly captivating. The mellow dubious light t

vailed just served to tinge with illusive colours the softened features of the scenery. The deceived but delighted eye sought vainly to discern in the broad masses of shade the separating line between the land and water; or to distinguish the fading objects that seemed sinking into chaos. Now did the busy fancy supply the feebleness of vision, producing with industrious craft a fairy creation of her own. Under her plastic wand the barren rocks frowned upon the watery waste, in the semblance of lofty towers and high embattled castles—trees assumed the direful forms of mighty giants, and the inaccessible summits of the mountains seemed peopled with a thousand shadowy beings.

Now broke forth from the shores the notes of an innumerable variety of insects, who filled the air with a strange but not inharmonious concert; while ever and anon was heard the melancholy plaint of the Whip-poor-will, who, perched on some lone tree, wearied the ear of night with his incessant moanings. The mind, soothed into a hallowed melancholy by the solemn mystery of the scene, listened with pensive stillness to catch and distinguish each sound that vaguely echoed from the shore—now and then startled perchance by the whoop of some straggling savage, or the dreary howl of some caitiff wolf, stealing forth upon his nightly prowlings.

Thus happily did they pursue their course, until they entered upon those awful defiles denominated THE HIGHLANDS, where it would seem that the gigantic Titans had erst waged their impious war with heaven, piling up cliffs on cliffs, and hurling vast masses of rock in wild confusion. But in sooth very different is the history of these cloud-capt mountains.—These in ancient days, before the Hudson poured his waters from the lakes, formed one vast prison, within whose rocky bosom the omnipotent Manetho confined the rebellious spirits who repined at his control. Here, bound in adamantine chains, or jammed in rifted pines, or crushed by ponderous rocks, they groaned for many an age.—At length the conquering Hudson, in his irresistible career towards the ocean, burst open their prison-house, rolling his tide triumphantly through its stupendous ruins.

Still, however, do many of them lurk about their old abodes; and these it is, according to venerable legends,

that cause the echoes which resound throu
awful solitudes; which are nothing but
clamours when any noise disturbs the profound
repose.—For when the elements are agitated
when the winds are up and the thunder rolls, t
is the yelling and howling of these troubled spi
the mountains to rebellow with their hideous
at such times it is said, that they think the gre
is returning once more to plunge them in gloo
and renew their intolerable captivity.

But all these fair and glorious scenes wer
the gallant Stuyvesant; nought occupied his
thoughts of iron war, and proud anticipatio
deeds of arms. Neither did his honest crew t
vacant heads with any romantic speculations
The pilot at the helm quietly smoked his pi
of nothing either past, present, or to come—
comrades who were not industriously snoaring
hatches, were listening with open mouths to A
Corlear; who, seated on the windlass, was relat
the marvellous history of those myriads of fir
sparkled like gems and spangles upon the
of night. These, according to tradition, were
race of pestilent sempiternous beldames, who pe
parts long before the memory of man; bei
abominated race emphatically called *brimstone*
for their innumerable sins against the children
to furnish an awful warning to the beauteou
doomed to infest the earth in the shape of the
ing and terrible little bugs; enduring the intern
of that fire which they formerly carried in thei
breathed forth in their words; but now are s
bear about for ever—in their tails!

And now I am going to tell a fact, which I
my readers will hesitate to believe; but if th
are welcome not to believe a word in this wh
for nothing which it contains is more true.
known then that the nose of Anthony the trum
a very lusty size, strutting boldly from his c
like a mountain of Golconda: being sumptuous
with rubies and other precious stones—the t
of a king of good fellows, which jolly Bacchu
all who house it heartily at the flagon. Now t

it bright and early in the morning, the good aving washed his burly visage, was leaning over r railing of the galley, contemplating it in the e below. Just at this moment the illustrious ting in all his splendour from behind one of the s of the Highlands, did dart one of his most ms full upon the refulgent nose of the sounder the reflection of which shot straightway down, , into the water, and killed a mighty sturgeon porting beside the vessel! This huge monster h infinite labour hoisted on board, furnished a repast to all the crew, being accounted of excel- r, excepting about the wound, where it smacked brimstone; and this, on my veracity, was the that ever sturgeon was eaten in these parts by people.*

is astonishing miracle came to be made known Stuyvesant, and that he tasted of the unknown s may well be supposed, marvelled exceedingly; monument thereof, he gave the name of *Anthony's* stout promontory in the neighbourhood—and it ued to be called Anthony's Nose ever since that

ld—Whither am I wandering?—By the Mass, pt to accompany the good Peter Stuyvesant on ge, I shall never make an end, for never was yage so fraught with marvellous incidents, nor a bounding with transcendant beauties, worthy of erally recorded. Even now I have it on the ny pen to relate, how his crew were most horri- ened, on going on shore above the Highlands, by merry roistering devils, frisking and curvetting e flat rock, which projected into the river—and called the *Duyvel's Dans-Kamer* to this very . no! Diedrick Knickerbocker—it becomes thee thus in thy historic wayfaring.

ct, that while dwelling with the fond garrulity of hese fairy scenes, endeared to thee by the recol- f thy youth, and the charms of a thousand

* ...rned Hans Megapolensis, treating of the country about a letter which was written some time after the settlement s, "There is in the river great plenty of Sturgeon, which ns do not make use of; but the Indians eate them greedilie."

legendary tales which beguiled the simple ear of hood; recollect that thou art trifling with tho moments which should be devoted to loftier th not time—relentless time!—shaking, with pale his almost exhausted hour glass before thee?—h to pursue thy weary task, lest the last sands thou hast finished thy history of the Manhattoes.

Let us then commit the dauntless Peter, galley, and his loyal crew, to the protection of t St. Nicholas; who I have no doubt will prosper voyage, while we await his return at the great ci Amsterdam.

CHAP. IV.

Describing the powerful Army that assembl City of New-Amsterdam—together with the between Peter the Headstrong and General W burgh; and Peter's sentiments touching w great Men.

While thus the enterprising Peter was coas flowing sail, up the shores of the lordly Hu arousing all the phlegmatic little Dutch settlem its borders, a great and puissant concourse of wa assembling at the city of New-Amsterdam. that invaluable fragment of antiquity, the S manuscript, is more than commonly particular; means I am enabled to record the illustrious encamped itself in the public square, in front of t present denominated the Bowling Green.

In the centre then was pitched the tent of t battle of the Manhattoes; who, being the imma metropolis, composed the life-guards of the These were commanded by the valiant Stoffel hoof, who whilome had acquired such immortz Oyster Bay—they displayed as a standard, *vampant* on a field of orange; being the arms of vince, and denoting the persevering industry, amphibious origin, of the Nederlanders.*

* This was likewise the great seal of the New-Netherla still be seen in ancient records.

On their right hand might be seen the vassals of that renowned Myuheer Michael Paw,* who lorded it over the fair regions of ancient Pavonia, and the lands away south, even unto the Navesink mountains,† and was moreover patroon of Gibbet-Island. His standard was borne by his trusty squire, Cornelius Van Vorst; consisting of a huge oyster *recumbent* upon a sea green field; being the armorial bearings of his favourite metropolis, Communipaw. He brought to the camp a stout force of warriors, heavily armed, being each clad in ten pair of linsey woolsey breeches, and overshadowed by broad brimmed beavers, with short pipes twisted in their hat-bands. These were the men who vegetated in the mud along the shores of Pavonia; being of the race of genuine copper-heads, and were fabled to have sprung from oysters.

At a little distance was encamped the tribe of warriors who came from the neighbourhood of Hell-Gate. These were commanded by the Swy Dams, and the Van Dams, incontinent hard swearers, as their names betoken—they were terrible-looking fellows, clad in broad-skirted gaberdines, of that curious coloured cloth called thunder and lightning; and bore as a standard three Devil's-darning-needles, *volant*, in a flame coloured field.

Hard by was the tent of the men of battle from the marshy borders of the Wael-bogtig,‡ and the country thereabouts—these were of a sour aspect, by reason that they lived on crabs which abound in these parts: they were the first institutors of that honourable order of knighthood, called *Fly market shirks;* and if tradition speak true, did likewise introduce the far-famed step in dancing, called "double trouble." They were commanded

* Besides what is related in the Stuyvesant MS. I have found mention made of this illustrious Patroon in another manuscript, which says:—"De Heer (or the Squire) Michael Paw, a Dutch subject, about 10th Aug. 1630, by deed purchased Staten-Island. N. B. The same Michael Paw had what the Dutch called a colonie at Pavonia, on the Jersey shore, opposite New-York, and his overseer, in 1636, was named Corns. Van Vorst—a person of the same name, in 1769, owned Bayles Hook, and a large farm at Pavonia, and is a lineal descendant from Van Vorst."

† So called from the Navesink tribe of Indians that inhabited these parts—at present they are erroneously denominated the Neversink, or Neversunk mountains.

‡ *i. e.* The winding Bay, named from the winding of its shores. This has since been corrupted by the vulgar into the Wallabout, and is the basin which shelters our infant navy.

by the fearless Jacobus Varra Vanger, and had, moreover, a jolly band of Breukelen * ferrymen, who performed a brave concerto on conch-shells.

But I refrain from pursuing this minute description, which goes on to describe the warriors of Bloemen-dale, and Wee-hawk, and Hoboken, and sundry other places well known in history and song—for now does the sound of martial music alarm the people of New-Amsterdam, sounding afar from beyond the walls of the city. But this alarm was in a little time relieved, for lo, from the midst of a vast cloud of dust, they recognised the brimstone coloured breeches, and splendid silver leg of Peter Stuyvesant, glaring in the sunbeams; and beheld him approaching at the head of a formidable army, which he had mustered along the banks of the Hudson. And here the excellent but anonymous writer of the Stuyvesant manuscript breaks out into a brave and glorious description of the forces, as they defiled through the principal gate of the city that stood by the head of Wall-street.

First of all came the Van Bummels, who inhabit the pleasant borders of the Bronx. These were short fat men wearing exceeding large trunk breeches, and are renowned for feats of the trencher: they were the first inventors of suppawn or mush and milk.—Close in the rear marched the Van Vlotens, of Kaats-Kill, most horrible quaffers of new cider, and arrant braggarts in their liquor.—After them came the Van Pelts of Groodt Esopus, dexterous horsemen, mounted upon goodly switch-tailed steeds of the Esopus breed: these were mighty hunters of mink and musk rats, whence came the word *Peltry*.—Then the Van Nests of Kinderhoeck, valiant robbers of birds' nests as their name denotes: to these, if report may be believed, are we indebted for the invention of slap-jacks, or buckwheat cakes.—Then the Van Higginbottoms of Wappinger Creek: these came armed with ferules and birchen rods being a race of schoolmasters, who first discovered the marvellous sympathy between the seat of honour and the seat of intellect, and that the shortest way to get knowledge into the head was to hammer it in at the bottom.—Then the Van Grolls, of Anthony's Nose, who carried their liquor in fair round little pottles, by reason the

* Now spelt Brooklyn.

bouse it out of their canteens, having such rare
.—Then the Gardeniers, of Hudson and there-
stinguished by many triumphant feats, such as
iter-melon patches, smoking rabbits out of their
the like, and by being great lovers of roasted
: these were the ancestors of the renowned
an of that name.—Then the Van Hoesens, of
great choristers and players upon the Jew's-
e marched two and two, singing the great song
olas—then the Couenhovens, of Sleepy Hollow:
birth to a jolly race of publicans, who first
the magic artifice of conjuring a quart of wine
bottle. Then the Van Kortlands, who lived on
anks of the Croton, and were great killers of
, being much spoken of for their skill in shoot-
he long-bow.—Then the Van Bunschotens, of
l Kakit, who were the first that did ever kick
eft foot: they were gallant bush-whackers, and
acoons by moonlight.—Then the Van Winkles, of
otent suckers of eggs, and noted for the running
and running up of scores at taverns; they were
it ever winked with both eyes at once.—Lastly,
KNICKERBOCKERS, of the great town of
, where the folk lay stones upon the houses in
ther, lest they should be blown away. These
name, as some say, from *Knicker*, to shake,
, a goblet, indicating thereby that they were
pots of yore; but, in truth, it was derived from
nod, and *Boken*, books, plainly meaning that
reat nodders or dozers over books: from them
l the writer of this history.

the legion of sturdy bush-beaters that poured
and gate of New-Amsterdam. The Stuyvesant
, indeed, speaks of many more, whose names I
ention, seeing that it behoves me to hasten to
greater moment. Nothing could surpass the
artial pride of the lion-hearted Peter, as he
is mighty host of warriors; and he determined
defer the gratification of his much wished-for
n the scoundrel Swedes at Fort Casimir.

e I hasten to record those unmatchable events
e found in the sequel of this faithful history,
e to notice the fate of Jacobus Von Poffen-

burgh, the discomfited commander-in-chief of the arm
of the New-Netherlands. Such is the inherent uncha
tableness of human nature, that scarcely did the ne
become public of his deplorable discomfiture at F
Casimir, than a thousand scurvy rumours were set afl
in New-Amsterdam; wherein it was insinuated, that
had in reality a treacherous understanding with the Sw
dish commander; that he had long been in the practice
privately communicating with the Swedes; together wi
divers hints about "secret service money,"—to all whi
deadly charges I do not give a jot more credit than I thi
they deserve.

Certain it is, that the general vindicated his charac
by the most vehement oaths and protestations, and p
every man out of the ranks of honour who dared to dou
his integrity. Moreover, on returning to New-Amst
dam, he paraded up and down the streets with a crew
hard swearers at his heels,—sturdy bottle companio
whom he gorged and fattened, and who were ready
bolster him through all the courts of justice,—heroes
his own kidney, fierce whiskered, broad shouldered, c
brand looking swaggerers, not one of whom but looked
though he could eat up an ox, and pick his teeth with t
horus. These life-guard men quarrelled all his quarr
were ready to fight all his battles, and scowled at ev
man that turned up his nose at the general as though th
would devour him alive. Their conversation was int
spersed with oaths like minute guns, and every bombas
rhodomontade was rounded off by a thundering exec
tion, like a patriotic toast honoured with a discharge
artillery.

All these valorous vapourings had a considerable eff
in convincing certain profound sages, many of whom beg
to think the general a hero of unutterable loftiness a
magnanimity of soul, particularly as he was contin
ally protesting *on the honour of a soldier*,—a marvellou
high sounding asseveration. Nay, one of the memb
of the council went so far as to propose they sho
immortalize him by an imperishable statue of plaste
Paris.

But the vigilant Peter the Headstrong was not thus
be deceived. Sending privately for the commander-
chief of all the armies, and having heard all his sto

garnished with the customary pious oaths, protestations, and ejaculations---"Harkee, comrade," cried he, "though by your own account you are the most brave, upright, and honourable man in the whole province, yet do you lie under the misfortune of being damnably traduced and immeasurably despised. Now though it is certainly hard to punish a man for his misfortunes, and though it is very possible you are totally innocent of the crimes laid to your charge; yet as heaven, at present, doubtless for some wise purpose, sees fit to withhold all proofs of your innocence, far be it from me to counteract its sovereign will. Beside, I cannot consent to venture my armies with a commander whom they despise, or to trust the welfare of my people to a champion whom they distrust. Retire therefore, my friend, from the irksome toils and cares of public life, with this comforting reflection---that if you be guilty, you are but enjoying your just reward---and if innocent, that you are not the first great and good man, who has most wrongfully been slandered and maltreated in this wicked world---doubtless to be better treated in a better world, where there shall neither be error, calumny, nor persecution. In the mean time let me never see your face again, for I have a horrid antipathy to the countenances of unfortunate great men like yourself."

CHAP. V.

In which the Author discourses very ingeniously of himself.---After which is to be found much interesting History about Peter the Headstrong and his followers.

As my readers and myself are about entering on as many perils as ever a confederacy of meddlesome knights-errant wilfully ran their heads into; it is meet that, like those hardy adventurers, we should join hands, bury all differences, and swear to stand by one another, in weal, or woe, to the end of the enterprise. My readers must doubtless perceive how completely I have altered my tone and deportment since we first set out together. I warrant they then thought me a crabbed, cynical, impertinent little son of a Dutchman; for I scarcely ever gave them a civil

is just my way—I am always a little cold an
at first, particularly to people whom I neither
care for; and am only to be completely wo
intimacy.

Besides, why should I have been sociable to
of how-d'ye-do acquaintance, that flocked aro
my first appearance? Many were merely attr
new face; and having stared me full in the
walked off without saying a word; while othe
yawningly through the preface, and having grat
short-lived curiosity, soon dropped off one by one
especially to try their mettle, I had recou
expedient, similar to one which we are told wa
that peerless flower of chivalry king Arthur; w
he admitted any knight to his intimacy, first req
he should show himself superior to danger or
by encountering unheard-of mishaps, slaying sc
giants, vanquishing wicked enchanters, not to s
of dwarfs, hippogriffs, and fiery dragons. On
principle I cunningly led my readers, at the f
into two or three knotty chapters, where they
wofully belaboured and buffeted by a host of pa
sophers and infidel writers. Though naturall
grave man, yet I could scarce refrain from sm
right at seeing the utter confusion and dism
valiant cavaliers—some dropped down dead (s
the field; others threw down my book in the mid
first chapter, took to their heels, and never cea

shine, faint-hearted recreants to my bosom, at our first acquaintance? No, no; I reserved my friendship for those who deserved it; for those who undauntedly bore me company, in despite of difficulties, dangers, and fatigues. And now, as to those who adhere to me at present, I take them affectionately by the hand. Worthy and thrice beloved readers! brave and well-tried comrades! who have faithfully followed my footsteps through all my wanderings—I salute you from my heart—I pledge myself to stand by you to the last; and to conduct you (so heaven speed this trusty weapon which I now hold between my fingers), triumphantly to the end of this our stupendous undertaking.

But, hark! while we are thus talking, the city of New Amsterdam is in a bustle. The gallant host of warriors encamped in the Bowling Green are striking their tents; the brazen trumpet of Anthony Von Corlear makes the welkin to resound with portentous clangour—the drums beat—the standards of the Manhattoes, of Hell-gate, and of Michael Paw, wave proudly in the air. And now behold where the mariners are busily employed, hoisting the sails of yon top-sail schooner, and those two clump built Albany sloops, which are to waft the army of the Nederlanders to gather immortal honours on the Delaware!

The entire population of the city, man, woman, and child, turned out to behold the chivalry of New-Amsterdam, as it paraded the streets previous to embarkation. Many a handkerchief was waved out of the windows; many a fair nose was blown in melodious sorrow on the mournful occasion. The grief of the fair dames and beauteous damsels of Grenada could not have been more vociferous on the banishment of the gallant tribe of Abencerrages than was that of the kind-hearted fair ones of New-Amsterdam, on the departure of their intrepid warriors. Every lovesick maiden fondly crammed the pockets of her hero with gingerbread and dough nuts—many a copper ring was exchanged, and crooked sixpence broken, in pledge of eternal constancy—and there remain extant to this day some love verses written on that occasion, sufficiently crabbed and incomprehensible to confound the whole universe.

But it was a moving sight to see the buxom lasses, how they hung about the doughty Anthony Von Corlear; for

he was a jolly, rosy-faced, lusty bachelor, fo
joke, and withal a desperate rogue among the wo
would they have kept him to comfort them while
was away; for beside what I have said of him
more than justice to add, that he was a kind-hea
noticed for his benevolent attentions in comfo
consolate wives during the absence of their husb
this made him to be very much regarded by t
burghers of the city. But nothing could keep t
Anthony from following the heels of the old
whom he loved as he did his very soul—so emb
the young vrouws, and giving every one of them
good teeth and rosy lips a dozen hearty sn
departed loaded with their kind wishes.

Nor was the departure of the gallant Peter a
least causes of public distress. Though the old
was by no means indulgent to the follies and
ness of his subjects, yet somehow or other he h
strangely popular among the people. There is
so captivating in personal bravery, that, with th
mass of mankind, it takes the lead of most otl
The simple folk of New-Amsterdam looked u
Stuyvesant as a prodigy of valour. His wooden
trophy of his martial encounters, was regarded
rence and admiration. Every old burgher had a
miraculous stories to tell about the exploits of
pig Piet, wherewith he regaled his children
winter night; and on which he dwelt with
delight and exaggeration as do our honest count
on the hardy adventures of old General Putnam
is familiarly termed, *Old Put*), during our gloric
tion. Not an individual but verily believe
governor was a match for Beelzebub himself;
was even a story told, with great mystery, and
rose, of his having shot the devil with a silver
dark stormy night, as he was sailing in a canc
Hell-gate. But this I do not record as an abso
perish the man who would let fall a drop to dis
pure stream of history!

Certain it is, not an old woman in New-Amst
considered Peter Stuyvesant as a tower of str
rested satisfied that the public welfare was sec
as he was in the city. It is not surprising then

looked upon his departure as a sore affliction. With heavy hearts they draggled at the heels of his troop, as they marched down to the river side to embark. The governor from the stern of his schooner, gave a short but truly patriarchial address to his citizens, wherein he recommended them to comport like loyal and peaceful subjects—to go to church regularly on Sundays, and to mind their business all the week besides.—That the women should be dutiful and affectionate to their husbands—looking after nobody's concerns but their own: eschewing all gossipings and morning gaddings; and carrying short tongues and long petticoats. That the men should abstain from intermeddling in public concerns, entrusting the cares of government to the officers appointed to support them—staying at home, like good citizens, making money for themselves, and getting children for the benefit of their country. That the burgomasters should look well to the public interest—not oppressing the poor, or indulging the rich—not tasking their security to devise new laws, but faithfully enforcing those which were already made—rather bending their attention to prevent evil than to punish it; ever recollecting that civil magistrates should consider themselves more as guardians of public morals than rat catchers employed to entrap public delinquents. Finally, he exhorted them, one and all, high and low, rich and poor, to conduct themselves *as well as they could*: assuring them that if they faithfully and conscientiously complied with this golden rule, there was no danger but that they would all conduct themselves well enough.—This done, he gave them a paternal benediction; the sturdy Anthony sounded a most loving farewell with his trumpet, the jolly crews put up a lusty shout of triumph, and the invincible armada swept off proudly down the bay.

The good people of New-Amsterdam crowded down to the Battery—that blest resort, from whence so many a tender prayer has been wafted—so many a fair hand waved—so many a tearful look been cast by lovesick damsel, after the lessening bark which bore her adventurous swain to distant climes!—Here the populace watched with straining eyes the gallant squadron, as it slowly floated down the bay; and when the intervening land at the Narrows shut it from their sight, gradually dispersed with silent tongues and downcast countenances.

A heavy gloom hung over the late bustling city—the honest burghers smoked their pipes in profound thoughtfulness, casting many a wistful look on the weathercock on the church of St. Nicholas; and all the old women, having no longer the presence of Peter Stuyvesant to hearten them, gathered their children home, and barricadoed the doors and windows every evening at sundown.

In the meanwhile the armada of the sturdy Peter proceeded prosperously on its voyage, and after encountering about as many storms and water-spouts and whales, and other horrors and phenomena as generally befal adventurous landsmen, in perilous voyages of the kind; and after undergoing a severe scouring from that deplorable and unpitied malady called sea-sickness; the whole squadron arrived safely in the Delaware.

Without so much as dropping anchor and giving his wearied ships time to breathe after labouring so long in the ocean, the intrepid Peter pursued his course up the Delaware, and made a sudden appearance before Fort Casimir. Having summoned the astonished garrison by a terrific blast from the trumpet of the long-winded Van Corlear, he demanded, in a tone of thunder, an instant surrender of the fort. To this demand, Suen Scutz, the wind-dried commandant, replied in a shrill, whiffling voice, which, by reason of his extreme spareness, sounded like the wind whistling through a broken bellows—"that he had no very strong reasons for refusing, except that the demand was particularly disagreeable, as he had been ordered to maintain his post to the last extremity." He requested time therefore to consult with Governor Risingh, and proposed a truce for that purpose.

The choleric Peter, indignant at having his rightful fort so treacherously taken from him, and thus pertinaciously withheld, refused the proffered armistice, and swore by the pipe of St. Nicholas, which like the sacred fire was never extinguished, that unless the fort were surrendered in ten minutes, he would incontinently storm the works, make all the garrison run the gauntlet, and split their scoundrel of a commander, like a pickled shad. To give this menace the greater effect, he drew forth his trusty sword, and shook it at them with such a fierce and vigorous motion, that doubtless, if it had not been exceeding rusty, it would have lightened terror into the eyes and

hearts of the enemy. He then ordered his men to bring a broadside to bear upon the fort, consisting of two swivels, three muskets, a long duck fowling-piece, and two brace of horse pistols.

In the meantime the sturdy Van Corlear marshalled all his forces, and commenced his warlike operations. Distending his cheeks like a very Boreas, he kept up a most horrific twanging of his trumpet—the lusty choristers of Sing-Sing broke forth into a hideous song of battle—the warriors of Breukelen and the Wael-bogtig blew a potent and astounding blast on their conch-shells: all together forming as outrageous a concerto as though five thousand French orchestras were displaying their skill in a modern overture.

Whether the formidable front of war, thus suddenly presented, smote the garrison with sore dismay, or whether the concluding terms of the summons, which mentioned that he should surrender "at discretion," were mistaken by Suen Scutz, who, though a Swede, was a very considerate, easy-tempered man, as a compliment to his discretion, I will not take upon me to say; certain it is, he found it impossible to resist so courteous a demand. Accordingly in the very nick of time, just as the cabin-boy had gone after a coal of fire to discharge the swivel, a chamade was beat on the rampart by the only drum in the garrison, to the no small satisfaction of both parties; who, notwithstanding their great stomach for fighting, had full as good an inclination to eat a quiet dinner as to exchange black eyes and bloody noses.

Thus did this impregnable fortress once more return to the domination of their high mightinesses; Scutz and his garrison of twenty men were allowed to march out with the honours of war; and the victorious Peter, who was as generous as brave, permitted them to take possession of all their arms and ammunition, the same, on inspection, being found totally unfit for service, having long rusted in the magazine of the fortress, even before it was wrested by the Swedes from the magnanimous but windy Von Poffenburgh. But I must not omit to mention, that the governor was so well pleased with the services of his faithful squire, Van Corlear, in the reduction of this great fortress, that he made him on the spot lord of a goodly

dominion in the vicinity of New Amsterdam, the name of Corlear's Hook unto this very d

The unexampled liberality of the valia towards the Swedes occasioned great surprise New Amsterdam; nay, certain of those fa duals, who had been enlightened by the poli that prevailed during the days of William t who had not dared to indulge their meddl under the eye of their present ruler, now e his absence, dared even to give vent to the the streets—murmurs were heard in the chamber of New Amsterdam; and there is whether they would not have broken out i speeches and invectives, had not Peter St vately sent home his walking staff, to be l on the table of the council chamber, in the counsellors; who, like wise men, took the ever after held their peace.

CHAP. VI.

Showing the great advantage that the Au his Rudder in time of Battle—together portentous movements; which betoken th terrible is about to happen.

LIKE as a mighty alderman, when at a co the first spoonful of turtle soup salutes his p impatient appetite but tenfold quickened, a his vigorous attacks upon the tureen, while eyes projecting from his head, roll greedily r ing every thing at table—so did the mett Stuyvesant feel that intolerable hunger for which raged within his very bowels, inflame ture of Fort Casimir, and nothing could al conquest of all New Sweden. No sooner he secured his conquest, than he stumped

* De Vries makes mention, in one of his voyag Hoeck, and Corlear's Plantagie, or Bouwery.

flushed with success, to gather fresh laurels at Fort Christina.*

This was the grand Swedish post, established on a small river (or as it is more improperly termed, creek) of the same name; and here that crafty governor, Jan Risingh, lay grimly drawn up, like a grey-bearded spider in the citadel of his web.

But before we hurry into the direful scenes that must attend the meeting of two such powerful chieftains, it is advisable that we pause for a moment, and hold a kind of warlike council. Battle should not be rushed into precipitately by the historian and his readers any more than by the general and his soldiers. The great commanders of antiquity never engaged the enemy without previously preparing the minds of their followers by animating harangues; spiriting them up to heroic feelings, assuring them of the protection of the gods, and inspiring them with a confidence in the prowess of their leaders. So the historian should awaken the attention and enlist the passions of his readers, and having set them all on fire with the importance of his subject, he should put himself at their head, flourish his pen, and lead them on to the thickest of the fight.

An illustrious example of this rule may be seen in that mirror of historians, the immortal Thucydides. Having arrived at the breaking out of the Peloponnesian war, one of his commentators observes, that "he sounds the charge in all the disposition and spirit of Homer. He catalogues the allies on both sides. He awakens our expectations, and fast engages our attention. All mankind are concerned in the important point now going to be decided. Oracles are made to disclose futurity. Heaven itself is interested in the dispute. The earth totters, and nature seems to labour with the great event. This is his solemn, sublime manner of setting out. Thus he magnifies a war between two, as Rapin calls them, petty states; and thus artfully he supports a little subject by treating it in a great and noble method."†

In like manner, having conducted my readers into the

* This is at present a flourishing town called Christiana, or Christeen, about thirty-seven miles from Philadelphia, on the post road to Baltimore.

† Smith's Thucyd. Vol. 1. p. lxx.

very teeth of peril—having followed the adventurous Pe and his band into foreign regions—surrounded by fo and stunned by the horrid din of arms—at this import moment, while darkness and doubt hang o'er each comi chapter, I hold it meet to harangue them, and prep them for the events that are to follow.

And here I would premise one great advantage whi as the historian, I possess over my readers; and this it —that though I cannot save the life of my favourite he nor absolutely contradict the event of a battle (b which liberties, though often taken by the French writ of the present reign, I hold to be utterly unworthy o scrupulous historian), yet I can now and then make h bestow on his enemy a sturdy back-stroke sufficient fell a giant; though in honest truth, he may never ha done any thing of the kind—or I can drive his antago clear round and round the field, as did Homer make t fine fellow Hector scamper like a poltroon round the w of Troy; for which, if ever they have encountered another in the Elysian fields, I'll warrant the prince poets has had to make the most humble apology.

I am aware that many conscientious readers will ready to cry out "foul play!" whenever I render a lit assistance to my hero—but I consider it one of th privileges exercised by historians of all ages—and which has never been disputed. In fact, an historian as it were, bound in honour to stand by his hero— fame of the latter is entrusted into his hands, and it is duty to do the best by it he can. Never was ther general, an admiral, or any other commander, who, giving an account of any battle that he had fought, not sorely belabour the enemy; and I have no do that, had my heroes written the history of their o achievements, they would have dealt much harder bl than any that I shall recount. Standing forth, therefo as the guardian of their fame, it behoves me to do th the same justice they would have done themselves; if I happen to be a little hard upon the Swedes, I g free leave to any of their descendants, who may wri history of the State of Delaware, to take fair retaliat and belabour Peter Stuyvesant as hard as they please.

Therefore stand by for broken heads and bloody no —my pen has long itched for a battle—siege after si

have I carried on, without blows or bloodshed; but now I have at length got a chance, and I vow to heaven and St. Nicholas, that, let the chronicles of the times say what they please, neither Sallust, Livy, Tacitus, Polybius, nor any other battlemonger of them all, did ever record a fiercer fight than that in which my valiant chieftains are now about to engage.

And you, oh most excellent readers, whom, for your faithful adherence, I could cherish in the warmest corner of my heart—be not uneasy—trust the fate of our favourite Stuyvesant to me—for by the rood, come what may, I'll stick by Hard-koppig Piet to the last; I'll make him drive about these losels vile, as did the renowned Launcelot of the Lake, a herd of recreant Cornish knights; and, if he does fall, let me never draw my pen to fight another battle, in behalf of a brave man, if I don't make these lubberly Swedes pay for it!

No sooner had Peter Stuyvesant arrived before fort Christina than he proceeded without delay to entrench himself, and immediately on running his first parallel, despatched Anthony Van Corlear to summon the fortress to surrender. Van Corlear was received with all due formality, hoodwinked at the portal, and conducted through a pestiferous smell of salt fish and onions, to the citadel, a substantial hut built of pine logs. His eyes were here unbandaged, and he found himself in the august presence of Governor Risingh. This chieftain, as I have before noted, was a very giantly man; and was clad in a coarse blue coat, strapped round the waist with a leathern belt, which caused the enormous skirts and pockets to set off with a very warlike sweep. His ponderous legs were cased in a pair of foxy-coloured jack boots, and he was straddling in the attitude of the Colossus of Rhodes, before a bit of broken looking glass, shaving himself with a villainously dull razor. This afflicting operation caused him to make a series of horrible grimaces, that heightened exceedingly the grisly terrors of his visage. On Anthony Van Corlear's being announced, the grim commander paused for a moment, in the midst of one of his most hard-favoured contortions, and after eyeing him askance over the shoulder with a kind of snarling grin on his countenance, resumed his labours at the glass.

This iron harvest being reaped, he turned once more to

the trumpeter, and demanded the purpo
Anthony Van Corlear delivered in a few
kind of short-hand speaker, a long messag
lency, recounting the whole history of the
recapitulation of grievances, and enumer
and concluded with a peremptory dem
surrender; which done, he turned aside
between his thumb and finger, and ble
blast, not unlike the flourish of a trum
which it had doubtless learned from a k
neighbourhood with that melodious instru

Governor Risingh heard him through,
but with infinite impatience; leaning at t
usual custom, on the pommel of his swo
twirling a huge steel watch chain, or snap
Van Corlear having finished, he bluntly re
Stuyvesant and his summons might go
whither he hoped to send him and his crew
before supper time. Then unsheathing
sword, and throwing away the scabbard
quod he, "but I will not sheathe thee ag
a scabbard of the smoke-dried, leathern hi
gate Dutchman." Then having flung a
in the teeth of his adversary, by the lips
the latter was reconducted to the portal
monious civility due to the trumpeter, sq
sador of so great a commander; and being
was courteously dismissed with a tweak
assist him in recollecting his message.

No sooner did the gallant Peter rece
reply, than he let fly a tremendous volley
crations, that would infallibly have batter
tifications, and blown up the powder mag
ears of the fiery Swede, had not the rampa
ably strong, and the magazine bomb-pr
that the works withstood this terrific blast,
utterly impossible (as it really was in tho
days) to carry on a war with words, he o
men all to prepare for an immediate assau
strange murmur broke out among his tr
with the tribe of the Van Bummels, those
men of the Bronx, and spreading from ma
panied with certain mutinous looks a

murmurs. For once in his life, and only for once, did the great Peter turn pale; for he verily thought his warriors were going to falter in this hour of perilous trial, and thus tarnish for ever the fame of the province of New Nederlandts.

But soon did he discover, to his great joy, that in this suspicion he deeply wronged this most undaunted army; for the cause of this agitation and uneasiness simply was, that the hour of dinner was at hand, and it would have almost broken the hearts of these regular Dutch warriors to have broken in upon the invariable routine of their habits. Beside, it was an established rule among our valiant ancestors always to fight upon a full stomach; and to this may be doubtless attributed the circumstance that they came to be so renowned in arms.

And now are the hearty men of the Manhattoes, and their no less hearty comrades, all lustily engaged under the trees, buffeting stoutly with the contents of their wallets, and taking such affectionate embraces of their canteens and pottles as though they verily believed they were to be the last. And as I foresee we shall have hot work in a page or two, I advise my readers to do the same; for which purpose I will bring the chapter to a close; giving them my word of honour, that no advantage shall be taken of this armistice, to surprise, or in any way molest, the honest Nederlanders while at their vigorous repast.

CHAP. VII.

Containing the most horrible Battle ever recorded in poetry or prose; with the admirable Exploits of Peter the Headstrong.

"Now had the Dutchmen snatched a huge repast," and finding themselves wonderfully encouraged and animated thereby, prepared to take the field. Expectation, says the writer of the Stuyvesant manuscript---Expectation now stood on stilts. The world forgot to turn round, or rather stood still, that it might witness the affray; like a fat, round-bellied alderman, watching the combat of two chi-

valric flies upon his jerkin. The eyes of all
usual in such cases, were turned upon P
The sun, like a little man in a crowd at a
scampered about the heavens, popping his h
there, and endeavouring to get a peep betwee
nerly clouds, that obtruded themselves in h
historians filled their inkhorns—the poets
their dinners, either that they might buy pap
quills, or because they could not get any t
antiquity scowled sulkily out of its grave, to
done—while even posterity stood mute, gazi
ecstacy of retrospection, on the eventful field

The immortal deities, who whilome had s
the "affair" of Troy—now mounted their
clouds, and sailed over the plain, or mingle
combatants in different disguises, all itchin
finger in the pie. Jupiter sent off his thunderb
coppersmith, to have it forbished up for the
sion. Venus swore by her chastity she'd
Swedes; and in semblance of a bleer-eyed t
the battlements of Fort Christina, accompani
as a serjeant's widow of cracked reputation
bully, Mars, stuck swo horse-pistols into hi
dering a rusty firelock, and gallantly swagg
elbow as a drunken corporal—while Apoll
their rear as a bandy-legged fifer, playing mos
out of tune.

On the other side, the ox-eyed Juno, who
pair of black eyes overnight, in one of her cu
with old Jupiter, displayed her haughty beaut
gage-waggon—Minerva, as a brawny gin-su
up her skirts, brandished her firsts, and swor
cally, in exceeding bad Dutch (having but l
the language), by way of keeping up the spiri
diers; while Vulcan halted as a club-footed
lately promoted to be a captain of militia,
horror, or bustling preparation; war reared hi
gnashed loud his iron fangs, and shook his di
bristling bayonets.

And now the mighty chieftains marshall
hosts. Here stood stout Risingh, firm as
rocks—encrusted with stockades, and entre
chin in mud batteries.—His artillery consi

swivels and a carronade, loaded to the muzzle, the touch-holes primed, and a whiskered bombadier stationed at each with lighted match in hand, waiting the word. His valiant infantry lined the breast-work in grim array, each having his mustachios fiercely greased, and his hair pomatumed back, and queued so stiffly that he grinned above the ramparts like a grisly death's head.

There came on the intrepid Hard-koppig Piet, a second Bayard, without fear or reproach—his brows knit, his teeth clenched, his breath held hard, rushing on like ten thousand bellowing bulls of Bashan. His faithful squire, Van Corlear, trudged valiantly at his heels, with his trumpet gorgeously bedecked with red and yellow ribands, the remembrances of his fair mistresses at the Manhattoes. Then came waddling on his sturdy comrades, swarming like the myrmidons of Achilles. There were the Van Wycks and the Van Dycks and the Ten Eycks—the Van Nesses, the Van Tassels, the Van Grolls, the Van Hœssens, the Van Giesons, and the Van Blarcoms. The Van Warts, the Van Winkles, the Van Dams, the Van Pelts, the Van Rippers, and the Van Brunts. There were the Van Hornes, the Van Hooks, the Van Bunschotens, the Van Gelders, the Van Arsdales, and the Van Bummels. The Vander Belts, the Vander Hoofs, and the Vander Voorts, the Vander Lyns, the Vander Pools, and the Vander Spiegels; there came the Hoffmans, the Hooghlands, the Hoppers, the Cloppers, the Ryckmans, the Dyckmans, the Hogebooms, the Rosebooms, the Oothouts, the Quackenbosses, the Roerbacks, the Garrebrantzs, the Bensons, the Brouwers, the Waldrons, the Onderdonks, the Varra Vangers, the Schermerhorns, the Stoutenburghs, the Brinkerhoffs, the Bontecous, the Knickerbockers, the Hockstrassers, the Ten Breecheses, and the Tough Breecheses, with a host of more valiant worthies, whose names are too crabbed to be written, or if they could be written, it would be impossible for man to utter—all fortified with a mighty dinner, and to use the words of a great Dutch poet,

——"Brimful of wrath and cabbage!"

For an instant the mighty Peter paused in the midst of his career, and mounting on a stump, addressed his troops in eloquent low Dutch, exhorting them to fight like *duyvels*, and assuring them, that if they conquered they should get

plenty of booty; if they fell, they should
unparalleled satisfaction, while dying, of
it was in the service of their country; and
dead, of seeing their names inscribed in
renown, and handed down in company wi
great men of the year, for the admirat
Finally, he swore to them, on the word of
they knew him too well to doubt for a n
he caught any mother's son of them lookii
ing craven, he'd curry his hide till he mad
it like a snake in spring-time. Then luggi
sabre, he brandished it three times over h
Van Corlear to sound a tremendous charg
the word "St. Nicholas and the Manhat
ously dashed forwards. His warlike foll
employed the interval in lighting their
stuck them in their mouths, gave a fi
charged gallantly under cover of the smok

The Swedish garrison, ordered by the
not to fire until they could distinguish th
assailants' eyes, stood in horrid silence or
until the eager Dutchmen had ascended t
did they pour into them such a tremen
the very hills quaked around, and were te
an incontinence of water, insomuch that
burst forth from their sides, which cout
the present day. Not a Dutchman but w
the dust beneath that dreadful fire, had n
Minerva kindly taken care that the Swe
and all, observe their usual custom of sh
and turning away their heads, at the mon

The Swedes followed up their fire,
counterscarp, and falling tooth and nail u
furious outcries. And now might be
valour, of which neither history nor
recorded a parallel. Here was beheld t
Brinkerhoff brandishing his lusty quart
terrible giant Blanderon his oak-tree (
carry any other weapon), and drumming
upon the heads of whole squadrons of
were the crafty Van Kortlandts, poste
like the Locrian archers of yore, and
potently with the long-bow, for which th

renowned. At another place was collected on a rising knoll the valiant men of Sing-Sing, who assisted marvellously in the fight, by chanting forth the great song of St. Nicholas; but as to the Gardeniers of Hudson, they were absent from the battle, having been sent out on a marauding party, to lay waste the neighbouring watermelon patches. In a different part of the field might be seen the Van Grolls of Anthony's nose; but they were horribly perplexed in a defile between two little hills, by reason of the length of their noses. There were the Van Bunschotens of Nyack and Kakiat, so renowned for kicking with the left foot; but their skill availed them little at present, being short of wind, in consequence of the hearty dinner they had eaten: and they would irretrievably have been put to rout, had they not been reinforced by a gallant corps of *Voltigeurs*, composed of the Hoppers, who advanced to their assistance nimbly on one foot. Nor must I omit to mention the incomparable achievements of Anthony Von Corlear, who for a good quarter of an hour, waged stubborn fight with a little pursy Swedish drummer, whose hide he drummed most magnificently; and had he not come into the battle with no other weapon but his trumpet, would infallibly have put him to an untimely end.

But now the combat thickened: on came the mighty Jacobus Varra Vanger, and the fighting men of the Wallabout; after them thundered the Van Pelts of Esopus, together with the Van Rippers and the Van Brunts, bearing down all before them; then the Suy Dams and the Van Dams, pressing forward with many a blustering oath, at the head of the warriors of Hell-gate, clad in their thunder and lightning gaberdines; and lastly, the standard-bearers and body-guards of Peter Stuyvesant, bearing the great beaver of the Manhattoes.

And now commence the horrid din, the desperate struggle, the maddening ferocity, the frantic desperation, the confusion, and self-abandonment of war. Dutchman and Swede commingled, tugged, panted, and blowed. The heavens were darkened with a tempest of missives. Bang! went the guns—whack! struck the broadswords—thump! went the cudgels—crash! went the musket-stocks—blows—kicks—cuffs—scratches—black eyes and bloody noses swelling the horrors of the scene! Thwick-thwack, cut and hack, helter-skelter, higgledy-piggedly, hurley-burley,

head over heels, rough and tumble!—Dun
swore the Dutchman——splitter and spl
Swedes.—Storm the works! shouted Ha
Fire the mine! roared out stout Risingh.
twang'd the trumpet of Anthony Van C
voice and sound became unintelligible; gri
of fury, and shouts of triumph, con
hideous clamour. The earth shook as i
paralytic stroke.—trees shrunk aghast, an
sight.—rocks burrowed in the ground li
even Christina-creek turned from its cour
mountain in breathless terror.

Long hung the contest doubtful; fo
shower of rain, sent by the "cloud com
some measure cooled their ardour, as d
water thrown on a group of fighting mast
but pause for a moment, to return with t
charge, belabouring each other with bl
bruises. Just at this juncture was seen
column of smoke, slowly rolling towa
battle, which for a while made even the fu
to stay their arms in mute astonishment;
a moment dispersing the murky cloud,
thereof emerged the flaunting banner
Michael Paw. This noble chieftain can
leading a solid phalanx of oyster-fed Pa
remained behind, partly as a *corps de re*
to digest the enormous dinner they ha
sturdy yeomen, nothing daunted, did
forward, smoking their pipes with outra
as to raise the awful cloud that has been
marching exceedingly slow, being shor
great rotundity in the belt.

And now the protecting deities of t
Amsterdam, having unthinkingly left the
into a neighbouring tavern to refresh
pot of beer, a direful catastrophe had
to befal the Nederlanders. Scarcely ha
of the puissant Paw attained the front
the Swedes, instructed by the cunning R
shower of blows full at their tobacco pi
at this unexpected assault, and totall
seeing their pipes broken, the valiant D
vast confusion. Already they begin to fl

drove of unwieldy elephants, they throw their own army in an uproar, bearing down a whole legion of little Hoppers; the sacred banner, on which is emblazoned the gigantic oyster of Communipaw, is trampled in the dirt; the Swedes pluck up new spirits, and pressing on their rear, apply their feet, *à parte poste*, with a vigour that prodigiously accelerates their motions; nor doth the renowned Paw himself fail to receive divers grievous and dishonourable visitations of shoe-leather!

But what, oh Muse! was the rage of the gallant Peter, when from afar he saw his army yield? With a voice of thunder did he roar after his recreant warriors, putting up such a war-whoop as did the stern Achilles, when the Trojan troops were on the point of burning all his galleys. The men of the Manhattoes plucked up new courage when they heard their leader; or rather they dreaded his fierce displeasure, of which they stood in more awe than of all the Swedes in Christendom; but the daring Peter not waiting for their aid, plunged sword in hand, into the thickest of the foe. Then did he display some such incredible achievements as have never been known since the miraculous days of the giants. Wherever he went the enemy shrunk before him; with fierce impetuosity he pushed forward, driving the Swedes like dogs, into their own ditch; but as he fearlessly advanced, the foe, like rushing waves which close upon the scudding bark, thronged upon his rear, and hung upon his flank with fearful peril. One crafty Swede, advancing warily on one side, drove his dastard sword full at the hero's heart; but the protecting power that watches over the safety of all great and good men, turned aside the hostile blade, and directed it to a side pocket, where reposed an enormous iron tobacco-box, endowed, like the shield of Achilles, with supernatural powers, no doubt in consequence of its being piously decorated with a portrait of the blessed St. Nicholas. Thus was the dreadful blow repelled, but not without occasioning to the great Peter a fearful loss of wind.

Like as a furious bear, when gored by worrying curs, turns fiercely round, gnashes his teeth, and springs upon the foe, so did our hero turn upon the treacherous Swede. The miserable varlet sought in flight for safety; but the active Peter, seizing him by an immeasurable queue, that dangled from his head,—"Ah, whoreson caterpillar!"

roared he, "here is what shall make dog's meat o
So saying, he whirled his trusty sword, and mad
that would have decapitated him, had he, like
half a hundred heads, but that the pitying ste
short, and shaved a queue for ever from his cro
that very moment, a cunning arquebusier, perch
summit of a neighbouring mound, levelled hi
instrument, and would have sent the gallant Stuy
wailing ghost to haunt the Stygian shore, had
watchful Minerva, who had just stopped to ti
garters, saw the great peril of her favourite c
despatched, old Boreas with his bellows, who in
nick of time, just as the direful match descende
pan, gave such a lucky blast as blew all the prim
the touch-hole!

Thus he waged the horrid fight, when the stout
surveying the battle from the top of a little rav
ceived his faithful troops banged, beaten, and h
the invincible Peter. Language cannot descr
choler with which he was seized at the sight.
stopped for a moment to disburden himself of fi
rand anathemas; and then drawing his inmm
falchion, straddled down to the field of combat, w
such thundering strides as Jupiter is said by H
have taken, when he strode down the spheres to
thunderbolts at the Titans.

No sooner did these two rival heroes come fac
than they each made a prodigious start, such as
by your most experienced stage champions. T
they regard each other for a moment with bitte
like two furious ram-cats on the very point of a
clawing. Then did they throw themselves in one
then in another, striking their swords on the grou
on the right side, then on the left; at last, at it th
like five hundred houses on fire! Words cannot
prodigies of strength and valour displayed on thi
encounter—an encounter, compared to which
famed battles of Ajax with Hector, of Æneas with
Orlando with Rodomont, Guy of Warwick with C
the Dane, or of that renowned Welsh knight, S
of the Mountains with the giant Guylon, were al
sports and holiday recreations. At length the
Peter, watching his opportunity, aimed a fearf

with the full intention of cleaving his adversary to the very chine; but Risingh, nimbly raising his sword, warded it off so narrowly that, glancing on one side, it shaved away a huge canteen that he always carried swung on one side; thence pursuing its trenchant course, it severed off a deep coat-pocket, stored with bread and cheese; all which dainties, rolling among the armies, occasioned a fearful scrambling between the Swedes and Dutchmen, and made the general battle to wax ten times more furious than ever.

Enraged to see his military stores thus wofully laid waste, the stout Risingh, collecting all his forces, aimed a mighty blow full at the hero's crest. In vain did his fierce little cocked hat oppose its course; the biting steel clove through the stubborn ram beaver, and would infallibly have cracked his crown, but that the skull was of such adamantine hardness that the brittle weapon shivered into pieces, shedding a thousand sparks, like beams of glory, round his grisly visage.

Stunned with the blow, the valiant Peter reeled, turned up his eyes, and beheld fifty thousand suns, besides moons and stars, dancing about the firmament: at length, missing his footing, by reason of his wooden leg, down he came on his seat of honour, with a crash that shook the surrounding hills, and would infallibly have wracked his anatomical system, had he not been received into a cushion softer than velvet, which Providence, or Minerva, or St. Nicholas, or some kindly cow, had benevolently prepared for his reception.

The furious Risingh, in despite of that noble maxim, cherished by all true knights, that "fair play is a jewel," hastened to take advantage of the hero's fall; but just as he was stooping to give the fatal blow, the ever vigilant Peter bestowed him a sturdy thwack over the sconce, with his wooden leg, that set some dozen chimes of bells ringing triple bobmajors in his cerebellum. The bewildered Swede staggered with the blow, and in the meantime the wary Peter, espying a pocket pistol lying hard by (which had dropped from the wallet of his faithful squire and trumpeter, Van Corlear, during his furious encounter with the drummer), discharged it full at the head of the reeling Risingh. Let not my reader mistake—it was not

a murderous weapon loaded with powder and ball, but a little sturdy stone pottle, charged to the muzzle with a double dram of true Dutch courage, which the knowing Van Corlear always carried about him by way of replenishing his valour. The hideous missive sung through the air, and true to its course, as was the mighty fragment of a rock discharged at Hector by bully Ajax, encountered the huge head of the gigantic Swede with matchless violence.

This heaven-directed blow decided the eventful battle The ponderous pericranium of General Jan Risingh sunk upon his breast; his knees tottered under him; a death-like torpor seized upon his Titan frame, and he tumbled to the earth with such tremendous violence that old Pluto started with affright, lest he should have broken through the roof of his infernal palace.

His fall was the signal of defeat and victory. The Swedes gave way—the Dutch pressed forward—the former took to their heels—the latter hotly pursued. Some entered with them, pell mell, through the sallyport—others stormed the bastion, and others scrambled over the curtain Thus in a little while the impregnable fortress of Fort Christina, which, like another Troy, had stood a siege of full ten hours, was finally carried by assault, without the loss of a single man on either side. Victory in the likeness of a gigantic ox-fly, sat perched upon the cocked hat of the gallant Stuyvesant; and it was universally declared by all the writers whom he hired to write the history of his expedition, that on this memorable day he gained a sufficient quantity of glory to immortalize a dozen of the greatest heroes in Christendom!

CHAP. VIII.

ich the Author and the Reader, while reposing his Battle, fall into a very grave discourse—after s recorded the conduct of Peter Stuyvesant after his Victory.

NKS to St. Nicholas, we have safely finished this dous battle: let us sit down, my worthy reader, ol ourselves, for I am in a prodigious sweat and ss. Truly this fighting of battles is hot work! and great commanders did but know what troubles they eir historians, they would not have the conscience ieve so many horrible victories. But methinks I y reader complain, that throughout this boasted there is not the least slaughter, nor a single indi- maimed, if we except the unhappy Swede, who orn of his queue by the trenchant blade of Peter iant; all which, he observes, is a great outrage on ility, and highly injurious to the interest of the on.

is certainly an objection of no little moment; but it ntirely from the obscurity that envelopes the remote of time, about which I have undertaken to write. hough doubtless, from the importance of the object, e prowess of the parties concerned, there must have errible carnage and prodigies of valour displayed the walls of Christina; yet, notwithstanding that consulted every history, manuscript, and tradition ng this memorable, though long forgotten battle, I find mention made of a single man killed or wounded whole affair.

is, without doubt, owing to the extreme modesty forefathers, who, like their descendants, were never to vaunt of their achievements; but it is a virtue aces their historian in a most embarrassing predica- for, having promised my readers a hideous and lleled battle, and having worked them up into a e and blood-thirsty state of mind, to put them off t any havoc and slaughter was as bitter a disap- ient as to summons a multitude of good people to

attend an execution, and then cruelly baulk them by a reprieve.

Had the inexorable fates only allowed me some half a score dead men, I had been content; for I would have made them such heroes as abounded in the olden time, but whose race is now unfortunately extinct. Any one of whom, if we may believe those authentic writers, the poets, could drive great armies like sheep before him, and conquer and desolate whole cities by his single arm.

But seeing that I had not a single life at my disposal, all that was left me was to make the most I could of my battle, by means of kicks and cuffs and bruises, and such like ignoble wounds. And here I cannot but compare my dilemma, in some sort, to that of the divine Milton, who, having arrayed with sublime preparation his immortal hosts against each other, is sadly put to it, how to manage them, and how he shall make the end of his battle answer to the beginning; inasmuch as, being mere spirits, he cannot deal a mortal blow, nor even give a flesh wound to any of his combatants. For my part, the greatest difficulty I found was, when I had once put my warriors in a passion, and let them loose into the midst of the enemy, to keep them from doing mischief. Many a time had I to restrain the sturdy Peter, from cleaving a gigantic Swede to the very waistband, or spitting half a dozen little fellows on his sword, like so many sparrows. And when I had set some hundred of missives flying in the air, I did not dare to suffer one of them to reach the ground, lest it should have put an end to some unlucky Dutchman.

The reader cannot conceive how mortifying it is to be a writer, thus in a manner to have his hands tied, and how many tempting opportunities I had to wink at, where I might have made as fine a death blow as any recorded in history or song.

From my own experience, I begin to doubt most potently of the authenticity of many of Homer's stories. I verily believe that when he had once launched one of his favourite heroes among a crowd of the enemy, he cut down many an honest fellow, without any authority for so doing, excepting that he presented a fair mark—and that often a poor devil was sent to grim Pluto's domains, merely because he had

a name that would give a sounding turn to a period. But I disclaim all such unprincipled liberties—let me but have truth and the law on my side, and no man would fight harder than myself: but since the various records I consulted did not warrant it, I had too much conscience to kill a single soldier. By St. Nicholas, but it would have been a pretty piece of business. My enemies, the critics, who I foresee will be ready enough to lay any crime they can discover at my door, might have charged me with murder outright; and I should have esteemed myself lucky to have escaped with no harsher verdict than manslaughter.

And now, gentle reader, that we are tranquilly sitting down here smoking our pipes, permit me to indulge in a melancholy reflection which at this moment passes across my mind. How vain, how fleeting, how uncertain, are all those gaudy bubbles after which we are panting and toiling in this world of fair delusions! The wealth which the miser has amassed with so many weary days, so many sleepless nights, a spendthrift heir may squander away in joyless prodigality. The noblest monuments which pride has ever reared to perpetuate a name, the hand of time will shortly tumble into ruins; and even the brightest laurels, gained by feats of arms, may wither and be for ever blighted by the chilling neglect of mankind. "How many illustrious heroes," says the good Boëtius, "who were once the pride and glory of the age, hath the silence of historians buried in eternal oblivion!" And this it was that induced the Spartans, when they went to battle, solemnly to sacrifice to the muses, supplicating that their achievements should be worthily recorded. Had not Homer tuned his lofty lyre, observes the elegant Cicero, the valour of Achilles had remained unsung. And such too, after all the toils and perils he had braved, after all the gallant actions he had achieved, such too had nearly been the fate of the chivalric Peter Stuyvesant, but that I fortunately stepped in and engraved his name on the indelible tablet of history, just as the caitiff Time was silently brushing it away for ever.

The more I reflect the more I am astonished at the important character of the historian. He is the sovereign censor, to decide upon the renown or infamy of his fellow-men. He is the patron of kings and conquerors, on whom it depends whether they shall live in after ages, or be

forgotten as were their ancestors before them. The tyrant may oppress while the object of his tyranny exists; but the historian possesses superior might, for his power extends even beyond the grave. The shades of departed and long forgotten heroes anxiously bend down from above, while he writes, watching each movement of his pen, whether it shall pass by their names with neglect, or inscribe them on the deathless pages of renown. Even the drop of ink that hangs trembling on his pen, which he may either dash upon the floor, or waste in idle scrawlings —that very drop, which to him is not worth the twentieth part of a farthing, may be of incalculable value to some departed worthy—may elevate half a score, in one moment, to immortality, who would have given worlds, had they possessed them, to insure the glorious meed.

Let not my readers imagine, however, that I am indulging in vain-glorious boastings, or am anxious to blazon forth the importance of my tribe. On the contrary, I shrink when I reflect on the awful responsibility we historians assume—I shudder to think what direful commotions and calamities we occasion in the world—I swear to thee, honest reader, as I am a man, I weep at the very idea! Why, let me ask, are so many illustrious men daily tearing themselves away from the embraces of their families—slighting the smiles of beauty—despising the allurements of fortune, and exposing themselves to the miseries of war?—Why are kings desolating empires and depopulating whole countries?—In short, what induces all great men, of all ages and countries, to commit so many victories and misdeeds, and inflict so many miseries upon mankind and on themselves, but the mere hope that some historian will kindly take them into notice, and admit them into a corner of his volume. For, in short, the mighty object of all their toils, their hardships, and privations, is nothing but *immortal fame*—and what is immortal fame?——why, half a page of dirty paper!—— Alas! alas! how humiliating the idea—that the renown of so great a man as Peter Stuyvesant should depend upon the pen of so little a man as Diedrich Knickerbocker!

And now, having refreshed ourselves after the fatigues and perils of the field, it behoves us to return once more to the scene of conflict, and inquire what were the results of this renowned conquest. The fortress of Christina being

metropolis, and in a manner the key to New
its capture was speedily followed by the entire
on of the province. This was not a little pro-
y the gallant and courteous deportment of the
Peter. Though a man terrible in battle, yet in
of victory was he endued with a spirit generous,
and humane.—He vaunted not over his enemies,
e make defeat more galling by unmanly insults;
that mirror of knightly virtue, the renowned
rlando, he was more anxious to do great actions
lk of them after they were done. He put no man
ordered no houses to be burnt down; permitted no
be perpetrated on the property of the vanquished;
gave one of his bravest officers a severe admo-
a his walking staff, for having been detected in
sacking a hen-roost.

reover issued a proclamation, inviting the inha-
submit to the authority of their high mighti-
ut declaring, with unexampled clemency, that
efused should be lodged at the public expense,
y castle provided for the purpose, and have an
inue to wait on them in the bargain. In conse-
these beneficent terms, about thirty Swedes
anfully forward and took the oath of allegiance;
for which they were graciously permitted to
the banks of the Delaware, where their descend-
e at this very day. But I am told by divers
travellers, that they have never been able to get
hap-fallen looks of their ancestors, and do still
ably transmit from father to son manifest marks
od drubbing given them by the sturdy Amster-

ole country of New-Sweden, having thus yielded
ns of the triumphant Peter, was reduced to a
led South River, and placed under the superin-
f a lieutenant-governor; subject to the control
preme government at New-Amsterdam. This
itary was called Mynheer William Beekman, or
k-man, who derived his surname, as did Ovidius
re, for the lordly dimensions of his nose, which

projected from the centre of his countenance, like the bea of a parrot. He was the great progenitor of the tribe the Beekmans, one of the most ancient and honourab families of the province, the members of which do grat fully commemorate the origin of their dignity, not as yo noble families in England would do, by having a glowin proboscis emblazoned in their escutcheon, but by one an all wearing a right goodly nose, stuck in the very midd of their faces.

Thus was this perilous enterprise gloriously terminate with the loss of only two men: Wolfert Van Horne, tall spare man, who was knocked overboard by the boo of a sloop in a flaw of wind; and fat Brom Van Brumme who was suddenly carried off by an indigestion: both however, were immortalized, as having bravely fallen i the service of their country. True it is, Peter Stuyvesa had one of his limbs terribly fractured, being shattered pieces in the act of storming the fortress; but as it w fortunately his wooden leg, the wound was promptly a effectually healed.

And now nothing remains to this branch of my histor but to mention that this immaculate hero, and his victor ous army, returned joyously to the Manhattoes, marchin under the shade of their laurels, as did the followers young Malcolm, under the moving forest of Dunsinan Thus did they make a solemn and triumphant entry int New Amsterdam, bearing with them the conquered R singh, and the remnant of his battered crew, who ha refused allegiance. For it appears that the gigantic Swed had only fallen into a swoon, at the end of the battle, fro whence he was speedily restored by a wholesome tweak the nose.

These captive heroes were lodged, according to th promise of the governor, at the public expense, in a fai and spacious castle; being the prison of state, of whic Stoffel Brinkerhoff, the immortal conqueror of Oyst Bay, was appointed governor; and which has ever sinc remained in the possession of his descendants.*

* This castle, though very much altered and modernized, is still in being, and stands at the corner of Pearl-street, facing Coenti slip.

It was a pleasant and goodly sight to witness the joy of all people of New Amsterdam, at beholding their warriors once more returned from this war in the wilderness. The old women thronged round Anthony Van Corlear, who gave the whole history of the campaign with matchless accuracy; saving that he took the credit of fighting the whole battle himself, and especially of vanquishing the stout Risingh, which he considered himself as clearly entitled to, seeing that it was effected by his own stone pottle.

The schoolmasters throughout the town gave holiday to their little urchins, who followed in droves after the drums, with paper caps on their heads, and sticks in their breeches, thus taking the first lesson in the art of war. As to the sturdy rabble, they thronged at the heels of Peter Stuyvesant wherever he went, waving their greasy hats in the air, and shouting "Hard-koppig Piet for ever!"

It was, indeed, a day of roaring rout and jubilee. A huge dinner was prepared at the Stadthouse in honour of the conquerors, where were assembled in one glorious constellation, the great and the little luminaries of New-Amsterdam. There were the lordly schout and his obsequious deputy—the burgomasters with their officious schepens at their elbows—the subaltern officers at the elbows of the schepens; and so on, to the lowest grade of illustrious hangers-on of police; every tag having his rag at his side, to finish his pipe, drink off his heel-taps, and laugh at his flights of immortal dullness. In short, for a city feast is a city feast all the world over, and has been a city feast ever since the creation; the dinner went off much the same as do our great corporation junketings, and fourth of July banquets. Loads of fish, flesh, and fowl, were devoured, oceans of liquor drunk, thousands of pipes smoked, and many a dull joke honoured with much obstreperous fat-sided laughter.

I must not omit to mention, that to this far famed victory Peter Stuyvesant was indebted for another of his many titles; for so hugely delighted were the honest burghers with his achievements, that they unanimously

honoured him with the name of *Pieter de Groodt* to say, Peter the Great, or, as it was translated people of New Amsterdam, *Piet de Pig*—an ap which he maintained even unto the day of his deat

END OF BOOK SIXTH.

BOOK SEVENTH.

AINING THE THIRD PART OF THE REIGN OF R THE HEADSTRONG—HIS TROUBLES WITH THE ISH NATION; AND THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE DUTCH DYNASTY.

CHAP. I.

Peter Stuyvesant relieved the Sovereign People the burthen of taking care of the Nation — with ndry particulars of his conduct in time of Peace.

IE history of the reign of Peter Stuyvesant furnishes a ncholy picture of the incessant cares and vexations in- rable from government; and may serve as a solemn ing to all who are ambitious of attaining the seat of er. Though crowned with victory, enriched by con- t, and returning in triumph to his metropolis, his ex- ion was checked by beholding the sad abuses that had n place during the short interval of his absence.

ne populace, unfortunately for their own comfort, had n a deep draught of the intoxicating cup of power, ng the reign of William the Testy; and though, upon accession of Peter Stuyvesant, they felt, with a certain nctive perception, which mobs as well as cattle pos- , that the reins of government had passed into stronger ls; yet could they not help fretting, and chafing, and nping upon the bit, in restive silence.

: seems by some strange and inscrutable fatality, to be destiny of most countries (and more especially of your ghtened republics), always to be governed by the most mpetent man in the nation; so that you will scarcely l an individual throughout the whole community, but will detect to you innumerable errors in administra- n, and convince you in the end, that had he been at the d of affairs, matters would have gone on a thousand es more prosperously. Strange! that government, ich seems to be so generally understood, should inva-

riably be so erroneously administered—strange talent of legislation, so prodigally bestowed, denied to the only man in the nation to whose s requisite!

Thus it was in the present instance, not a ma herd of pseudo-politicians in New-Amsterdam, l oracle on topics of state, and could have direc affairs incomparably better than Peter Stuyve so severe was the old governor in his dispositi would never suffer one of the multitude of able by whom he was surrounded, to intrude his a save the country from destruction.

Scarcely, therefore, had he departed on his against the Swedes, than the old faction of Willi reign began to thrust their heads above wat gather together in political meetings, to disc state of the nation." At these assemblages the b masters and their officious schepens made a ver able figure. These worthy dignitaries were no fat, well fed, tranquil magistrates, that presi peaceful days of Wouter Van Twiller. On the being elected by the people, they formed in a sturdy bulwark between the mob and the adm They were great candidates for popularity, and advocates for the rights of the rabble; resemblin terested zeal the wide-mouthed tribunes of anci or those virtuous patriots of modern days, em denominated "the friends of the people."

Under the tuition of these profound politic astonishing how suddenly enlightened the swi tude became, in matters above their compr Cobblers, tinkers, and tailors, all at once felt t inspired, like those religious idiots in the gloriou monkish illumination; and, without any previou experience, became instantly capable of directi movements of government. Nor must I neglec tion a number of superannuated, wrong-he burghers, who had come over when boys, in the c *Goede Vrouw*, and were held up as infallible the enlightened mob. To suppose that a ma helped to discover a country did not know how i be governed, was preposterous in the extreme. have been deemed as much a heresy as, at th

uestion the political talent and universal infal-
of our old "heroes of '76"—and to doubt that
had fought for a government, however stupid he
aturally be, was not competent to fill any station

s Peter Stuyvesant had a singular inclination to
his province without the assistance of his subjects,
ighly incensed on his return to find the factious
ace they had assumed during his absence. His
asure, therefore, was to restore perfect order, by
ng the dignity of the sovereign people.
cordingly watched his opportunity, and one even-
en the enlightened mob was gathered together,
to a patriotic speech from an inspired cobbler, the
Peter, like his great namesake of all the Russias,
ce appeared among them, with a countenance suf-
o petrify a mill-stone. The whole meeting was
into consternation—the orator seemed to have
a paralytic stroke in the very middle of a sublime
, and stood aghast with open mouth and trembling
hilst the words horror! tyranny! liberty! rights!
eath! destruction! and a deluge of other patrio-
es, came roaring from his throat, before he had
close his lips. The shrewd Peter took no notice
kulking throng around him, but advancing to the
bully ruffian, and drawing out a huge silver watch,
ight have served in times of yore as a town-clock,
h is still retained by his descendants as a family
, requested the orator to mend it, and set it going.
tor humbly confessed it was utterly out of his
s he was unacquainted with the nature of its con-
. "Nay, but," said Peter, "try your ingenuity,
u see all the springs and wheels, and how easily
siest hand may stop it, and pull it to pieces; and
ld it not be equally easy to regulate as to stop
e orator declared that his trade was wholly dif-
e was a poor cobbler, and had never meddled
atch in his life. That there were men skilled in
hose business it was to attend to those matters;
is part, he should only mar the workmanship, and
whole in confusion—"Why, harkee, master of
ried Peter, turning suddenly upon him, with a
nce that almost petrified the patcher of shoes into

a perfect lapstone—" dost thou pretend to meddle with the movements of government—to regulate and correct, and patch, and cobble a complicated machine, the principles of which are above thy comprehension, and its simplest operations too subtle for thy understanding, when thou canst not correct a trifling error in a common piece of mechanism, the whole mystery of which is open to thy inspection?—Hence with thee to the leather and stone, which are emblems of thy head; cobble thy shoes, and confine thyself to the vocation for which heaven has fitted thee—But," elevating his voice until it made the welkin ring, " if ever I catch thee, or any of thy tribe, meddling again with the affairs of government—by St. Nicholas, but I'll have every mother's bastard of ye flea'd alive, and your hides stretched for drum-heads, that ye may thence forth make a noise to some purpose!"

This threat, and the tremendous voice in which it was uttered, caused the whole multitude to quake with fear. The hair of the orator rose on his head like his own swine's bristles, and not a knight of the thimble present but his heart died within him, and he felt as though he could have verily escaped through the eye of a needle.

But though this measure produced the desired effect in reducing the community to order, yet it tended to injure the popularity of the great Peter among the enlightened vulgar. Many accused him of entertaining highly aristocratic sentiments, and of leaning too much in favour of the patricians. Indeed there appeared to be some ground for such an accusation, as he always carried himself with a very lofty soldier-like port, and was somewhat particular in his dress; dressing himself, when not in uniform, in simple but rich apparel; and was especially noted for having his sound leg (which was a very comely one) always arrayed in a red stocking and high-heeled shoe. Though a man of great simplicity of manners, yet there was something about him that repelled rude familiarity, while it encouraged frank, and even social intercourse.

He likewise observed some appearance of court ceremony and etiquette. He received the common class of visitors on the *stoop** before his door, according to the custom of our Dutch ancestors. But when visitors

* Properly spelled stoeb: the porch commonly built in front of Dutch houses, with benches on each side.

re formally received in his parlour, it was expected
y would appear in clean linen; by no means to be
e-footed, and always to take their hats off. On public
asions he appeared with great pomp of equipage (for,
ruth, his station required a little show and dignity), and
ays rode to church in a yellow waggon with flaming red
eels.

These symptoms of state and ceremony occasioned con-
erable discontent among the vulgar. They had been
stomed to find easy access to their former governors,
l in particular had lived on terms of extreme familiarity
h William the Testy. They therefore were very impa-
it of these dignified precautions, which discouraged
usion. But Peter Stuyvesant had his own way of
iking in these matters, and was a stanch upholder of
dignity of office.

le always maintained that government to be the least
ular, which is most open to popular access and con-
; and that the very brawlers against court ceremony,
the reserve of men in power, would soon despise
rs among whom they found even themselves to be of
sequence. Such, at least, had been the case with the
inistration of William the Testy; who, bent on making
self popular, had listened to every man's advice, suf-
g every body to have admittance to his person at all
rs; and, in a word, treated every one as his thorough
al. By this means every scrub politician and pub-
sy-body was enabled to measure wits with him, and
ind out the true dimensions, not only of his person,
his mind.---And what great man can stand such
tiny?

is the mystery that envelops great men, that gives
a half their greatness. We are already inclined to
k highly of those who hold themselves aloof from our
nination. There is likewise a kind of superstitious
rence for office, which leads us to exaggerate the
its and abilities of men in power, and to suppose that
must be constituted different from other men. And,
ed, faith is as necessary in politics as in religion. It
ainly is of the first importance, that a country should
overned by wise men; but then it is almost equally
rtant, that the people should believe them to be wise;
his belief alone can produce willing subordination.

To keep up, therefore, this desirable confidence rulers, the people should be allowed to see as little them as possible. He who gains access to cabinets soo finds out by what foolishness the world is governed. H discovers that there is quackery in legislation, as well in every thing else; that many a measure, which is su posed by the million to be the result of great wisdom a deep deliberation, is the effect of mere chance, or perha of hair-brained experiment.—That rulers have their whi and errors as well as other men, and after all are not wonderfully superior to their fellow-creatures as he at fi imagined; since he finds that even his own opinions ha had some weight with them. Thus awe subsides into co fidence, confidence inspires familiarity, and familiari produces contempt. Peter Stuyvesant, on the contra by conducting himself with dignity and loftiness, w looked up to with great reverence. As he never gave l reasons for any thing he did, the public always gave h credit for very profound ones. Every movement, howe intrinsically unimportant, was a matter of speculation; a his very red stockings excited some respect, as being d ferent from the stockings of other men.

To these times may we refer the rise of family pride aristocratical distinctions;* and indeed I cannot but l back with reverence to the early planting of those mi Dutch families, which have taken such vigorous root, branched out so luxuriantly in our state. The blood r has flowed down uncontaminated through a success steady, virtuous generations, since the times of the archs of Communipaw, must certainly be pure and w And if so, then are the Van Rensellears, the Van 7 the Van Hornes, the Rutgers, the Bensons, the F hoffs, the Schermerhorns, and all the true descen the ancient Pavonians, the only legitimate nobility lords of the soil.

I have been led to mention thus particularly authenticated claims of our genuine Dutch fam cause I have noticed with great sorrow and vexa

* In a work published many years after the time he (in 1701, by C. W. A. M.) it is mentioned that Frederick counted the richest Mynheer in New-York, and wa whole hogsheads of Indian money or wampum; and h daughter, who, according to the Dutch custom, she equally.

they have been somewhat elbowed aside in latter days, by foreign intruders. It is really astonishing to behold how many great families have sprung up of late years, who pride themselves excessively on the score of ancestry. Thus he who can look up to his father without humiliation assumes not a little importance—he who can safely talk of his grandfather is still more vain-glorious—but he who can look to his great grandfather without blushing is absolutely intolerable in his pretensions to family.—Bless us! what a piece of work is here, between these mushrooms of an hour and these mushrooms of a day!

But from what I have recounted in the former part of this chapter, I would not have my readers imagine that the great Peter was a tyrannical governor, ruling his subjects with a rod of iron—on the contrary, where the dignity of authority was not implicated, he abounded with generosity and courteous condescension. In fact he really believed, though I fear my more enlightened republican readers will consider it a proof of his ignorance and illiberality, that in preventing the cup of social life from being dashed with the intoxicating ingredient of politics, he promoted the tranquillity and happiness of the people —and by detaching their minds from subjects which they ould not understand, and which only tended to inflame heir passions, he enabled them to attend more faithfully nd industriously to their proper callings; becoming more seful citizens, and more attentive to their families and rtunes.

So far from having any unreasonable austerity, he lighted to see the poor and the labouring man rejoice, d for this purpose was a great promoter of holidays and blic amusements. Under his reign was first introduced custom of cracking eggs at Paas or Easter. New- r's Day was also observed with extravagant festivity— ushered in by the ringing of bells and firing of guns. ry house was a temple of the jolly god. Oceans of ry brandy, true Hollands, and mulled cider, were set t on the occasion; and not a poor man in town but e it a point to get drunk, out of a principle of pure omy—taking in liquor enough to serve him for half a afterwards.

would have done one's heart good also to have seen

the valiant Peter, seated among the old burghers
wives of a Saturday afternoon, under the great
spread their shade over the Battery, watching t
men and women as they danced on the green.
would smoke his pipe, crack his joke, and forge
ged toils of war in the sweet oblivious festivities
He would occasionally give a nod of approbation
of the young men who shuffled and kicked most vi
and now and then give a hearty smack, in all h
soul, to the buxom lass that held out longest,
down all her competitors, which he considered as
proofs of her being the best dancer. Once it is
harmony of the meeting was rather interrupted.
vrouw, of great figure in the gay world, and wh
lately come from Holland, of course led the fa
the city, made her appearance in not more th
dozen petticoats, and those too of most alarmi
ness.—A universal whisper ran through the a
the old ladies all felt shocked in the extreme, th
ladies blushed and felt excessively for the "poo
and even the governor himself was observed to b
troubled in mind. To complete the astonishmen
good folks, she undertook, in the course of a
describe some astonishing figures in algebra, whic
learned from a dancing master in Rotterdam.—
she was too animated in flourishing her feet, or
some vagabond Zephyr took the liberty of obtru
services, certain it is, that in the course of a gran
tion which would not have disgraced a modern ba
she made a most unexpected display—whereat th
assembly was thrown into great admiration, sever
country members were not a little moved, and t
Peter himself, who was a man of unparalleled n
felt himself grievously scandalized.

The shortness of the female dresses, which ha
nued in fashion ever since the days of William Ki
long offended his eye; and though extremely a
meddling with the petticoats of the ladies, yet he
diately recommended that every one should be fu
with a flounce to the bottom. He likewise orde
the ladies, and indeed the gentlemen, should use
step in dancing than shuffle and turn, and double t

ade, under pain of his high displeasure, any young
nceforth to attempt what was termed, "exhibiting
es."
e were the only restrictions he ever imposed upon
, and these were considered by them as tyrannical
ions, and resisted with that becoming spirit always
ted by the gentle sex whenever their privileges are
.—In fact, Peter Stuyvesant plainly perceived,
e attempted to push the matter any further, there
ger of their leaving off petticoats altogether; so,
wise man experienced in the ways of women, he
peace, and suffered them ever after to wear their
ts and cut their capers as high as they pleased.

CHAP. II.

*eter Stuyvesant was much molested by the Mose-
s of the East, and the Giants of Merry-land;
o a dark and horrid Conspiracy was carried on
British Cabinet against the prosperity of the
Manhattoes.*

re now approaching towards the crisis of our work,
be not mistaken in my foreboding, we shall have
of business to despatch in the ensuing chapters.
with some communities as it is with certain med-
individuals, they have a wonderful facility at
into scrapes; and I have always remarked, that
e most liable to get in, who have the least talent
ng out again. This is, doubtless, owing to the
e valour of those states; for I have likewise no-
it this rampant and ungovernable quality is always
ruly where most confined, which accounts for its
ng so amazingly in little states, little men, and
tle women more especially.
, when one reflects that the province of the Man-
though of prodigious importance in the eyes of its
nts and its historian, was really of no very great
ence in the eyes of the rest of the world; that it
little wealth or other spoils to reward the trouble
ling it, and that it had nothing to expect from run-

ning wantonly into war, save an exceeding good beating on pondering these things, I say, one would utterly despair of finding in its history either battle or bloodshed or any other of those calamities which give importance to a nation, and entertainment to the reader. But, on the contrary, we find, so valiant is this province, that it has already drawn upon itself a host of enemies; has had a many buffetings as would gratify the ambition of the most warlike nation; and is, in sober sadness, a very forlorn distressed, and woe-begone little province;—all which was no doubt, kindly ordered by Providence, to give interest and sublimity to this pathetic history.

But I forbear to enter into a detail of the pitiful ma raudings and harassments that for a long while after the victory on the Delaware, continued to insult the dignity and disturb the repose of the Nederlanders. Suffice i in brevity to say, that the implacable hostility of the people of the east, which had so miraculously been pre vented from breaking out, as my readers must remember by the sudden prevalence of witchcraft, and the dissen sions in the council of Amphyctions, now again displayed itself in a thousand grievous and bitter scourings upon the borders.

Scarcely a month passed but what the Dutch settle ments on the frontiers were alarmed by the sudden appear ance of an invading army from Connecticut. This would advance resolutely through the country, like a puissant caravan of the deserts, the women and children mounted in carts loaded with pots and kettles, as though they meant to boil the honest Dutchmen alive, and devour them like so many lobsters. At the tail of these carts would stalk a crew of long-limbed, lank-sided varlets, with axes on their shoulders, and packs on their backs, reso lutely bent upon *improving* the country in despite of its proprietors. These, settling themselves down, would in a short time completely dislodge the unfortunate Nederlan ders, elbowing them out of those rich bottoms and fertile valleys in which our Dutch yeomanry are so famous for nestling themselves; for it is notorious, that wherever these shrewd men of the east get a footing, the honest Dutchmen do gradually disappear, retiring slowly, like the Indians before the Whites, being totally discomfited by the

talking, schaffering, swapping, bargaining disposition of their new neighbours.

All these audacious infringements on the territories of their high mightinesses were accompanied, as has before been hinted, by a world of rascally brawls, rib-roastings, and bundlings, which would doubtless have incensed the valiant Peter to wreak immediate chastisement, had he not at the very same time been perplexed by distressing accounts from Mynheer Beckman, who commanded the territories at South river.

The restless Swedes, who had so graciously been suffered to remain about the Delaware, already began to show signs of mutiny and disaffection. But what was worse, a peremptory claim was laid to the whole territory, as the rightful property of Lord Baltimore, by Fendal, a chieftain who lived over the colony of Maryland, or Merry-land, as it was anciently called, because the inhabitants, not having the fear of the Lord before their eyes, were notoriously prone to get fuddled and make merry with mint-julep and apple-toddy. Nay, so hostile was this bully Fendal, that he threatened, unless his claim were instantly complied with, to march incontinently at the head of a potent force of the roaring boys of Merry-land, together with a great and mighty train of giants, who infested the banks of the Susquehannah ;* and to lay waste and depopulate the whole country of South river.

By this it is manifest, that this boasted colony, like all great acquisitions of territory, soon became a greater evil to the conqueror than the loss of it was to the conquered, and caused greater uneasiness and trouble than all the territory of the New Netherlands besides. Thus Provi-

* We find very curious and wonderful accounts of these strange people (who were doubtless the ancestors of the present Marylanders) made by Master Hariot, in his interesting history. "The Sasquesahanocks," observes he, "are a giantly people, strange in proportion, behaviour, and attire ; their voices sounding from them as if out of a cave. Their tobacco-pipes were three quarters of a yard long, carved at the great end with a bird, beare, or other device sufficient to beat out the braines of a horse (and how many asses' braines are beaten out, or rather men's braines smoked out, and asses' brains laied in, by our lesser pipes at home.) The calfe of one of their legges was measured three quarters of a yard about, the rest of his limbs proportionable."

Master Hariot's Journ. Purch. Pil.

dence wisely orders that one evil shall balance another. The conqueror who wrests the property of his neighbour, who wrongs a nation and desolates a country, though he may acquire increase of empire, and immortal fame, yet insures his own inevitable punishment. He takes to himself a cause of endless anxiety—he incorporates with his late sound domain a loose part—a rotten, disaffected member; which is an exhaustless source of internal treason and disunion, and external altercation and hostility.—Happy is that nation, which, compact, united, loyal in all its parts, and concentrated in its strength, seeks no idle acquisition of unprofitable and ungovernable territory—which, content to be prosperous and happy, has no ambition to be great. It is like a man well organized in all his system, sound in health, and full of vigour; unincumbered by useless trappings, and fixed in an unshaken attitude. But the nation, insatiable of territory, whose domains are scattered, feebly united, and weakly organized, is like a senseless miser sprawling among golden stores, open to every attack, and unable to defend the riches he vainly endeavours to overshadow.

At the time of receiving the alarming dispatches from South river, the great Peter was busily employed in quelling certain Indian troubles that had broken out about Esopus, and was moreover meditating how to relieve his eastern borders on the Connecticut. He, however, sent word to Mynheer Beckman to be of good heart, to maintain incessant vigilance, and to let him know, if matters wore a more threatening appearance; in which case he would incontinently repair with his warriors of the Hudson to spoil the merriment of these Merry-landers; for he coveted exceedingly to have a bout, hand to hand, with some half a score of these giants—having never encountered a giant in his whole life, unless we may so call the stout Risingh; and he was but a little one.

Nothing further, however, occurred to molest the tranquillity of Mynheer Beckman and his colony. Feasted and his myrmidons ramained at home, carousing it soundly upon hoe-cakes, bacon, and mint-julep, and running horses, and fighting cocks, for which they were greatly renowned. At hearing of this, Peter Stuyvesant was very well pleased; for, notwithstanding his inclination to measure weapons with these monstrous men of the Sus-

quehannah, yet he had already as much employment nearer home as he could turn his hands to. Little did he think, worthy soul, that this southern calm was but the deceitful prelude to a most terrible and fatal storm then brewing, which was soon to burst forth and overwhelm the unsuspecting city of New Amsterdam!

Now so it was, that while this excellent governor was giving his little senate laws, and not only giving them, but enforcing them too—while he was incessantly travelling the rounds of his beloved province—posting from place to place to redress grievances, and while busy at one corner of his dominions, all the rest getting into an uproar;—at this very time, I say, a dark, and direful plot, was hatching against him, in that nursery of monstrous projects, the British cabinet. The news of his achievements on the Delaware, according to a sage old historian of New-Amsterdam, had occasioned not a little talk and marvel in the courts of Europe. And the same profound writer assures us, that the cabinet of England began to entertain great jealousy and uneasiness at the increasing power of the Manhattoes, and the valour of its sturdy yeomanry.

Agents, the historian observes, were sent by the Amphyctionic council of the east, to entreat the assistance of the British cabinet in subjugating this mighty province. Lord Sterling also asserted his right to Long-Island; and, at the same time, Lord Baltimore, whose agent, as has been before mentioned, had so alarmed Mynheer Beckman, laid his claim before the cabinet, to the lands of South River, which he complained were unjustly and forcibly detained from him, by these daring usurpers of the Nieuw Nederlandts.

Thus did the unlucky empire of the Manhattoes stand in imminent danger of experiencing the fate of Poland, and being torn limb from limb to be shared among its savage neighbours. But while these rapacious powers were whetting their fangs, and waiting for the signal to fall tooth and nail upon this delicious little fat Dutch empire; the lordly lion who sat as umpire, all at once laid his mighty paw upon the spoil, and settled the claims of all parties by granting none of them. For we are told, that his majesty, Charles the Second, not to be perplexed by adjusting these several pretensions, made a present of

a large tract of North America, including the province of New Nederlandts, to his brother the Duke of York—a donation truly loyal, since none but great monarchs have a right to give away what does not belong to them.

That this munificent gift might not be merely nominal, his majesty, on the 12th of March, 1664, ordered that an armament should be forthwith prepared, to invade the city of New-Amsterdam by land and water, and put his brother in complete possession of the premises.

Thus critically are situated the affairs of the New Netherlanders. The honest burghers, so far from thinking of the jeopardy in which their interests are placed, are soberly smoking their pipes, and thinking of nothing at all—the privy counsellors of the province are at this moment snoring in full quorum, like the drones of five hundred bagpipes; while the active Peter, who takes all the labour of thinking and acting upon himself, is busily devising some method of bringing the grand council of Amphyctions to terms. In the meanwhile an angry cloud is darkly scowling on the horizon—soon shall it rattle about the ears of these dozing Nederlanders, and put the mettle of their stout-hearted governor completely to the trial.

But come what may, I here pledge my veracity, that in all warlike conflicts and subtle perplexities, he shall still acquit himself with the gallant bearings and spotless honour of a noble minded obstinate old cavalier. Forward, then, to the charge!—shine out, propitious stars, on the renowned city of the Manhattoes; and may the blessings of St. Nicholas go with thee—honest Peter Stuyvesant!

CHAP. III.

Of Peter Stuyvesant's Expedition into the East Country; showing that though an old Bird, he did not understand Trap.

GREAT nations resemble great men in this particular, that their greatness is seldom known until they get in trouble; adversity, therefore, has been wisely denominated the ordeal of true greatness, which like gold can never receive its real estimation until it has passed through the

furnace. In proportion, therefore, as a nation, a community, or an individual (possessing the inherent quality of greatness) is involved in perils and misfortunes, in proportion does it rise in grandeur—and even when sinking under calamity, makes, like a house on fire, a more glorious display than ever it did in the fairest period of its prosperity.

The vast empire of China, though teeming with population, and imbibing and concentrating the wealth of nations, has vegetated through a succession of drowsy ages; and were it not for its internal revolution, and the subversion of its ancient government by the Tartars, might have presented nothing but an uninteresting detail of dull, monotonous prosperity. Pompeii and Herculaneum might have passed into oblivion, with a herd of their contemporaries, had they not been fortunately overwhelmed by a volcano. The renowned city of Troy has acquired celebrity only from its ten years' distress and final conflagration; Paris rises in importance by the plots and massacres which have ended in the exaltation of the illustrious Napoleon; and even the mighty London itself has skulked through the records of time, celebrated for nothing of moment, excepting the plague, the great fire, and Guy Faux's gunpowder plot! Thus cities and empires seem to creep along, enlarging in silent obscurity under the pen of the historian, until at length they burst forth in some tremendous calamity, and snatch, as it were, immortality from the explosion!

The above principle being admitted, my reader will plainly perceive that the city of New-Amsterdam and its dependent province are on the high road to greatness. Dangers and hostilities threaten from every side, and it is really a matter of astonishment to me, how so small a state has been able in so short a time to entangle itself in so many difficulties. Ever since the province was first taken by the nose, at the Fort of Good Hope, in the tranquil days of Wouter Van Twiller, has it been gradually increasing in historic importance; and never could it have had a more appropriate chieftain to conduct it to the pinnacle of grandeur, than Peter Stuyvesant.

In the fiery heart of this iron-headed old warrior, sat enthroned all those five kinds of courage described by Aristotle; and had the philosopher mentioned five hun-

his history; and hence it was, that he no
a project worthy of the hero of La Mancha hi

This was no other than to repair in person
council of the Amphyctions, bearing the s
hand, and the olive branch in the other; to re
diate reparation for the innumerable violat
treaty, which, in an evil hour, he had forme
stop to those repeated maraudings on the east
or else to throw his gauntlet, and appeal to ar
faction.

On declaring this resolution in the privy
venerable members were seized with vast a
for once in their life ventured to remonst
forth the rashness of exposing his sacred
midst of a strange and barbarous people,
other weighty remonstrances—all which had a
influence upon the determination of the head
as though you were to endeavour to turn a r
cock with a broken-winded bellows.

Summoning, therefore, to his presence
follower, Anthony Van Corlear, he comma
hold himself in readiness to accompany him
morning on this hazardous enterprise. N
the trumpeter, was a little stricken in years,
keeping up a good heart, and having never k

and other disports of the east country; and entertained dainty recollection of numerous kind and buxom lasses, whom he longed exceedingly again to encounter.

Thus, then, did this mirror of hardihood set forth with no other attendant but his trumpeter, upon one of the most perilous enterprises ever recorded in the annals of knight-errantry. For a single warrior to venture openly among a whole nation of foes; but, above all, for a plain downright Dutchman to think of negotiating with the whole council of New England—never was there known a more desperate undertaking! Ever since I have entered upon the chronicles of this peerless, but hitherto uncelebrated chieftain, has he kept me in a state of incessant action and anxiety with the toils and dangers he is constantly encountering. Oh! for a chapter of the tranquil reign of Wouter Van Twiller, that I might repose on it as on a feather bed!

Is it not enough, Peter Stuyvesant, that I have once already rescued thee from the machinations of these terrible Amphyctions, by bringing the whole powers of witchcraft to thine aid?—Is it not enough, that I have followed thee undaunted, like a guardian spirit, into the midst of the horrid battles of Fort Christina?—That I have been put incessantly to my trumps to keep thee safe and sound—now warding off with my single pen the shower of dastard blows that fell upon thy rear—now narrowly shielding thee from a deadly thrust by a mere tobacco-box—now casing thy dauntless skull with adamant, when even thy stubborn ram-beaver failed to resist the sword of the stout Risingh—and now, not merely bringing thee off alive, but triumphant, from the clutches of the gigantic Swede, by the desperate means of a paltry stone pottle?—Is not all this enough, but must thou still be plunging into new difficulties, and jeopardizing in headlong enterprises thyself, thy trumpeter, and thy historian?

And now the ruddy-faced Aurora, like a buxom chambermaid, draws aside the sable curtains of the night, and out bounces from his bed the jolly red-haired Phœbus, startled at being caught so late in the embraces of dame Thetis. With many a stable oath he harnessed his brazen-footed steeds, and whips and lashes, and splashes up the firmament like a loitering post-boy, half an hour behind his time. And now behold that imp of fame and prowess,

mare; his stone pottle, which had laid low
Risingh, slung under his arm, and his trumpe
vauntingly in his right hand, decorated with
banner on which is emblazoned the great be
Manhattoes. See them proudly issuing out
gate, like an iron-clad hero of yore, with his fai
at his heels, the people following them with
and shouting many a parting wish, and heart
——Farewell, Hard-koppig Piet! Farewell,
thony!—Pleasant be your warfaring—prosp
return! The stoutest hero that ever drew a
the worthiest trumpeter that ever trod shoe leat

Legends are lamentably silent about the
befel our adventurers in this their adventur
excepting the Stuyvesant manuscript, which
substance of a pleasant little heroic poem, wri
occasion by Domini Ægidius Luyck,* who
have been the poet-laureate of New-Amsterd
inestimable manuscript assures us, that it was
tacle to behold the great Peter, and his loy
hailing the morning sun, and rejoicing in the
tenance of nature, as they pranced it through t
scenes of Bloemen Dael,† which, in those d
sweet and rural valley, beautified with man
wild-flower, refreshed by many a pure stre

goodly steeds, hung upon their rear for several miles, harassing them exceedingly with guesses and questions, more especially the worthy Peter, whose silver chased leg excited not a little marvel. At another place, hard by the renowned town of Stamford, they were set upon by a great and mighty legion of church deacons, who imperiously demanded of them five shillings for travelling on Sunday, and threatened to carry them captive to a neighbouring church, whose steeple peered above the trees; but these the valiant Peter put to rout with little difficulty, insomuch that they bestrode their canes and galloped off in horrible confusion, leaving their cocked hats behind in the hurry of their flight. But not so easily did he escape from the hands of a crafty man of Pyquag; who, with undaunted perseverance, and repeated onsets, fairly bargained him out of his goodly switch-tailed charger, leaving him in place thereof a villainous, spavined, foundered Narraganset pacer.

But, maugre all these hardships, they pursued their journey cheerily along the coast of the soft flowing Connecticut, whose gentle waves, says the song, roll through many a fertile vale and sunny plain, now reflecting the lofty spires of the bustling city, and now the rural beauties of the humble hamlet; now echoing with the busy hum of commerce, and now with the cheerful song of the peasant.

At every town would Peter Stuyvesant, who was noted for warlike punctilio, order the sturdy Anthony to sound a courteous salutation; though the manuscript observes, that the inhabitants were thrown into great dismay when they heard of his approach. For the fame of his incomparable achievements on the Delaware had spread throughout the east country, and they dreaded lest he had come to take vengeance on their manifold transgressions.

But the good Peter rode through these towns with a smiling aspect; waving his hand with inexpressible majesty and condescension; for he verily believed that the old clothes which these ingenious people had thrust into their broken windows, and the festoons of dried apples and peaches which ornamented the fronts of their houses, were so many decorations in honour of his approach; as it was the custom in the days of chivalry to compliment renowned heroes, by sumptuous displays of

tapestry and gorgeous furniture. The women
to the doors to gaze upon him as he passed, so mu
prowess in arms delight the gentle sex. The little
too, ran after him in troops, staring with wonde
regimentals, his brimstone breeches, and the silver g
of his wooden leg. Nor must I omit to mention
which many strapping wenches betrayed, at behol
jovial Van Corlear, who had whilome delighted
much with his trumpet, when he bore the great
challenge to the Amphyctions. The kind-hearted
alighted from his calico mare, and kissed them
infinite loving-kindness—and was right pleased t
crew of little trumpeters crowding around him
blessing; each of whom he patted on the head, b
be a good boy, and gave him a penny to buy r
candy.

The Stuyvesant manuscript makes but little
mention of the governor's adventures upon this exp
excepting that he was received with extravagant c
and respect by the great council of the Amphyctio
almost talked him to death with complimentary a
gratulatory harangues. I will not detain my rea
dwelling on his negotiations with the grand
Suffice it to mention, it was like all other negotiat
great deal was said, and very little done: one conv
led to another—one conference begat misunderst
which it took a dozen conferences to explain;
end of which the parties found themselves just wh
were at first; excepting that they had entangled
selves in a host of questions of etiquette, and conc
cordial distrust of each other, that rendered their
negotiations ten times more difficult than ever.*

In the midst of all these perplexities, which bew
the brain and incensed the ire of the sturdy Pet
was perhaps of all men in the world least fit
diplomatic wiles, he privately received the first inti
of the dark conspiracy which had been matured
Cabinet of England. To this was added the aste
intelligence that a hostile squadron had already

* For certain of the particulars of this ancient negotiat
Haz. Col. State Pap. It is singular that Smith is entirely sil
respect to this memorable expedition of Peter Stuyvesant.

om England, destined to reduce the province of New-etherlands, and that the grand council of Amphyctions d engaged to co-operate, by sending a great army to ade New-Amsterdam by land.

Unfortunate Peter! did I not enter with sad forebo-ngs upon this ill-starred expedition? Did I not tremble en I saw thee with no other counsellor than thine own ad—with no other armour than an honest tongue, a spot-s conscience, and a rusty sword—with no other pro-tor but St. Nicholas—and no other attendant but a mpeter? Did I not tremble when I beheld thee thus lly forth to contend with all the knowing powers of w-England?

Oh, how did the sturdy old warrior rage and roar, when found himself thus entrapped, like a lion in the nter's toil! Now did he determine to draw his trusty ord, and manfully to fight his way through all the ntries of the east. Now did he resolve to break in on the council of the Amphyctions, and put every ther's son of them to death. At length, as his direful ath subsided, he resorted to safer though less glorious pedients.

Concealing from the council his knowledge of their chinations, he privately dispatched a trusty messenger h missives to his counsellors at New-Amsterdam, prising them of the impending danger, commanding them mediately to put the city in a posture of defence, while the mean time he would endeavour to elude his enemies l come to their assistance. This done, he felt himself rvellously relieved, rose slowly, shook himself like a noceros, and issued forth from his den, in much the ne manner as Giant Despair is described to have issued m Doubting Castle, in the chivalric history of the grim's Progress.

And now much does it grieve me that I must leave the llant Peter in this imminent jeopardy: but it behoves to hurry back and see what is going on at New-Amrdam, for greatly do I fear that city is already in a turil. Such was ever the fate of Peter Stuyvesant; while ng one thing with heart and soul, he was too apt to ve every thing else at sixes and sevens. While, like otentate of yore, he was absent attending to those things person, which in modern days are trusted to generals

the face of the earth. Finding that this resoluti
universally and readily carried, another was im
proposed,—Whether it were not possible and
exterminate Great Britain? Upon which
members spoke most eloquently in the affirma
only one arose to suggest some doubts, who, as
ment for his treasonable presumption, was im
seized by the mob, and tarred and feathere
punishment being equivalent to the Tarpeian
was afterwards considered as an outcast from so
his opinion went for nothing. The question,
being unanimously carried in the affirmative, it w
mended to the grand council to pass it into a l
was accordingly done: by this measure the hea
people at large were wonderfully encouraged,
waxed exceeding choleric and valorous. Indeed,
paroxysm of alarm having in some measure sub
old women having buried all the money they
their hands on, and their husbands daily gettin
with what was left—the community began even t
the offensive. Songs were manufactured in lo
and sung about the streets, wherein the English
wofully beaten, and shewn no quarter; and
addresses were made, wherein it was proved to a
that the fate of Old England depended upon the
New-Amsterdammers.

Finally, to strike a violent blow at the very
Great Britain, a multitude of the wiser inhabita
bled, and having purchased all the British mar
they could find, they made thereof a huge bonfire
the patriotic glow of the moment, every man
who had a hat or breeches of English wool
pulled it off, and threw it most undauntedly
flames—to the irreparable detriment, loss, and
the English manufacturers. In commemoratio
great exploit, they erected a pole on the spo
device on the top intended to represent the p
Nieuw Nederlandts destroying Great Britain,
similitude of an Eagle picking the little Islan
England out of the globe; but either through th
fulness of the sculptor, or his ill-timed waggery,
striking resemblance to a goose vainly strivin
hold of a dumpling.

CHAP. V.

Showing how the Grand Council of the New-Netherlands came to be miraculously gifted with long tongues.—together with a great triumph of Economy.

It will need but very little penetration in any one acquainted with the character and habits of that most potent and blustering monarch, the sovereign people—to discover that, notwithstanding all the bustle and talk of war that stunned him in the last chapter, the renowned city of New-Amsterdam is, in sad reality, not a whit better prepared for defence than before. Now, though the people, having gotten over the first alarm, and finding no enemy immediately at hand, had, with that valour of tongue, for which your illustrious rabble is so famous, run into the opposite extreme, and by dint of gallant vapouring and rhodomontade, had actually talked themselves into the opinion, that they were the bravest and most powerful people under the sun; yet were the privy counsellors of Peter Stuyvesant somewhat dubious on that point. They dreaded, moreover, lest that stern hero should return and find that, instead of obeying his peremptory orders, they had wasted their time in listening to the hectorings of the mob, than which they well knew there was nothing he held in more exalted contempt.

To make up therefore as speedily as possible for lost time, a grand divan of the counsellors and burgomasters was convened, to talk over the critical state of the province, and devise measures for its safety. Two things were unanimously agreed upon in this venerable assembly: first, that the city required to be put in a state of defence—and, secondly, that as the danger was imminent, there should be no time lost—which points being settled, they immediately fell to making long speeches, and belabouring one another in endless and intemperate disputes. For about this time was this unhappy city first visited by that talking endemic, so universally prevalent in this country, and which so invariably evinces itself, wherever a number of wise men assemble together; breaking out in long windy speeches, caused, as physicians suppose, by the foul air which is ever generated in a crowd. Now,

it was, moreover, that they first introduced the ingenious method of measuring the merits of an harangue by the hour-glass; he being considered the ablest orator who spoke longest on a question—for which excellent invention, it is recorded, we are indebted to the same profound Dutch critic who judged of books by their size.

This sudden passion for endless harangues, so little consonant with the customary gravity and taciturnity of our sage forefathers, was supposed by certain learned philosophers to have been imbibed, together with divers other barbarous propensities, from their savage neighbours; who were peculiarly noted for their *long talks* and *council fires;* who would never undertake any affair of the least importance, without previous debates and harangues among their chiefs and *old men*. But the real cause was, that the people, in electing their representatives to the grand council, were particular in choosing them for their talents at talking, without inquiring whether they possessed the more rare, difficult, and oft times important talent of holding their tongues. The consequence was, that this deliberative body was composed of the most loquacious men in the community. As they considered themselves placed there to talk, every man concluded that his duty to his constituents, and, what is more, his popularity with them, required that he should harangue on every subject, whether he understood it or not. There was an ancient mode of burying a chieftain, by every soldier throwing his shield full of earth on the corpse until a mighty mound was formed; so whenever a question was brought forward in this assembly, every member pressing forward to throw on his quantum of wisdom, the subject was quickly buried under a huge mass of words.

We are told in the Attic nights of Aulus Gellius, that when disciples were admitted into the school of Pythagoras, they were for two years enjoined silence, and were neither permitted to ask questions nor make remarks. After they had thus acquired the inestimable art of holding their tongues, they were gradually permitted to make inquiries, and finally to communicate their own opinions.

What a pity is it, that while superstitiously hoarding up the rubbish and rags of antiquity, we should suffer these precious gems to lie unnoticed. What a beneficial effect would this wise regulation of Pythagoras have, if

troduced in legislative bodies!—and how wonderfully ould it have tended to expedite business in the grand ancil of the Manhattoes!

Thus, however, did dame Wisdom (whom the wags of tiquity have humorously personified as a woman) seem take mischievous pleasure in jilting the venerable coun-llors of New-Amsterdam. The old factions of long pes and short pipes, which had been almost strangled the Herculanean grasp of Peter Stuyvesant, now sprung with tenfold violence. Not that the originial cause of fference still existed, but it has ever been the fate of rty names and party rancour to remain long after the inciples that gave rise to them have been forgotten. complete the public confusion and bewilderment, the al word *Economy*, which one would have thought was ad and buried with William the Testy, was once more t afloat, like the apple of discord, in the grand council Nieuw Nederlandts—according to which sound principle policy, it was deemed more expedient to throw away enty thousand guilders upon an inefficient plan of fence, than thirty thousand on a good and substantial e, the province thus making a clear saving of ten usand guilders.

But when they came to discuss the mode of defence, n began a war of words that baffles all description. e members being, as I observed, enlisted in opposite rties, were enabled to proceed with amazing system and gularity in the discussion of the questions before them. hatever was proposed by a long pipe, was opposed by whole tribe of short pipes, who, like true politicians, sidered it their first duty to effect the downfal of the g pipes—their second, to elevate themselves; and ir third, to consult the welfare of the country. This at st was the creed of the most upright among the party; as to the great mass, they left the third consideration t of the question altogether.

In this great collision of hard heads, it is astonishing the mber of projects for defence that were struck out; not e of which had ever been heard of before, nor has n heard of since, unless it be in very modern days—jects that threw the windmill system of the ingenious eft completely in the back ground. Still, however,

nothing could be decided on; for so soon as a formidable host of air castles were reared by one party, they were demolished by the other; the simple populace stood gazing in anxious expectation of the mighty egg that was to be hatched with all this cackling, but they gazed in vain, for it appeared that the grand council was determined to protect the province, as did the noble and gigantic Pantagruel his army, by covering it with his tongue.

Indeed there was a portion of the members, consisting of fat self-important old burghers, who smoked their pipes and said nothing, excepting to negative every plan of defence that was offered. These were of that class of wealthy old citizens, who, having amassed a fortune, button up their pockets, shut their mouths, look rich, and are good for nothing all the rest of their lives. Like some phlegmatic oyster, which having swallowed a pearl, closes its shell, settles down in the mud, and parts with its life sooner than its treasure. Every plan of defence seemed to these worthy old gentlemen pregnant with ruin. An armed force was a legion of locusts, preying upon the public property; to fit out a naval armament was to throw their money into the sea; to build fortifications was to bury it in the dirt. In short, they settled it as a sovereign maxim, so long as their pockets were full, no matter how much they were drubbed.—A kick left no scar; a broken head cured itself; but an empty purse was of all maladies the slowest to heal, and one in which nature did nothing to the patient.

Thus did this venerable assembly of *sages* lavish away that time, which the urgency of affairs rendered invaluable, in empty brawls and long-winded speeches, without ever agreeing, except on the point with which they started, namely, that there was no time to be lost, and delay was ruinous. At length St. Nicholas, taking compassion on their distracted situation, and anxious to preserve them from anarchy, so ordered, that in the midst of one of their most noisy debates on the subject of fortification and defence, when they had nearly fallen to loggerheads in consequence of not being able to convince each other, the question was happily settled by a messenger, who bounced into the chamber and informed them that the hostile fleet had arrived, and was actually advancing up the bay!

Thus was all further necessity of either fortifying or disputing completely obviated; and thus was the grand council saved a world of words, and the province a world of expense—a most absolute and glorious triumph of economy.

CHAP. VI.

In which the troubles of New-Amsterdam appear to thicken—Showing the bravery, in time of peril, of a people who defend themselves by resolutions.

LIKE as an assemblage of politic cats, engaged in clamorous gibberings and catterwaulings, eyeing one another with hideous grimaces, spitting in each other's faces, and on the point of breaking forth into a general clapper-clawing, are suddenly put to scampering, rout, and confusion, by the startling appearance of a house-dog—so was the no less vociferous council of New-Amsterdam amazed, astounded, and totally dispersed, by the sudden arrival of the enemy. Every member made the best of his way home, waddling along as fast as his short legs could fag under their heavy burthen, and wheezing as he went with corpulency and terror. When he arrived at his castle, he barricadoed the street door, and buried himself in the cider cellar, without daring to peep out, lest he should have his head carried off by a cannon ball.

The sovereign people all crowded into the market-place, herding together with the instinct of sheep, who seek for safety in each other's company, when the shepherd and his dog are absent, and the wolf is prowling round the fold. Far from finding relief, however, they only increased each other's terrors. Each man looked ruefully in his neighbour's face, in search of encouragement, but only found, in its woe-begone lineaments, a confirmation of his own dismay. Not a word now was to be heard of conquering Great Britain, not a whisper about the sovereign virtues of economy—while the old women heightened the general gloom, by clamorously bewailing their fate, and incessantly calling for protection on St. Nicholas and Peter Stuyvesant.

BOOK SIXTH.

TAINING THE SECOND PART OF THE
PETER THE HEADSTRONG, AND HIS G
ACHIEVEMENTS ON THE DELAWA

CHAP. I.

In which is exhibited a warlike Portrait of the
—and how General Von Poffenburgh distingui
at Fort Casimir.

HITHERTO, most venerable and courteous r
I shown thee the administration of the valorous
under the mild moonshine of peace, or rather
tranquillity of awful expectation; but now the
rumbles from afar, the brazen trumpet brays it
note, and the rude clash of hostile arms spe
prophecies of coming troubles. The gallant wa
from soft repose, from golden visions, and volup
where, in the dulcet "piping time of peace,
sweet solace after all his toils. No more in be
lap reclined, he weaves fair garlands for his lad
no more entwines with flowers his shining
through the livelong lazy summer's day cha
love-sick soul in madrigals. To manhood rous
the amorous flute; doffs from his brawny ba
peace, and clothes his pampered limbs in pa
O'er his dark brow, where late the myrtle
wanton roses breathed euervate love—he re
casque and nodding plume; or mounts
shakes the ponderous lance; or mounts
his fiery steed, and burns for deeds of glo
But soft, worthy reader! I would not h
that any *preux chevalier* thus hideously
existed in the city of New-Amsterdam
lofty and gigantic mode in which her
talk of war, thereby to give it a noble a
equipping our warriors with bucklers,
and such like outlandish and obsolet

pon a nation of foes.
perilous mishaps
ut sound of trum-
Already was the
paration, and they
their flight, lurking
the Devil's Back-
sallied forth one
ole legion of squat-
a prolific family,
possession of some
Nay, the faithful
times to prevent
ending down from
upon certain of
forth their draggle-

on reaching his
whence he contem-
uadron. This had
, and consisted of
as John Josselyn,
aliant red coats."
lf down, and wrote
his reason of an-
previous permis-
in the most digni-
it from undoubted
ed, and he had a
all the while he
, the grim Peter
ith a most war-be-
into his breeches
Psalm tune, which
sic of a north-east
ery dogs, as they
hile all the old and
wling at his heels,
der, robbery, and

mmanded the inva-
courtesy with the
ght and title of his

Oh, how did they bewail the absence of the lion-hearted Peter!—and how did they long for the comforting presence of Anthony Van Corlear! Indeed, a gloomy uncertainty hung over the fate of these adventurous heroes. Day after day had elapsed since the alarming message from the governor, without bringing any further tidings of his safety. Many a fearful conjecture was hazarded as to what had befallen him and his loyal squire. Had they not been devoured alive by the cannibals of Marble-head and Cape Cod? Were they not put to the question by the great council of Amphyctions? Were they not smothered in onions by the terrible men of Pyquag?—In the midst of this consternation and perplexity, when horror like a mighty night-mare sat brooding upon the little, fat, plethoric city of New-Amsterdam, the ears of the multitude were suddenly startled by a strange and distant sound—it approached—it grew louder and louder—and now it resounded at the city gate. The public could not be mistaken in the well-known sound. A shout of joy burst from their lips, as the gallant Peter, covered with dust, and followed by his faithful trumpeter, came galloping into the market-place.

The first transports of the populace having subsided, they gathered round the honest Anthony, as he dismounted from his horse, overwhelming him with greetings and congratulations. In breathless accents he related to them the marvellous adventures through which the old governor and himself had gone, in making their escape from the clutches of the terrible Amphyctions. But though the Stuyvesant manuscript, with its customary minuteness, where any thing touching the great Peter is concerned, is very particular as to the incidents of this masterly retreat, yet the particular state of the public affairs will not allow me to indulge in a full recital thereof. Let it suffice to say, that, while Peter Stuyvesant was anxiously revolving in his mind how he could make good his escape with honour and dignity, certain of the ships sent out for the conquest of the Manhattoes touched at the eastern ports, to obtain needful supplies, and to call on the grand council of the league for its promised co-operation. Upon hearing of this, the vigilant Peter perceiving that a moment's delay were fatal, made a secret and precipitate decampment; though much did it grieve his lofty soul to

be obliged to turn his back even upon a nation of foes. Many hair breadth 'scapes and divers perilous mishaps did they sustain, as they scoured, without sound of trumpet, through the fair regions of the east. Already was the country in an uproar with hostile preparation, and they were obliged to take a large circuit in their flight, lurking along through the woody mountains of the Devil's Backbone; from whence the valiant Peter sallied forth one day, like a lion, and put to rout the whole legion of squatters, consisting of three generations of a prolific family, who were already on their way to take possession of some corner of the New Netherlands. Nay, the faithful Anthony had great difficulty at sundry times to prevent him, in the excess of his wrath, from descending down from the mountains, and falling sword in hand upon certain of the border-towns, who were marshalling forth their draggle-tailed militia.

The first movements of the governor, on reaching his dwelling, was to mount the roof, from whence he contemplated with rueful aspect the hostile squadron. This had already come to an anchor in the bay, and consisted of two stout frigates, having on board, as John Josselyn, Gent. informs us, "three hundred valiant red coats." Having taken this survey, he sat himself down, and wrote an epistle to the commander, demanding his reason of anchoring in the harbour without obtaining previous permission so to do. This letter was couched in the most dignified and courteous terms, though I have it from undoubted authority, that his teeth were clinched, and he had a bitter sardonic grin upon his visage all the while he wrote. Having despatched his letter, the grim Peter stumped to and fro about the town, with a most war-betokening countenance, his hands thrust into his breeches pockets, and whistling a low Dutch Psalm tune, which bore no small resemblance, to the music of a north-east wind, when a storm is brewing. The very dogs, as they eyed him, skulked away in dismay—while all the old and ugly women of New Amsterdam ran howling at his heels, imploring him to save them from murder, robbery, and pitiless ravishment!

The reply of Col. Nichols, who commanded the invaders, was couched in terms of equal courtesy with the letter of the governor—declaring the right and title of his

British majesty to the province; where he affirmed th Dutch to be mere interlopers; and demanding that th town, forts, &c. should be forthwith rendered into hi majesty's obedience and protection--promising at th same time, life, liberty, estate, and free trade, to ever Dutch denizen, who should readily submit to his majesty' government.

Peter Stuyvesant read over this friendly epistle with some such harmony of aspect as we may suppose a crusty farmer, who has long been fattening upon his neighbour's soil, reads the loving letter of John Stiles, that warns him of an action of ejectment. The old governor, however was not to be taken by surprise, but thrusting the summons into his breeches pocket, he stalked three times across the room, took a pinch of snuff with great vehemence, and then loftily waving his hand, promised to send an answer the next morning. In the mean time he called a general council of war of his privy counsellors and burgomasters, not for the purpose of asking their advice, for that, as has been already shown, he valued not a rush; but to make known unto them his sovereign determination, and require their prompt adherence.

Before, however, he convened his council, he resolved upon three important points; *first*, never to give up the city without a little hard fighting, for he deemed it highly derogatory to the dignity of so renowned a city, to suffer itself to be captured and stripped, without receiving a few kicks into the bargain. *Secondly*, that the majority of his grand council was composed of arrant paltroons, utterly destitute of true bottom; and, *thirdly*, that he would not therefore suffer them to see the summons of Col. Nichols, lest the easy terms it held out might induce them to clamour for a surrender.

His orders being duly promulgated, it was a piteous sight to behold the late valiant burgomasters, who had demolished the whole British empire in their harangues, peeping ruefully out of their hiding places, and then crawling cautiously forth, dodging through narrow lanes and alleys; starting at every little dog that barked, as though it had been a discharge of artillery---mistaking lamp-posts for British grenadiers, and, in the excess of their panic, metamorphosing pumps into formidable soldiers, levelling blunderbusses at their bosoms! Having, however, in

despite of numerous perils and difficulties of the kind, arrived safe, without the loss of a single man, at the hall of assembly, they took their seats and awaited in fearful silence the arrival of the governor. In a few moments the wooden leg of the intrepid Peter was heard in regular and stout-hearted thumps upon the staircase. He entered the chamber, arrayed in a full suit of regimentals, and carrying his trusty toledo, not girded on his thigh, but tucked under his arm. As the governor never equipped himself in this portentous manner, unless something of martial nature were working within his fearless pericranium, his council regarded him ruefully, as a very Janus, bearing fire and sword in his iron countenance, and forgot to light their pipes in breathless suspense.

The great Peter was as eloquent as he was valorous; indeed, these two rare qualities seemed to go hand in hand in his composition; and, unlike most great statesmen, whose victories are only confined to the bloodless field of argument, he was always ready to enforce his hardy words by no less hardy deeds. His speeches were generally marked by a simplicity, approaching to bluntness, and by truly categorical decision. Addressing the grand council, he touched briefly upon the perils and hardships he had sustained, in escaping from his crafty foes. He next reproached the council for wasting in idle debate and party feuds that time which should have been devoted to their country. He was particularly indignant at those brawlers, who, conscious of individual security, had disgraced the councils of the province, by impotent hectorings, and scurrilous invectives, against a noble and a powerful enemy—those cowardly curs, who were incessant in their barkings and yelpings at the lion, while distant or asleep, but the moment he approached, were the first to skulk away. He now called on those who had been so valiant in their threats against Great Britain, to stand forth and support their vauntings by their actions—for it was *deeds*, not *words*, that bespoke the spirit of a nation. He proceeded to recal the golden days of former prosperity, which were only to be gained by manfully withstanding their enemies; for the peace, he observed, which is effected by force of arms, is always more sure and durable than that which is patched up by temporary accommodations. He endeavoured, moreover, to arouse their martial fire,

by reminding them of the time, when, before the frownin walls of fort Christina, he had led them on to victory. H strove likewise to awaken their confidence, by assurin them of the protection of St. Nicholas, who had hither maintained them in safety, amid all the savages of th wilderness, the witches and squatters of the east, and th giants of Merry-land. Finally, he informed them of th insolent summons he had received, to surrender; but co cluded by swearing to defend the province as long a heaven was on his side, and he had a wooden leg to sta upon. Which noble sentence he emphasized by a tr mendous thwack with the broad side of his sword upo the table, that totally electrified his auditors.

The privy counsellors, who had long been accustome to the governor's way, and in fact had been brought int as perfect discipline as were ever the soldiers of the gre Frederic, saw that there was no use in saying a word- so lighted their pipes and smoked away in silence like fi and discreet counsellors. But the burgomasters being le under the governor's control, considering themselves s representatives of the sovereign people, and being more over inflated with considerable importance and self-suffic ency, which they had acquired at those notable schools o wisdom and morality, the popular meetings—were not s easily satisfied. Mustering up fresh spirit, when the found there was some chance of escaping from their pre sent jeopardy, without the disagreeable alternative o fighting, they requested a copy of the summons to surren der, that they might shew it to a general meeting of th people.

So insolent and mutinous a request would have bee enough to have aroused the gorge of the tranquil Wa Twiller himself—what then must have been its effect upo the great Stuyvesant, who was not only a Dutchman, governor, and a valiant wooden-legged soldier to boot, bu withal a man of the most stomachful and gunpowder di position. He burst forth into a blaze of noble indignation to which the famous rage of Achilles was a mere poutin fit—swore not a mother's son of them should see a sy lable of it—that they deserved, every one of them, to b hanged, drawn, and quartered, for traitorously daring t question the infallibility of government; that as to thei advice or concurrence, he did not care a whiff of tobacco

r; that he had long been harassed and thwarted
cowardly councils; but that they might thence-
home, and go to bed like old women, for he was
ied to defend the colony himself, without the as-
of them or their adherents! So saying, he tucked
d under his arm, cocked his hat upon his head,
ing up his loins, stumped indignantly out of his
chamber, every body making room for him as he

ooner had he gone than the busy burgomasters
public meeting in front of the Stadt-house, where
pointed as chairman one Dofue Roerback, a mighty
ead-baker in the land, and formerly of the cabinet
iam the Testy. He was looked up to with great
ce by the populace, who considered him a man
knowledge, seeing he was the first that imprinted
ir cakes with the mysterious hieroglyphics of the
d breeches, and such like magical devices.
great burgomaster, who still chewed the cud of ill
inst the valiant Stuyvesant, in consequence of hav-
n ignominiously kicked out of his cabinet at the
his taking the reins of government, addressed the
multitude in what is called a patriotic speech; in
ie informed them of the courteous summons to sur-
—of the governor's refusal to comply therewith—
lenying the public a sight of the summons, which,
no doubt, contained conditions highly to the honour
vantage of the province.
hen proceeded to speak of his excellency in high
ig terms, suitable to the dignity and grandeur of
ion, comparing him to Nero, Caligula, and those
great men of yore, who are generally quoted by
r orators on similar occasions. Assuring the people
ie history of the world did not contain a despotic
e to equal the present for atrocity, cruelty, tyranny,
od-thirstiness; that it would be recorded in letters
on the blood-stained tablet of history! that ages
roll back with sudden horror, when they came to
! That the womb of time—(by the way your orators
iters take strange liberties with the womb of time,
some would fain have us believe that time is an old
nan)—that the womb of time, pregnant as it was
ireful horrors, would never produce a parallel enor-

mity!—with a variety of other heart-rending, soul-tropes and figures, which I cannot enumerate. I indeed, need I, for they were exactly the same t used in all popular harangues and patriotic oration present day, and may be be classed in rhetoric un general title of RIGMAROLE.

The speech of this inspired burgomaster being fi the meeting fell into a kind of popular fermentation produced not only a string of right wise resolutio likewise a most resolute memorial, addressed to the nor, remonstrating at his conduct; which was no handed to him, then he handed it into the fire; a deprived posterity of an invaluable document, tha have served as a precedent to the enlightened c and tailors of the present day, in their sage interme with politics.

CHAP. VII.

Containing a doleful Disaster of Anthony the Trun and how Peter Stuyvesant, like a second Cromwel denly dissolved a Rump Parliament.

Now did the high-minded Pieter de Groodt show a pannier-load of benedictions upon his burgomast a set of self-willed, obstinate, headstrong varlet would neither be convinced nor persuaded; and mined thenceforth to have nothing more to do witl but to consult merely the opinion of his privy coun which he knew from experience to be the best in the inasmuch as it never differed from his own. Nor omit, now that his hand was in, to bestow some th left-handed compliments upon the sovereign people he railed at for a herd of poltroons, who had no re the glorious hardships and illustrious misadventu battle—but would rather stay at home, and eat an in ignoble ease, than gain immortality and a broke by valiantly fighting in a ditch.

Resolutely bent, however, upon defending his l city, in despite even of itself, he called unto him hi Van Corlear, who was his right-hand man in all ti

emergency. Him did he adjure to take his war-denouncing trumpet, and mounting his horse, to beat up the country, night and day—sounding the alarm along the pastoral borders of the Bronx—startling the wild solitudes of Croton—arousing the rugged yeomanry of Weehawk and Hoboeken—the mighty men of battle of Tappan Bay* —and the brave boys of Tarry town and Sleepy hollow—together with all the other warriors of the country round about; charging them one and all, to sling their powder-horns, shoulder their fowling-pieces, and march merrily down to the Manhattoes.

Now there was nothing in all the world, the divine sex excepted, that Anthony Van Corlear loved better than errands of this kind. So, just stopping to take a lusty dinner, and bracing to his side his junk-bottle, well charged with heart-inspiring Hollands, he issued jollily from the city gate, that looked out upon what is at present called Broadway: sounding as usual a farewell strain, that rung in sprightly echoes through the winding streets of New-Amsterdam—Alas! never more were they to be gladdened by the melody of their favourite trumpeter!

It was a dark and stormy night when the good Anthony arrived at the famous creek (sagely denominated Haerlem *river*) which separates the island of Manna-hata from the main land. The wind was high, the elements were in an uproar, and no Charon could be found to ferry the adventurous sounder of brass across the water. For a short time he vapoured like an impatient ghost upon the brink, and then, bethinking himself of the urgency of his errand, took a hearty embrace of his stone bottle, swore most valorously that he would swim across, *en spijt den duyvel* (in spite of the devil!) and daringly plunged into the stream.—Luckless Anthony! scarce had he buffeted half-way over, when he was observed to struggle violently, as if battling with the spirit of the waters—instinctively he put his trumpet to his mouth, and, giving a vehement blast, sunk for ever to the bottom!

The potent clangour of his trumpet, like the ivory horn of the renowned Paladin Orlando, when expiring in the glorious field of Roncesvalles, rung far and wide through

* A corruption of Top-paun; so called from a tribe of Indians which boasted 150 fighting men.—See Ogilvie's History.

the country, alarming the neighbours round, wh
in amazement to the spot. Here an old Dutch
famed for his veracity, and who had been a witne
fact, related to them the melancholy affair; with
ful addition (to which I am slow of giving belief),
saw the duyvel, in the shape of a huge moss-bonk
the sturdy Anthony by the leg, and drag him
the waves. Certain it is, the place, with the a
promontory, which projects into the Hudson, h
called *Spijt den duyvel*, or *Spiking duyvel*, ever
the restless ghost of the unfortunate Anthony stil
the surrounding solitudes, and his trumpet h
been heard by the neighbours, of a stormy night, r
with the howling of the blast. Nobody ever
to swim over the creek after dark; on the con
bridge has been built to guard against such me
accidents in future—and as to moss-bonkers,
held in such abhorrence that no true Dutchman w
them to his table, who loves good fish, and h
devil.

Such was the end of Anthony Van Corlear—
deserving of a better fate. He lived roundly and
like a true and jolly bachelor, until the day of hi
but though he was never married, yet did he leav
some two or three dozen children, in differen
of the country—fine chubby, brawling, flatule
urchins, from whom, if legends speak true (a
are not apt to lie), did descend the innumerable
editors, who people and defend this country, and
bountifully paid by the people for keeping up a
alarm—and making them miserable. Would th
inherited the worth, as they do the wind, of their r
progenitor!

The tidings of this lamentable catastrophe im
severer pang to the bosom of Peter Stuyvesant t
even the invasion of his beloved Amsterdam.
ruthlessly home to those sweet affections that gr
around the heart, and are nourished by its warm
rent. As some lone pilgrim wandering in t
wastes, while the tempest whistles through his loc
dreary night is gathering around, sees stretched, c
lifeless, his faithful dog—the sole companion of h
neying—who had shared his solitary meal, and s

licked his hand in humble gratitude;—so did the generous-hearted hero of the Manhattoes contemplate the untimely end of his faithful Anthony. He had been the humble attendant of his footsteps—he had cheered him in many a heavy hour, by his honest gaiety; and had followed him, in loyalty and affection, through many a scene of direful peril and mishap. He was gone for ever —and that too at a moment when every mongrel cur seemed skulking from his side. This, Peter Stuyvesant—this was the moment to try thy fortitude; and this was the moment, when thou didst indeed shine forth—Peter *the Headstrong.*

The glare of day had long dispelled the horrors of the last stormy night, still all was dull and gloomy. The late jovial Apollo hid his face behind lugubrious clouds-peeping out now and then for an instant, as if anxious, yet fearful, to see what was going on in his favourite city. This was the eventful morning when the great Peter was to give his reply to the summons of the invaders. Already was he closeted with his privy council, sitting in grim state brooding over the fate of his favourite trumpeter, and anon boiling with indignation as the insolence of his recreant burgomasters flashed upon his mind. While in this state of irritation, a courier arrived in all haste from Winthrop, the subtle governor of Connecticut, counselling him in the most affectionate and disinterested manner to surrender the province, and magnifying the dangers and calamities to which a refusal would subject him. What a moment was this to intrude officious advice upon a man who never took advice in his whole life! The fiery old governor strode up and down the chamber, with a vehemence that made the bosoms of his counsellors to quake with awe, railing at his unlucky fate, that thus made him the constant butt of factious subjects and jesuitical advisers.

Just at this ill-chosen juncture, the officious burgomasters, who were now completely on the watch, and had heard of the arrival of mysterious dispatches, came marching in a resolute body into the room, with a legion of schepens and toad-eaters at their heels, and abruptly demanded a perusal of the letter. Thus to be broken in upon by what he esteemed a "rascal rabble," and that too at the very moment he was grinding under an irritation from abroad,

was too much for the spleen of the choleric Peter tore the letter in a thousand pieces,* threw it in th of the nearest burgomaster, broke his pipe over th of the next, hurled his spitting-box at an unlucky sc who was just making a masterly retreat out at the do finally prorogued the whole meeting *sine die,* by k them down stairs with his wooden leg.

As soon as the burgomasters could recover fro confusion into which their sudden exit had thrown and had taken a little time to breathe, they protested a the conduct of the governor, which they did not h o pronounce tyrannical, unconstitutional, highly ind and somewhat disrespectful. They then called a meeting, where they read the protest, and addressin assembly in a set speech, related at full length, an appropriate colouring and exaggeration, the despoti vindictive deportment of the governor; declaring th their own parts, they did not value a straw the kicked, cuffed, and mauled by the timber toe of his lency, but they felt for the dignity of the sovereign p thus rudely insulted by the outrage committed on th of honour of their representatives. The latter part harangue had a violent effect upon the sensibility people, as it came home at once to that delicacy of and jealous pride of character vested in all true who, though they may bear injuries without a mu yet are marvellously jealous of their sovereign di and there is no knowing to what act of resentmen might have been provoked against the redoubtable had not the greasy rogues been somewhat more af their sturdy old governor than they were of St. Ni he English, or the D——l himself.

* Smith's History of N. Y.

CHAP. VIII

How Peter Stuyvesant defended the City of New-Amsterdam for several Days, by dint of the Strength of his Head.

THERE is something exceedingly sublime and melancholy in the spectacle which the present crisis of our history presents. An illustrious and venerable little city, the metropolis of an immense extent of uninhabited country, garrisoned by a doughty host of orators, chairmen, committeemen, burgomasters, schepens, and old women, governed by a determined and strong-headed warrior, and fortified by mud-batteries, palisadoes, and resolutions, blockaded by sea, beleagured by land, and threatened with direful desolation from without, while its very vitals are torn with internal faction and commotion! Never did historic pen record a page of more complicated distress, unless it be the strife that distracted the Israelites during the siege of Jerusalem, where discordant parties were cutting each other's throats, at the moment when the victorious legions of Titus had toppled down their bulwarks, and were carrying fire and sword into the very Sanctum Sanctorum of the temple.

Governor Stuyvesant having triumphantly, as has been recorded, put his grand council to the rout, and thus delivered himself from a multitude of impertinent advisers, despatched a categorical reply to the commanders of the invading squadron; wherein he asserted the right and title of their high mightinesses the lords states-general to the province of New Netherlands, and trusting in the righteousness of his cause, set the whole British nation at defiance! My anxiety to extricate my readers and myself from those disastrous scenes prevents me from giving the whole of this gallant letter, which concluded in these manly and affectionate terms:

"As touching the threats in your conclusion, we have nothing to answer, only that we fear nothing but what God (who is as just as merciful) shall lay upon us---all things being in his gracious disposal --and we may as well be preserved by Him with small forces as by a great

army; which makes us to wish you all happiness and prosperity, and recommend you to his protection.—My lords, your thrice humble and affectionate servant and friend,

"P. STUYVESANT."

Thus having resolutely thrown his gauntlet, the brave Peter stuck a pair of horse pistols in his belt—girded an immense powder-horn on his side—thrust his sound leg into a Hessian boot—and clapping his fierce little war-hat on the top of his head, paraded up and down in front of his house, determined to defend his beloved city to the last.

While these woful struggles and dissensions were prevailing in the unhappy city of New-Amsterdam, and while its worthy but ill-starred governor was framing the above quoted letter, the English commanders did not remain idle. They had agents secretly employed to foment the fears and clamours of the populace; and moreover circulated far and wide, through the adjacent country, a proclamation, repeating the terms they had already held out in their summons to surrender, and beguiling the simple Netherlanders with the most crafty and conciliating professions. They promised that every man, who voluntarily submitted to the authority of his British majesty, should retain peaceable possession of his house, his vrouw, and his cabbage garden. That he should be suffered to smoke his pipe, speak Dutch, wear as many breeches as he pleased, and import bricks, tiles, and stone jugs from Holland, instead of manufacturing them on the spot—that he should on no account be compelled to learn the English language, or keep accounts in any other way than by casting them up on his fingers, and chalking them down upon the crown of his hat; as is still observant among the Dutch yeomanry at the present day. Then every man should be allowed quietly to inherit his father's hat, coat, shoe buckles, pipe, and every other personal appendage; and that no man should be obliged to conform to any improvements, inventions, or any other modern innovations; but on the contrary should be permitted to build his house, follow his trade, manage his farm, rear his hogs, and educate his children, precisely as his ancestors did before him since time immemorial.—

Finally, that he should have all the benefits of free trade, and should not be required to acknowledge any other saint in the calendar than Saint Nicholas, who should thenceforward, as before, be considered the tutelar saint of the city.

These terms, as may be supposed, appeared very satisfactory to the people, who had a great disposition to enjoy their property unmolested, and a most singular aversion to engage in a contest where they could gain little more than honour and broken heads—the first of which they held in philosophic indifference, the latter in utter detestation. By these insidious means, therefore, did the English succeed in alienating the confidence and affections of the populace from their gallant old governor, whom they considered as obstinately bent upon running them into hideous misadventures; and did not hesitate to speak their minds freely, and abuse him most heartily—behind his back.

Like as a mighty grampus, who, though assailed and buffeted by roaring waves, and brawling surges, still keeps on an undeviating course; and though overwhelmed by boisterous billows, still emerges from the troubled deep, spouting and blowing with tenfold violence—so did the inflexible Peter pursue, unwavering, his determined career, and rise contemptuous above the clamours of the rabble.

But when the British warriors found by the tenor of his reply, that he set their power at defiance, they forthwith despatched recruiting officers to Jamaica and Jericho, and Nineveh, and Quag, and Patchog, and all those towns on Long Island, which had been subdued of yore by the immortal Stoffel Brinkerhoff; stirring up the valiant progeny of Preserved Fish, and Determined Cock, and those other illustrious squatters, to assail the city of New-Amsterdam by land. In the meanwhile the hostile ships made awful preparation to commence an assault by water.

The streets of New-Amsterdam now presented a scene of wild dismay and consternation. In vain did the gallant Stuyvesant order the citizens to arm and assemble in the public square or market-place. The whole party of short pipes in the course of a single night had changed into arrant old women—a metamorphosis only to be paralleled by the prodigies recorded by Livy as having hap-

pened to Rome at the approach of Hannibal; whe statues sweated in pure affright, goats were converted int sheep, and cocks turning into hens ran cackling about th streets.

The harassed Peter, thus menaced from without an tormented from within—baited by the burgomasters an hooted at by the rabble—chafed and growled and raged like a furious bear tied to a stake and worried by a legio of scoundrel curs. Finding, however, that all furthe attempts to defend the city were vain, and hearing tha an irruption of borderers and moss-troopers was ready to deluge him from the east, he was at length compelled in spite of his proud heart, which swelled in his throat until it had nearly choked him, to consent to a treaty of surrender.

Words cannot express the transports of the people, on receiving this agreeable intelligence; had they obtained a conquest over their enemies, they could not have indulged greater delight. The streets resounded with their congratulations—they extolled their governor as the father and deliverer of his country—they crowded to his house to testify their gratitude, and were ten times more noisy in their plaudits, than when he returned, with victory perched upon his beaver, from the glorious capture of Fort Christina; but the indignant Peter shut his doors and windows, and took refuge in the innermost recesses of his mansion, that he might not hear the ignoble rejoicings of the rabble.

In consequence of this consent of the governor, a parley was demanded of the besieging forces to treat of the terms of surrender. Accordingly a deputation of six commissioners was appointed on both sides, and on the 27th August, 1664, a capitulation highly favourable to the province, and honourable to Peter Stuyvesant, was agreed to by the enemy, who had conceived a high opinion of the valour of the men of the Manhattoes, and the magnanimity and unbounded discretion of their governor.

One thing alone remained, which was, that the articles of surrender should be ratified and signed by the governor. When the commissioners respectfully waited upon him for this purpose, they were received by the hardy old warrior with the most grim and bitter courtesy. His warlike accoutrements were laid aside—an old Indian

night-gown was wrapped round his rugged limbs, a red night-cap overshadowed his frowning brow, and an iron gray beard of three days' growth, gave an additional grimness to his visage. Thrice did he seize a little worn-out stump of a pen, and essay to sign a loathsome paper—thrice did he clinch his teeth, and make a most horrible countenance, as though a pestiferous dose of rhubarb, senna, and ipecacuanha, had been offered to his lips; at length, dashing it from him, he seized his brass hilted sword, and jerking it from the scabbard, swore by St. Nicholas, he'd sooner die than yield to any power under heaven.

In vain was every attempt to shake this sturdy resolution—menaces, remonstrances, revilings, were exhausted to no purpose; for two whole days was the house of the valiant Peter besieged by the clamorous rabble, and for two whole days did he betake himself to his arms, and persist in a magnanimous refusal to ratify the capitulation—thus, like another Horatius Cocles, bearing the whole brunt of war, and defending this modern Rome, with the prowess of his single arm!

At length the populace, finding that boisterous measures did but incense more determined opposition, bethought themselves of an humble expedient, by which, haply, the governor's lofty ire might be soothed, and his resolution undermined. And now a solemn and mournful procession, headed by the burgomasters and schepens, and followed by the populace, moves slowly to the governor's dwelling, bearing the capitulation. Here they found the stout old hero, drawn up like a giant into his castle, the doors strongly barricadoed, and himself in full regimentals, with his cocked hat on his head, firmly posted with a blunderbuss at the garret window.

There was something in this formidable position that struck even the ignoble vulgar with awe and admiration. The brawling multitude could not but reflect with self-abasement, upon their own pusillanimous conduct, when they beheld their hardy but deserted old governor thus faithful to his post, like a forlorn hope, and fully prepared to defend his ungrateful city to the last. These compunctions, however, were soon overwhelmed by the recurring tide of public apprehension. The populace arranged themselves before the house, taking off their hats with

most respectful humility—Burgomaster Roerb
was of that popular class of orators, described b
last, as being "talkative rather than eloquent,"
forth and addressed the governor in a speech
hours' length; detailing in the most pathetic
calamitous situation of the province, and urgin
a constant repetition of the same arguments and
sign the capitulation.

The mighty Peter eyed him from his little g
dow in grim silence—now and then his eye wou
over the surrounding rabble, and an indignant
that of an angry mastiff, would mark his iro
but though he was a man of most undaunted mettl
he had a heart as big as an ox, and a head th
have set adamant to scorn—yet after all he w
mortal:—wearied out by these repeated opposit
this eternal haranguing, and perceiving that unles
plied, the inhabitants would follow their inclin
rather their fears, without waiting for his consent,
ordered them to hand him up the paper. It wa
ingly hoisted to him on the end of a pole, a
scrawled his name at the bottom of it, be anat
them all for a set of cowardly, mutinous, degen
troons—threw the capitulation at their heads,
down the window, and was heard stumping do
with the most vehement indignation. The rabbl
nently took to their heels; even the burgoma
not slow in evacuating the premises, fearing lest
Peter might issue from his den, and greet them
unwelcome testimonial of his displeasure.

Within three hours after the surrender a
British beef-fed warriors poured into New-A
taking possession of the fort and batteries.
might be heard from all quarters, the sound of
made by the old Dutch burghers, who were busily
nailing up their doors and windows, to protect th
from these fierce barbarians, whom they contem
silent sullenness from the garret windows as the
through the streets.

Thus did Col. Richard Nichols, the comman
British forces, enter into quiet possession of the
realm as *locum tenens* for the Duke of York. T
was attended with no other outrage than that of

ne of the province and its metropolis, which thence-
rere denominated NEW-YORK, and so have con-
to be called unto the present day. The inhabitants,
ing to treaty, were allowed to maintain quiet pos-
of their property; but so inveterately did they
their abhorrence to the British nation, that in a
meeting of the leading citizens, it was unani-
determined never to ask any of their conquerors to

CHAP. IX.

ning the dignified Retirement and mortal Surrender of Peter the Headstrong.

s then I have concluded this great historical enter-
but, before I lay aside my weary pen, there yet
s to be performed one pious duty. If, among the
of readers that may peruse this book, there should
e found any of those souls of true nobility, which
ith celestial fire at the history of the generous and
ve, they will doubtless be anxious to know the fate
gallant Peter Stuyvesant. To gratify one such
heart of gold I would go more lengths than to in-
the cold-blooded curiosity of a whole fraternity of
phers.

sooner had that high-mettled cavalier signed the
of capitulation, than, determined not to witness the
ition of his favourite city, he turned his back on
s and made a growling retreat to his *Bowwery*, or
-seat, which was situated about two miles off;
e passed the remainder of his days in patriarchial
ent. There he enjoyed that tranquillity of mind
he had never known amid the distracting cares of
nent; and tasted the sweets of absolute and uncon-
authority, which his factious subjects had so often
with the bitterness of opposition.

ersuasions could ever induce him to revisit the city
e contrary, he would always have his great arm-
laced with its back to the windows which looked
direction; until a thick grove of trees planted by

his own hand grew up and formed a screen that effectually excluded it from the prospect. He railed continually at the degenerate innovations and improvements introduced by the conquerors—forbade a word of their detested language to be spoken in his family, a prohibition readily obeyed, since none of the household could speak any thing but Dutch—and even ordered a fine avenue to be cut down in front of his house, because it consisted of English cherry trees.

The same incessant vigilance, that blazed forth when he had a vast province under his care, now showed itself with equal vigour, though in narrower limits. He patrolled with unceasing watchfulness around the boundaries of his little territory; repelled every encroachment with intrepid promptness; punished every vagrant depredation upon his orchard or his farm yard with inflexible severity; and conducted every stray hog or cow in triumph to the pound. But to the indigent neighbour, the friendless stranger, or the weary wanderer, his spacious door was ever open, and his capacious fire-place, that emblem of his own warm and generous heart, had always a corner to receive and cherish them. There was an exception to this, I must confess, in case the ill-starred applicant was an Englishman or a Yankee; to whom though he might extend the hand of assistance, he could never be brought to yield the rites of hospitality. Nay, if peradventure some straggling merchant of the east, should stop at his door, with his cart load of tin ware or wooden bowls, the fiery Peter would issue forth like a giant from his castle, and make such a furious clattering among his pots and kettles, that the vender of "*notions*" was fain to betake himself to instant flight.

His ancient suit of regimentals, worn threadbare by the brush, were carefully hung up in the state bedchamber, and regularly aired the first fair day of every month; and his cocked hat and trusty sword were suspended in grim repose over the parlour mantlepiece, forming supporters to a full length portrait of the renowned Admiral Von Tromp. In his domestic empire he maintained strict discipline, and a well organized despotic government; but though his own will was the supreme law, yet the good of his subjects was his constant object. He watched over, not merely their immediate comforts, but their morals,

and their ultimate welfare; for he gave them abundance of excellent admonition, nor could any of them complain that, when occasion required, he was by any means niggardly in bestowing wholesome correction.

The good old Dutch festivals, those periodical demonstrations of an overflowing heart and a thankful spirit, which are falling into sad disuse among my fellow-citizens, were faithfully observed in the mansion of Governor Stuyvesant. New year was truly a day of open-handed liberality, of jocund revelry, and warm-hearted congratulation —when the bosom seemed to swell with genial good-fellowship; and the plenteous table was attended with an unceremonious freedom, and honest broad-mouthed merriment, unknown in these days of degeneracy and refinement. Paas and Pinxter were scrupulously observed throughout his dominions; nor was the day of St. Nicholas suffered to pass by without making presents, hanging the stocking in the chimney, and complying with all its other ceremonies.

Once a year, on the first day of April, he used to array himself in full regimentals, being the anniversary of his triumphal entry into New-Amsterdam, after the conquest of New-Sweden. This was always a kind of Saturnalia among the domestics, when they considered themselves at liberty in some measure to say and do what they pleased; for on this day their master was always observed to unbend, and become exceeding pleasant and jocose, sending the old gray-headed negroes on April fools' errands for pigeon's milk; not one of whom but allowed himself to be taken in, and humoured his master's jokes as became a faithful and well disciplined dependant. Thus did he reign, happily and peacefully on his own land—injuring no man—envying no man—molested by no outward strifes—perplexed by no internal commotions;—and the mighty monarchs of the earth, who were vainly seeking to maintain peace, and promote the welfare of mankind, by war and desolation, would have done well to have made a voyage to the little island of Manna-hata, and learned a lesson in government from the domestic economy of Peter Stuyvesant.

In process of time, however, the old governor, like all other children of mortality, began to exhibit evident tokens of decay. Like an aged oak, which, though it long

has braved the fury of the elements, and still retains its gigantic proportions, yet begins to shake and groan with every blast—so the gallant Peter, though he still bore the port and semblance of what he was in the days of his hardihood and chivalry, yet did age and infirmity begin to sap the vigour of his frame; but his heart, that most unconquerable citadel, still triumphed unsubdued. With matchless avidity would he listen to every article of intelligence concerning the battles between the English and Dutch.—Still would his pulse beat high whenever he heard of the victories of De Ruyter; and his countenance lower, and his eye-brows knit, when fortune turned in favour of the English. At length, as on a certain day, he had just smoked his fifth pipe, and was napping after dinner, in his arm chair, conquering the whole British nation in his dreams, he was suddenly aroused by the fearful ringing of bells, rattling of drums, and roaring of cannon, that put all his blood in a ferment. But when he learned that these rejoicings were in honour of a great victory obtained by the combined English and French fleets over the brave De Ruyter and the younger Von Tromp, it went so much to his heart, that he took to his bed, and in less than three days was brought to death's door by a violent cholera morbus! But even in this extremity he still displayed the unconquerable spirit of Peter *the Headstrong*; holding out, to the last gasp, with the most inflexible obstinacy, against a whole army of old women, who were bent upon driving the enemy out of his bowels, after a true Dutch mode of defence, by inundating the seat of war with catnip and pennyroyal.

While he thus lay, lingering on the verge of dissolution, news was brought him, that the brave Ruyter had suffered but little loss—had made good his retreat—and meant once more to meet the enemy in battle. The closing eye of the old warrior kindled at the words—he partly raised himself in bed—a flash of martial fire beamed across his visage—he clinched his withered hand as if he felt within his gripe that sword which waved in triumph before the walls of Fort Christina, and, giving a grim smile of exultation, sunk back upon his pillow, and expired.

Thus died Peter Stuyvesant, a valiant soldier, a loyal subject, an upright governor, and an honest Dutchman—

who wanted only a few empires to desolate, to have been immortalized as a hero!

His funeral obsequies were celebrated with the utmost grandeur and solemnity. The town was perfectly emptied of its inhabitants, who crowded in throngs to pay the last sad honours to their good old governor. All his sterling qualities rushed in full tide upon their recollections, while the memory of his foibles and his faults had expired with him. The ancient burghers contended who should have the privilege of bearing the pall—the populace strove who should walk nearest to the bier---and the melancholy procession was closed by a number of grey-headed negroes, who had wintered and summered in the household of their departed master for the greater part of a century.

With sad and gloomy countenances, the multitude gathered round the grave. They dwelt with mournful hearts on the sturdy virtues, the signal services, and the gallant exploits of the brave old worthy. They recalled, with secret upbraidings, their own factious oppositions to his government—and many an ancient burgher, whose phlegmatic features had never been known to relax, nor his eyes to moisten, was now observed to puff a pensive pipe, and the big drop to steal down his cheek---while he muttered, with affectionate accent and melancholy shake of head, ---"Well den!---Hard-koppig Peter ben gone at last."

His remains were deposited in the family vault, under a chapel, which he had piously erected on his estate, and dedicated to St. Nicholas---and which stood on the identical spot at present occupied by St. Mark's Church, where his tombstone is still to be seen. His estate or *Bouwery*, as it was called, has ever continued in the possession of his descendants; who, by the uniform integrity of their conduct, and their strict adherence to the customs and manners that prevailed in the "*good old times*," have proved themselves worthy of their illustrious ancestor. Many a time and oft has the farm been haunted at night by enterprising money diggers, in quest of pots of gold said to have been buried by the old governor—though I cannot learn that any of them has ever been enriched by their researches—and who is there, among my native-born fellow citizens, that does not remember, when in the mischievous days of his boyhood, he conceived it a great exploit to rob "Stuyvesant's orchard" on a holiday afternoon?

At this strong hold of the family may still be seen certain memorials of the immortal Peter. His full length portrait frowns in martial terrors from the parlour wall—his cocked hat and sword still hang up in the best bedroom. His brimstone-coloured breeches were for a long while suspended in the hall, until some years since they occasioned a dispute between a new married couple. And his silver mounted wooden leg is still treasured up in the store room as an invaluable relique.

CHAP. X.

The Author's Reflections upon what has been said.

AMONG the numerous events, which are each in their turn the most direful and melancholy of all possible occurrences, in your interesting and authentic history, there is none that occasions such deep and heart-rending grief, as the decline and fall of your renowned and mighty empires. Where is the reader who can contemplate without emotion, the disastrous events by which the great dynasties of the world have been extinguished? While wandering, in imagination, among the gigantic ruins of states and empires, and marking the tremendous convulsions that wrought their overthrow, the bosom of the melancholy inquirer swells with sympathy commensurate to the surrounding desolation. Kingdoms, principalities, and powers, have each had their rise, their progress, and their downfall—each in its turn has swayed a potent sceptre—each has returned to its primeval nothingness;—and thus did it fare with the empire of their high mightinesses, at the Manhattoes, under the peaceful reign of Walter the Doubter—the fretful reign of William the Testy—and the chivalric reign of Peter the Headstrong.

Its history is fruitful of instruction, and worthy of being pondered over attentively; for it is by thus raking among the ashes of departed greatness, that the sparks of true knowledge are found, and the lamp of wisdom illuminated. Let then the reign of Walter the Doubter warn against yielding to that sleek, contented security, that overweening fondness for comfort and repose, that are produced by a state of prosperity and peace. These tend to unnerve a nation, to destroy its pride and character; to render it

patient of insult, deaf to the calls of honour and of justice; and cause it to cling to peace, like the sluggard to his pillow, at the expense of every valuable duty and consideration. Such supineness insures the very evil from which it shrinks. One right yielded, up produces the usurpation of a second; one encroachment passively suffered makes way for another; and the nation that thus, through a doting love of peace, has sacrificed honour and interest, will at length have to fight for existence.

Let the disastrous reign of William the Testy serve as a salutary warning against that fitful, feverish mode of legislation, that acts without system; depends on shifts and projects, and trusts to lucky contingencies; that hesitates and wavers, and at length decides with the rashness of ignorance and imbecility. That stoops for popularity by courting the prejudices, and flattering the arrogance, rather than commanding the respect of the rabble. That seeks safety in a multitude of counsellors, and distracts itself by a variety of contradictory schemes and opinions. That mistakes procrastination for deliberate wariness—hurry for decision—starveling parsimony for wholesome economy—bustle for business—and vapouring for valour. That is violent in council, sanguine in expectation, precipitate in action, and feeble in execution. That undertakes enterprises without forethought, enters upon them without preparation, conducts them without energy, and ends them in confusion and defeat.

Let the reign of the good Stuyvesant show the effects of vigour and decision, even when destitute of cool judgment, and surrounded by perplexities. Let it show how frankness, probity, and high souled courage, will command respect and secure honour, even where success is unattainable. But, at the same time, let it caution against a too ready reliance on the good faith of others, and a too honest confidence in the loving professions of powerful neighbours, who are most friendly when they most mean to betray. Let it teach a judicious attention to the opinions and wishes of the many, who, in times of peril, must be soothed and led, or apprehension will overpower the deference to authority.

Let the empty wordiness of his factious subjects—their intemperate harangues—their violent "resolutions"—their hectorings against an absent enemy, and their pusillani-

mity on his approach---teach us to distrust and despise those clamorous patriots, whose courage dwells but in the tongue. Let them serve as a lesson to repress that insolence of speech, destitute of real force, which too often breaks forth in popular bodies, and bespeaks the vanity rather than the spirit of a nation. Let them caution us against vaunting too much of our own power and prowess, and reviling a noble enemy. True gallantry of soul would always lead us to treat a foe with courtesy and proud punctilio; a contrary conduct but takes from the merit of victory, and renders defeat doubly disgraceful.

But I cease to dwell on the stores of excellent example to be drawn from the ancient chronicles of the Manhattoes. He who reads attentively will discover the threads of gold, which run throughout the web of history, and are invisible to the dull eye of ignorance. But before I conclude, let me point out a solemn warning, furnished in the subtle chain of events by which the capture of Fort Casimir has produced the present convulsions of our globe.

Attend then, gentle reader, to this plain deduction, which if thou art a king, an emperor, or other powerful potentate, I advise thee to treasure up in thy heart, though little expectation have I that my work will fall into such hands; for well I know the care of crafty ministers, to keep all grave and edifying books of the kind out of the way of unhappy monarchs, lest, peradventure, they should read them and learn wisdom.

By the treacherous surprisal of Fort Casimir then did the crafty Swedes enjoy a transient triumph; but drew upon their heads the vengeance of Peter Stuyvesant, who wrested all New-Sweden from their hands. By the conquest of New-Sweden, Peter Stuyvesant aroused the claims of Lord Baltimore; who appealed to the cabinet of Great Britain; who subdued the whole province of New Netherlands. By this great achievement the whole extent of North America, from Nova Scotia to the Floridas, was rendered one entire dependency upon the British crown; but mark the consequence. The hitherto scattered colonies being thus consolidated, and having no rival colonies to check or keep them in awe, waxed great and powerful; and, finally, becoming too strong for the mother country, were enabled to shake off its bonds, and by a glorious revolution became an independent empire.

But the chain of effects stopped not here; the successful revolution in America produced the sanguinary revolution in France, which produced the puissant Buonaparte, who produced the French despotism, which has thrown the whole world in confusion!—Thus have these great powers been successively punished for their ill-starred conquests; and thus, as I asserted, have all the present convulsions, revolutions, and disasters that overwhelm mankind, originated in the capture of the little Fort Casimir, as recorded in this eventful history.

And now, worthy reader, ere I take a sad farewell—which, alas! must be for ever—willingly would I part in cordial fellowship, and bespeak thy kind-hearted remembrance. That I have not written a better history of the days of the patriarchs is not my fault—had any other person written one as good, I should not have attempted it at all—that many will hereafter spring up and surpass me in excellence, I have very little doubt, and still less care; well knowing, that when the great Christovallo Colon (who is vulgarly called Columbus) had once stood his egg upon its end, every one at table could stand his up a thousand times more dexterously. Should any reader find matter of offence in this history, I should heartily grieve, though I would on no account question his penetration, by telling him he is mistaken—his good nature by telling him he is captious—or his pure conscience, by telling him he is startled at a shadow. Surely, if he is so ingenious in finding offence where none is intended, it were a thousand pities he should not be suffered to enjoy the benefit of his discovery.

I have too high an opinion of the understanding of my fellow-citizens, to think of yielding them any instruction, and I covet too much their good will, to forfeit it by giving them good advice. I am none of those cynics who despise the world, because it despises them—on the contrary, though but low in its regard, I look up to it with the most perfect good nature, and my only sorrow is, that it does not prove itself more worthy of the unbounded love I bear it.

If, however, in this my historic production—the scanty fruit of a long and laborious life—I have failed to gratify the dainty palate of the age, I can only lament my misfortune—for it is too late in the season for me even to

hope to repair it. Already has withering age showered his sterile snows upon my brow; in a little while, and this genial warmth, which still lingers around my heart, and throbs—worthy reader—throbs kindly towards thyself, will be chilled for ever. Haply this frail compound of dust, which while alive may have given birth to nought but unprofitable weeds, may form an humble sod of the valley, from whence may spring many a sweet-wild-flower, to adorn my beloved island of Manna-hata!

FINIS.

9772

PRINTED BY W. SEARS, 45, GUTTER LANE, LONDON.

DEC 15 1952